# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER
1937

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CARL R. RASWAN
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
WALTER BROOKS
JOHN McCARTHY
LYNN MONTROSS
ALBERT PARRY
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
HARRY SALPETER
WILLIAM C. WHITE
CREIGHTON PEET
STEWART H. HOLBROOK

### FICTION

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JOHN STEINBECK
JESSE STUART
WERTHER FRIEDMAN
EDW. HARRIS HETH
W. L. WHITE
HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS

### ART

WILLIAM GROPPER

### SATIRE

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DALE FISHER
E. G. MORRIS
PARKE CUMMINGS

### SPORTS

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ERIC FRANCIS
FRANK C. TRUE
ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

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GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

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GILBERT BUNDY
GEORGE PETTY
D. McKAY
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PAUL WEBB
ABNER DEAN
B. SHERMUND
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JACQUES CHARMOS
GEORGE SHELLHASE
EDWARD BENEDICT
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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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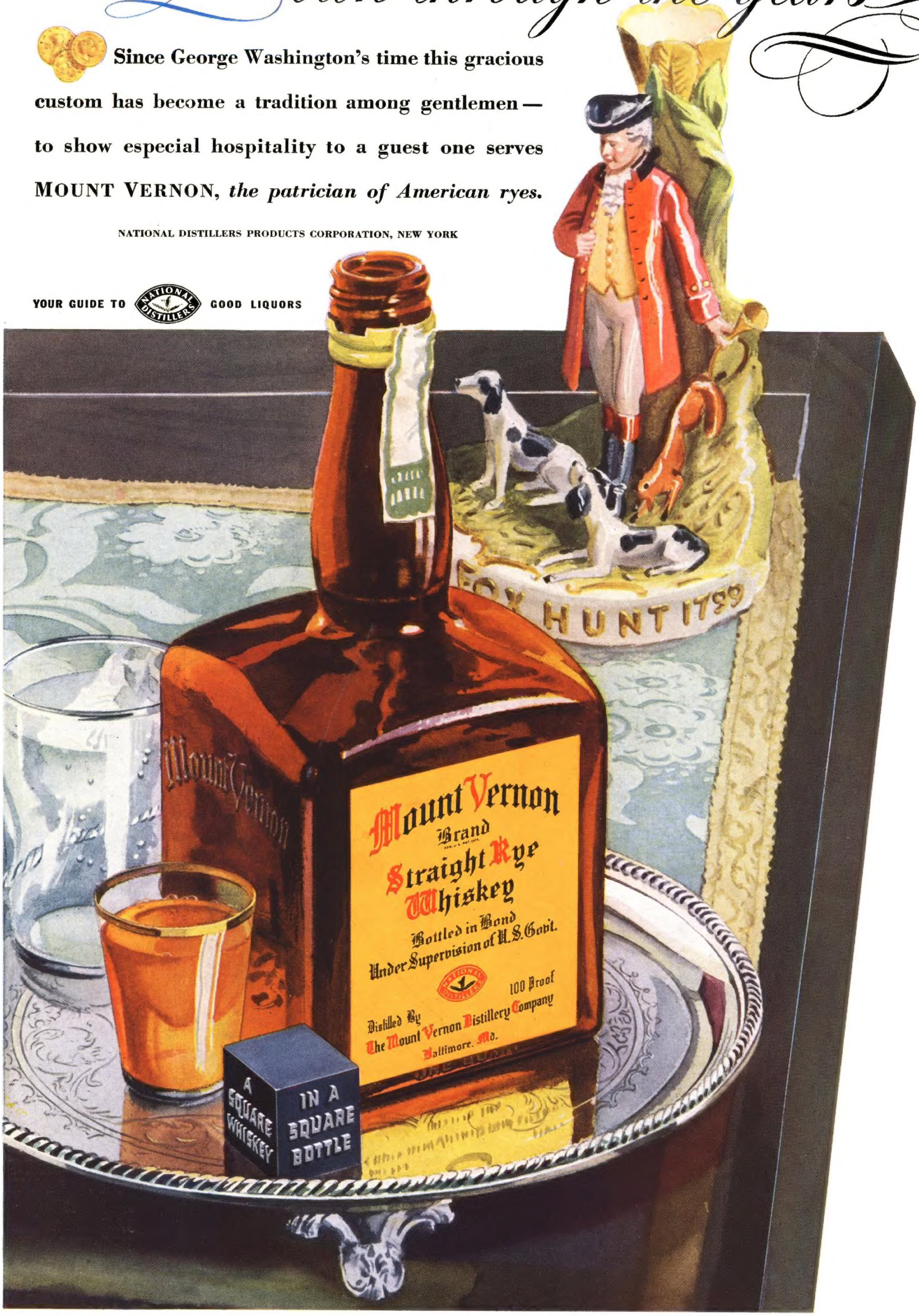

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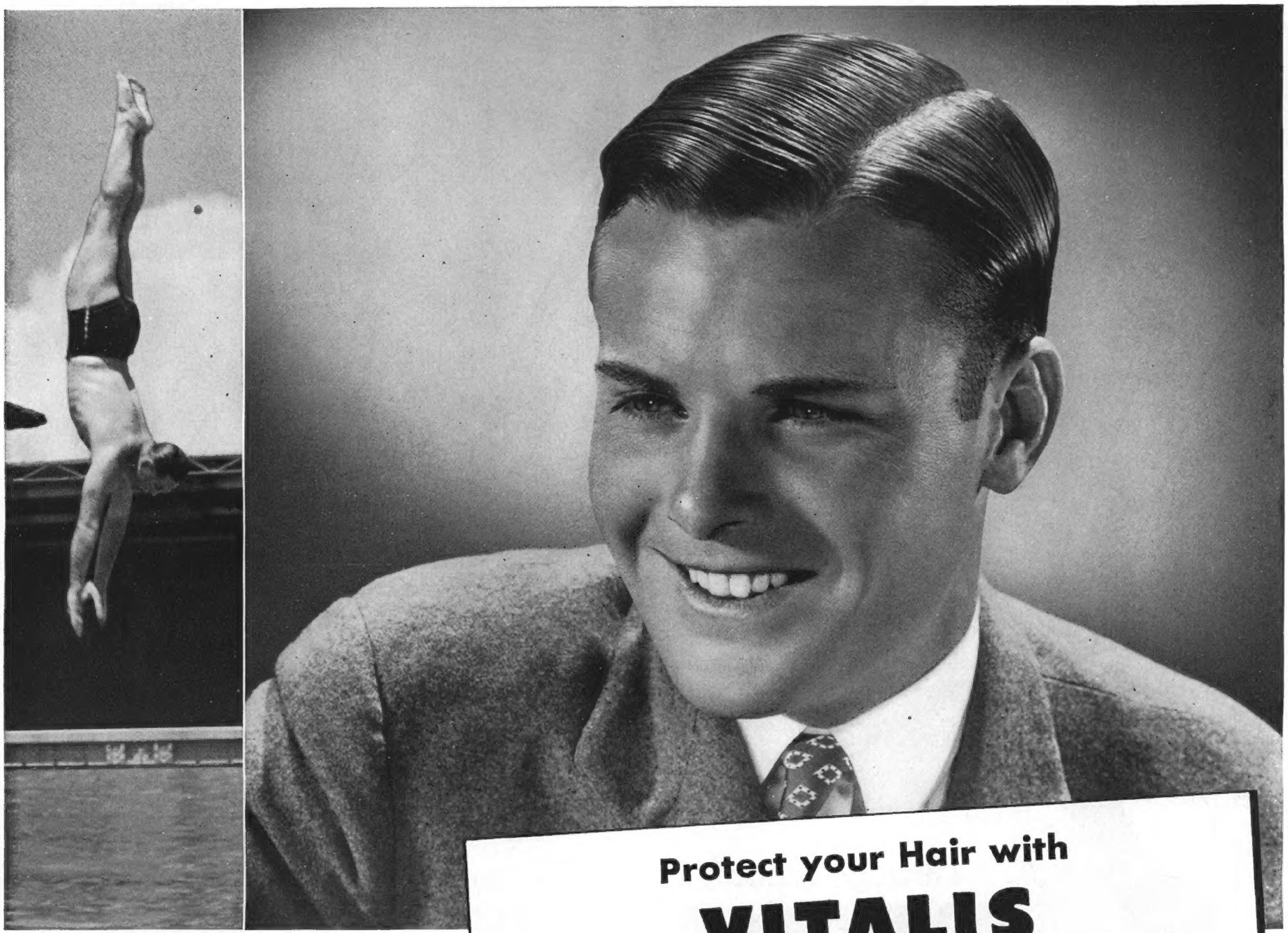

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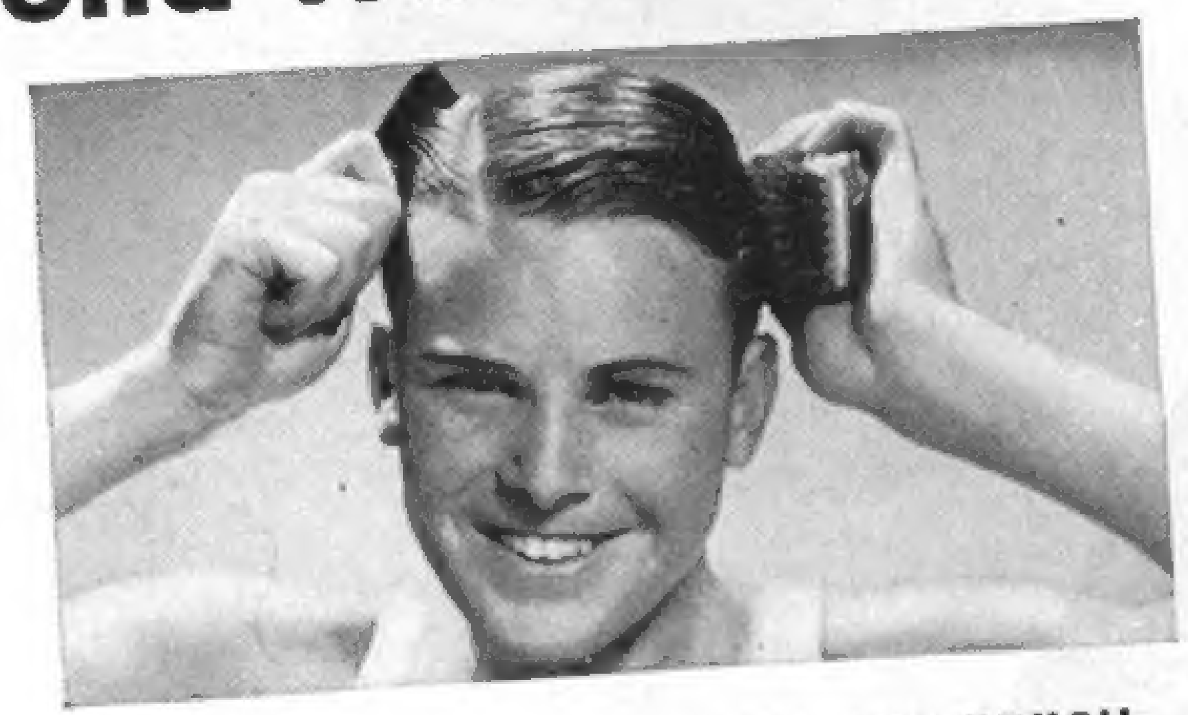

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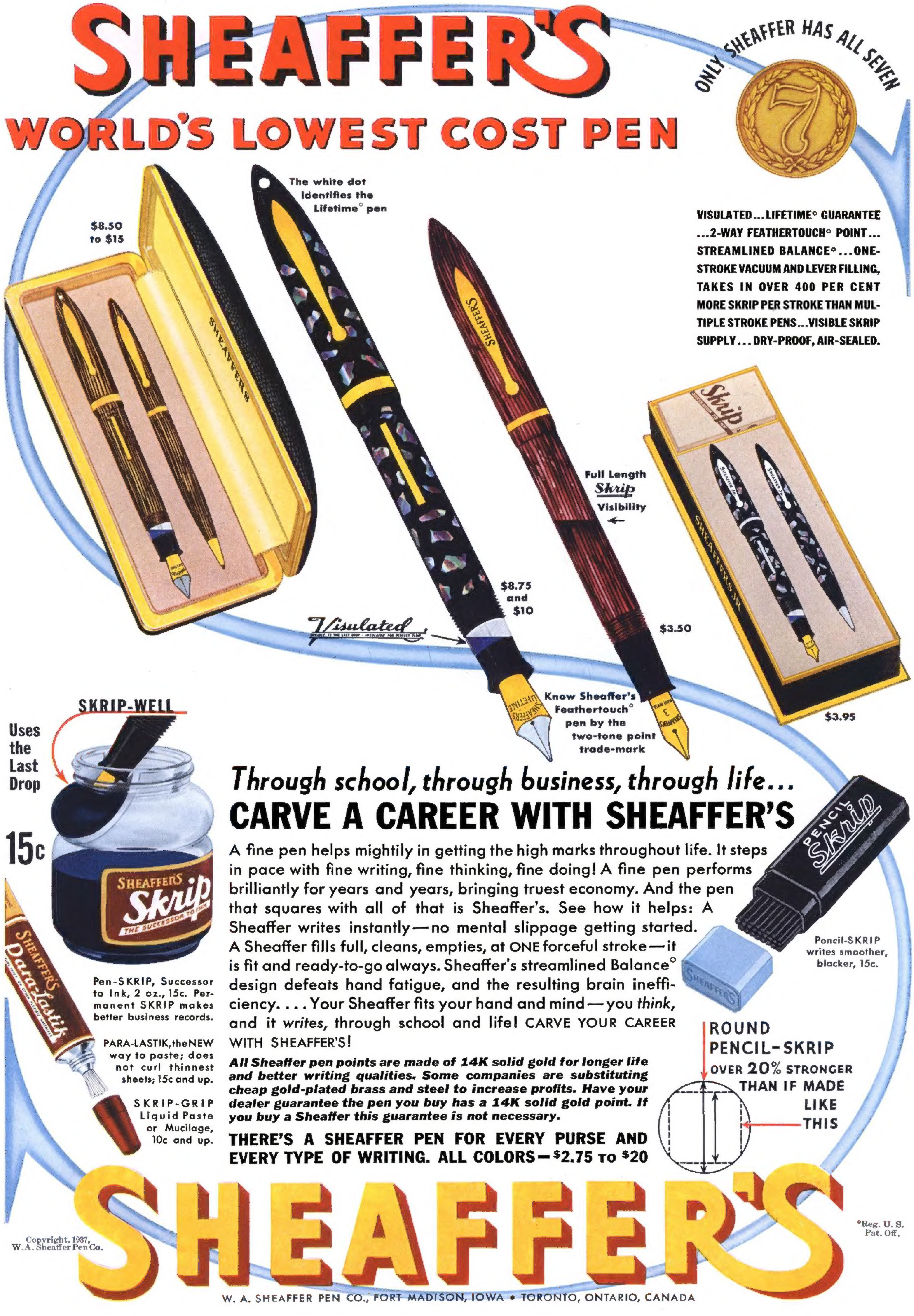
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*Edited by*
ARNOLD GINGRICH

# Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*Publishers:*
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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches.......
*by* Stewart-Heidgerd, Goodman, Fellows, and Peters beginning on page 114

*Art Directors:* ERIC LUNDGREN, TONY PALAZZO

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

### *Calling the roll of the departments*

This one is conceived in a canoe on a Minnesota lake, while waiting for a not impossible but hourly more improbable muskie to show up. It starts with a qualm of conscience, wondering whether the departmental editors all got their stuff in for this issue before we left town. It continues in the same vein, while we try to make a mental roll-call of the six departments, and try to recall something of each. Nathan's is in. It's always the first one. What does he say this month? He's off on a tangent, passing judgments on the subject of World's Fairs, there being no first nights worth judging. It's an amusing busman's holiday, crisp with cracks in his oldtime Credo manner, summing up the part that showmanship plays in these spectacles, to the tune of "the more it changes, the more it's the same." Playing safe on an off-season contribution by giving double measure, he passes another neat judgment on the always sure-fire subject of feminine pulchritude.

Not so happy is the result of Burton Rascoe's attempt to do something of the same variety. And the reason is not far to seek. Rascoe fans and followers will find the tip off in the opening phrase, where Burton purringly tells about how comfortable and pleasant the tourist cabin was in which he sat down to write his monthly piece. As an opening for a Rascoe reportage that's very bad, and you are not surprised that the tone of what follows is dangerously close to the standard postcard usage of "Having fine time, wish you were here." Now if only he had found the tourist cabin cramped and inconvenient, stuffy and uncomfortable, we might have had a masterpiece. Burton's never better than when he's hopping mad about something or somebody. As it is, the piece is no great shakes until you get over the whole first stretch about feeling fine in Omaha, on which Burton is no authority, and reach the part about criticism and criticasting, on which he is. And it is very pleasant, coming along to the end of the piece, to see him redeem the boring beginning and begin to land a few good ones, reminding you that Burton is Burton still, in or out of Omaha and points west It's like seeing a champion get up off the floor and go on to win.

And what about Meyer? What's our liberal Mr. Levin up to this month? Is he up to his usual pink tricks, to draw red blood in *The Sound and the Fury* department and embarrass us with our conservative friends and capitalist acquaintances? Meyer's in a state this month, over the by now well-known fact that a newsreel editor, on the occasion of a strike riot, chose to exercise an editor's occupational prerogative, which is to edit. But Meyer's pretty good in there, just the same. He makes the perfectly plausible point that killing is news, and that the public has a right to expect the news from every organization it supports as a news-vending agency. And he goes on to make an impassioned plea. When he does that he's better than pretty good, he's perfect. His plea is for organization of those who are at present the victims of organized censorship groups. And when better impassioned pleas are made, Meyer will undoubtedly be the boy to make them. As far as his main point about the strike newsreels is concerned, as long as he's for truth and against killing, we're with him heart and hand. Sometimes we allow ourselves a little private wonder as to whether he would be so impassioned in his plea for truth if the killing were on the other side of the labor fence. But his point, in answer to that suspicion of reasonable doubt on our part, is that in that case he wouldn't have to make any impassioned plea for truth. And maybe he's right. The rich get richer while the poor get restless. Besides, it's his column, to do with as he damn pleases, so long as he keeps it interesting. And the impassioned part, in this instance, is certainly more interesting than the portions that follow, where he waxes cynically satiric on the time-worn topic of how to be a success in Hollywood.

What about Seldes? Well, it's on animated cartoons again, and it's the sort of thing you'll like if you like that sort of thing. It's his racket, this calling common things fancy names under the heading of The Lively Arts, and he's made a pretty good thing of it, man and boy, since the day he and the world coincided on the discovery of Charlie Chaplin. But as for us, we think *The Band Concert* was the animated cartoon to end animated cartoons, and would cheerfully let ourselves be organized as abolitionists against them. But one thing you can't take away from Seldes. He's never written a dull piece. Of course, he's getting to be a wholesaler. As far as editors go, he writes only for his friends but, like the girl in the story, he has no enemies.

Then there's Carleton Smith. Trust him to turn in a surprise. In a month when the theatre editor writes about fairs and the book editor about farmers, when the movie critic turns commentator and the commentator turns movie critic, the music editor upsets the dope by writing about music.

And that leaves only Pemberton. Well, then, what about Pemberton? Is Pemberton in this month? Would you know it if he weren't? He is, though. It was something about gin. At least it started with gin, but after a few paragraphs it got mixed with a West Indies travel folder, as closely as we could follow it. But it came out of it finally, because it ended up with recipes.

Add them all together and they spell ESQUIRE. Not all good, not all bad. And certainly a lot for your money. Unlike the cost of a fishing license, here you're always sure to get *something* for your fifty cents.

ESQUIRE
Sept., 1937
T. M.
Reg.

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Vol.VIII, No.3
Whole No. 46
T. M.
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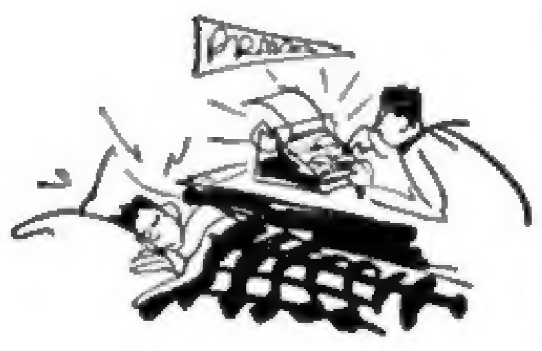
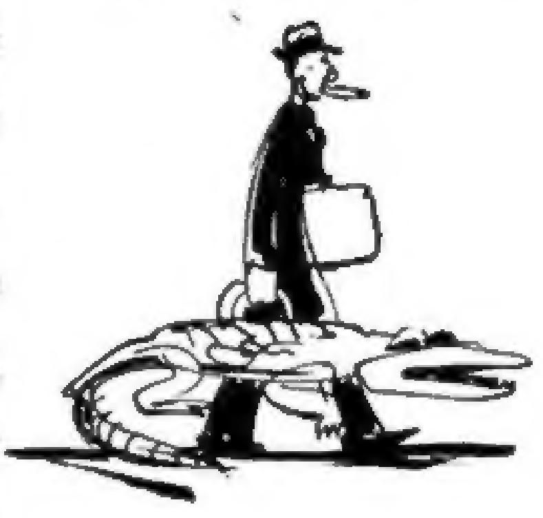
READIN', WRITIN' and RADIO . . . college requirements, 1937. Supplementary reading in psychology, biology, etc. (12 month course in Esquire). Modern theses are turned out on a portable typewriter, the new noiseless "be kind to room-mates" model, equipped with such superior gadgets as touch control adapted to your own individual finger pressure, automatic paper lock and genuine tabulators. But checks are still signed with the good old pen. Let it be one of the new water pens that you fill with $H_2O$ and it writes ink. A concealed ink-stick does the trick, practically making the ink bottle a museum piece. When you're out of ink, just fill your pen in the shower, dip it in your water glass at the table or in the fish bowl . . . anywhere at all. You always get good, dependable blue-black ink. Ladies, we're told, fill their pens with perfume for the more torrid billet-doux.



RADIO. In our day, a ukelele was standard musical equipment for college. Now each pampered whippersnapper has a portable radio, probably one of those covered in striped canvas to match his airplane luggage. Or, one of those combination portables with superheterodyne radio and automatic phonograph that plays dance records for a half hour without stopping.

SHOE CASE. No more packing problems if you provide yourself with a shoe case. Closed, it is a neat piece of luggage in leather or canvas; opened it has compartments for 6 pairs of men's shoes or 6 to 12 pairs of female shoes. When you get to journey's end, the shoe case opens up and hangs "as is" on a hook in your closet . . . all in one easy movement. And speaking of luggage, it's going to be a great year for crocodile. These alligator aristocrats are made out of reptiles 12 to 15 feet long, and the creatures have to be at least 50 to 75 years old before they are fit to carve up to make a suitcase fit for a movie star or visiting royalty. Just a little pre-Christmas thought, in case you want to do right by your Nell.



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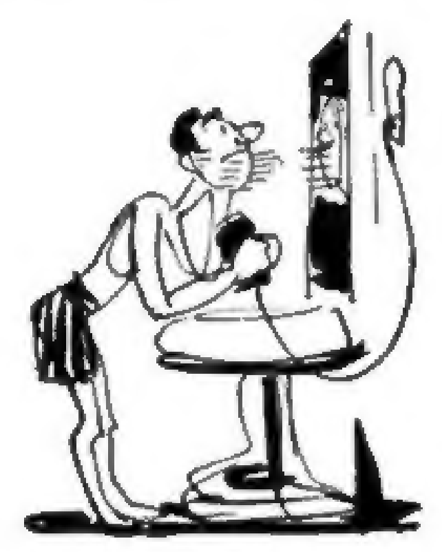

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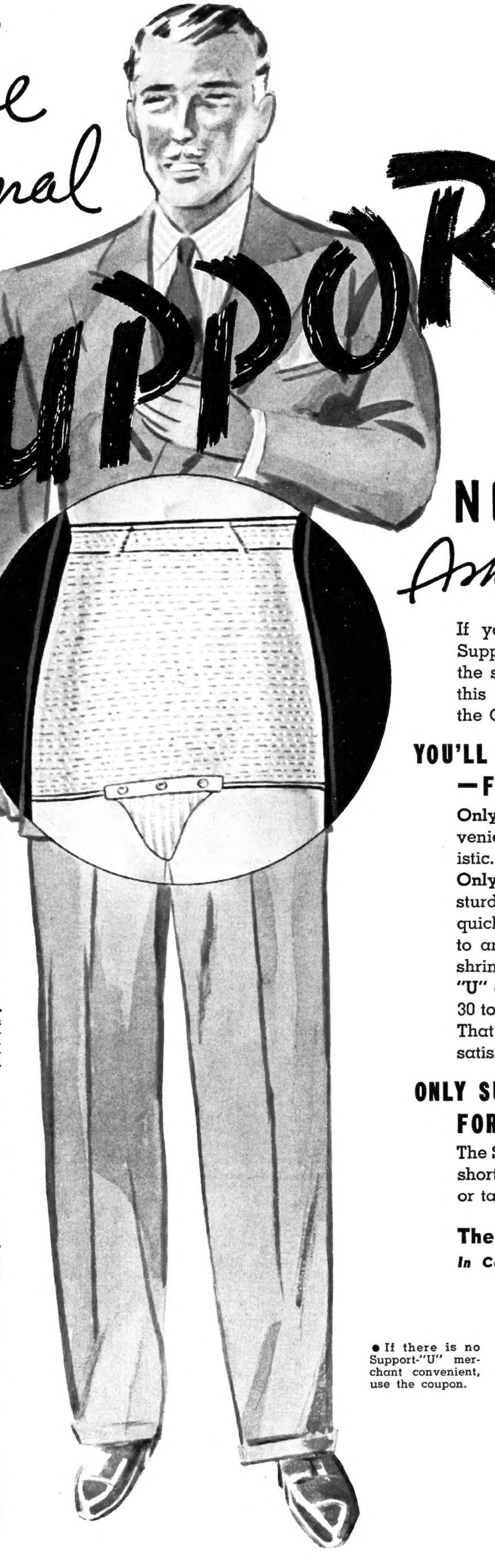

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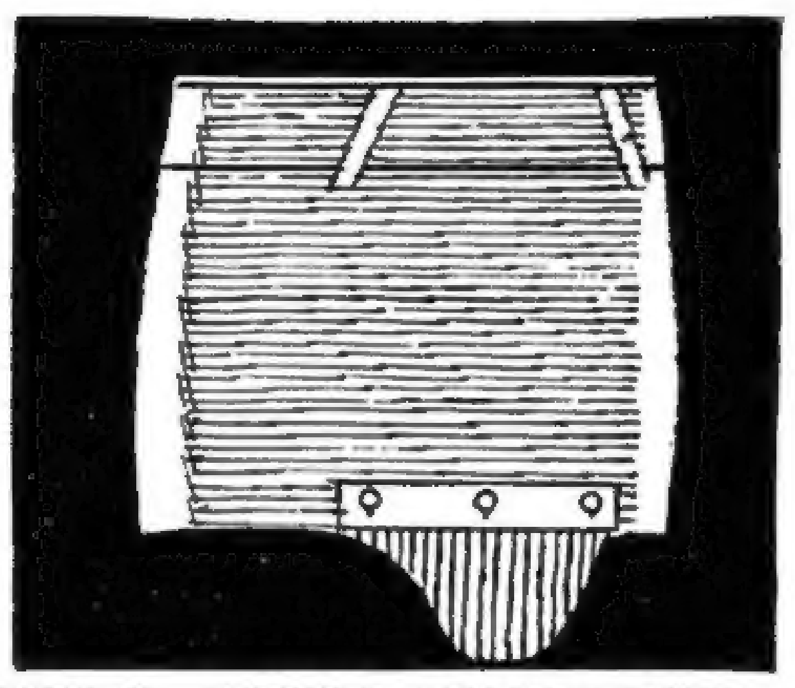

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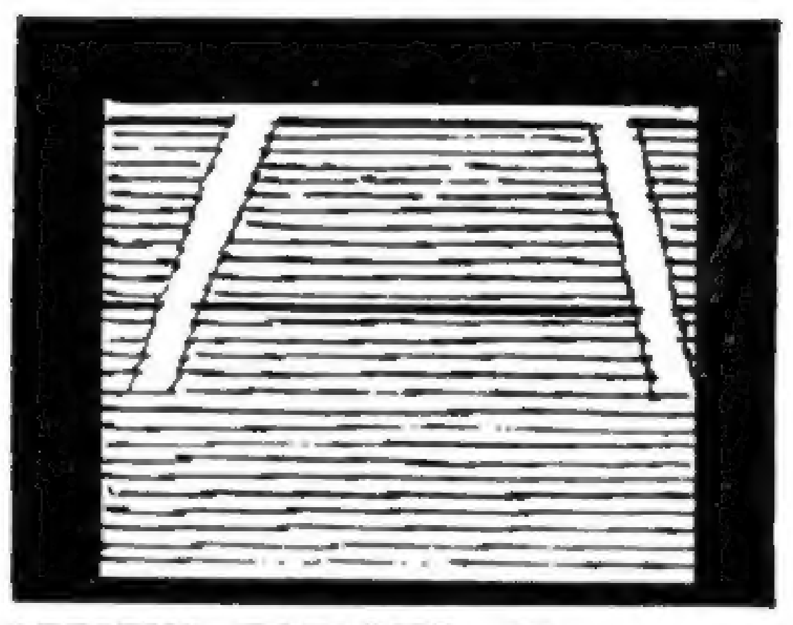

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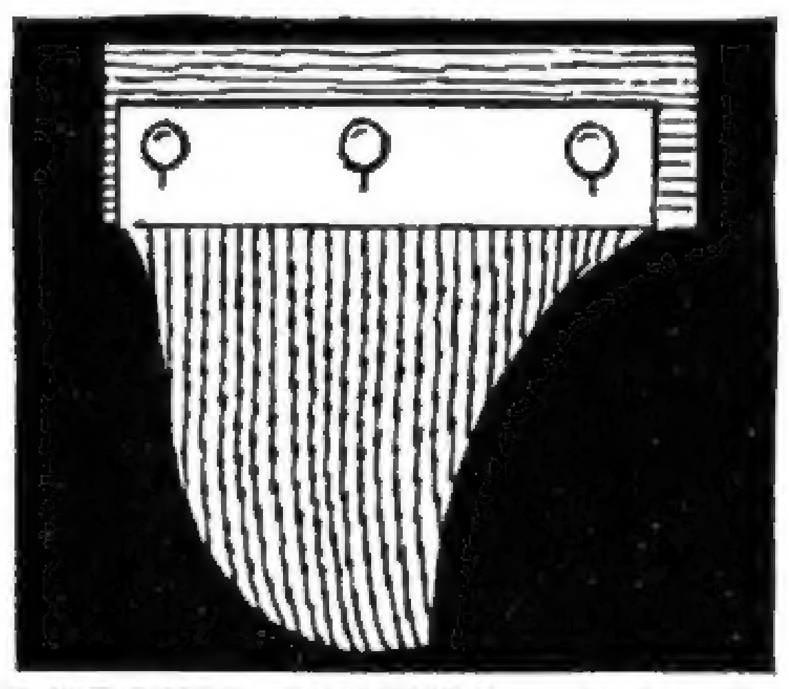


**IMPROVES POSTURE**—Only the Original Support-"U" gives you the generous, soft, scientifically shaped pouch. This pouch is of the type that has been endorsed by athletes and nationally advertised for years.

● If there is no Support-"U" merchant convenient, use the coupon.

The Little Corporal Company —Dept. E-10
231 South Green Street
Chicago, Illinois

I am enclosing $.......... Please send me .......................... (quantity)
Support-"U" shorts as checked below:
☐ Regulars, at $2 each.
☐ Zephyrs, at $3 each.
(For dress and warm weather wear)
☐ Longfellos (Regular), at $2 each.
☐ Longfellos (Zephyr), at $3 each.

Waist measurement..........................................

Name..........................................

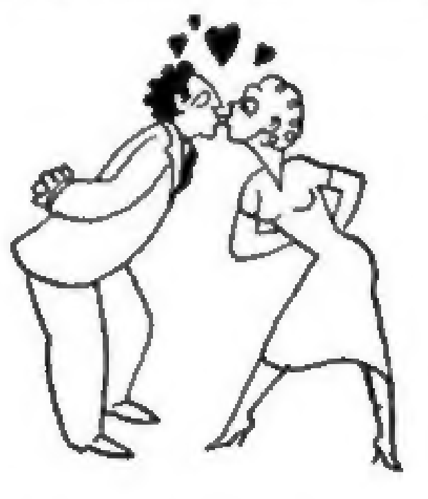
Address..........................................

City..........................................State..........................

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### KISSES, JUST KISSES

"Few girls are surprised when Kissed." Men are shocked beyond mercy when slapped. Anonymous failed to mention when and how girls are bribed and why. Women very seldom kiss for the fun of it. They are always the first to tire of kisses. Later they get spoiled, when they see in the movies how valuable kisses are and what price the men pay for them.



Anonymous seems to have some old fashioned Puritan idea that kisses are all alike. Are they? He seems to think they taste the same, smell alike and have the same results. I knew a girl once that kissed a fellow who fainted. Then I have known some kisses in my lifetime in various parts of the country.

Kisses? There are many, dozens of kinds, amnesia kisses, dry, wet, open-mouth, tongue, light pressure, heavy weight, and sloppy kisses. Lips vary as do the colors of lipsticks or their fragrance. Or the taste of what they last ate or drank, sen sen, cough drops, cloves, gum, whisky, gin, carnation milk or nuts.

There are some femmes who hold while being kissed, who dig their fingers into your spine while others go limp in your arms to arouse your passions or awaken your senses.

There are kisses of ladies verging upon the old maid period of life. Kisses that twitch and squirm the lips, kisses that entice, inspire, and some kisses that bite your lips when the girl is too anxious in getting what the man is slow in giving for some damn fear or another. There are goodnight kisses when one is subdued, eyes closed, body relaxed, sighing for conquest for the sting.

Anonymous fails in his theory that kisses cannot be differentiated. Sacred kisses, the short, jabby kisses of wives, the desperate long kisses of couples unable to marry. Kisses of flirts that do not resist. The virgin that blushes and restlessly wheels her head in wild fancies and dreams of a home, etc. Stolen kisses, kisses given mutually, freely, kisses paid for, fought for, kisses bribed, borrowed, kisses in the dark, on a roller coaster, the kiss a prisoner gets through the bars, the kiss of a prostitute, the kiss of a . . . oh, what the hell . . . I'm not getting paid for this!

One who has been in a kissing Marathon and only won second place, at the World's Fair.

Chicago, Ill. Bruce Kapustka

### ADD SHAGGY DOG STORIES

J. C. Furnas in his mildly insane article *Don't Laugh Now* (Esquire for May) claims that while drunk stories come under the class of shaggy dog stories, drunks are loony by definition, and although funny, cannot produce the required effect of looniness suddenly intruding into a cold sober situation.

Several years ago I heard a story, undoubtedly of the same type as that of the shaggy dog, containing besides one drunk, the required effect of looniness.

Here it is: A gentleman, decidedly sober, late one night met a very dear friend of his youth, about three sheets in the wind, and waiting for those he sent to the laundry. Not having seen each other for some time, they engaged in conversation about what they had done. The drunk said he was married to the sweetest little woman in all the world, and even though it was late at night, he insisted on his friend coming home to meet her. Very unwilling, the friend was dragged home, only to find the house completely dark. "She must be in bed," said the drunk. "Let's go up and see." The friend disagreed but finally gave in rather than argue with the drunk. Upstairs they go, into the bedroom, turn on the light, and find the sweetest little woman in the world entertaining a strange gentleman in bed. The drunk introduced his dear friend and after a few minutes, said "Let's go down to the kitchen and make some coffee." So the two went downstairs and proceeded to make said coffee. After about a half hour, the friend, rather upset at finding the stranger in bed with the wife of his friend, which didn't seem to disturb the drunk, said cautiously, "Say, how about that fellow upstairs in bed with your wife?" Replied the drunk: "Oh, he can get his own coffee."

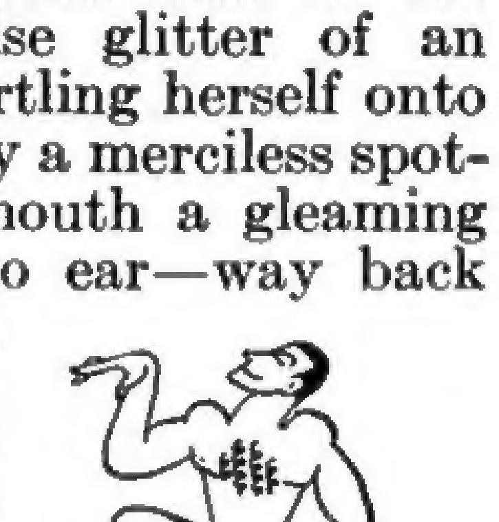
Maybe, I'm wrong. Or maybe he wasn't so drunk.

Sincerely,

St. Mary's Hospital John A. Mista
Tucson, Ariz.

### THE ONE MAN S & F

When Mr. Louis Paul first leapt upon the literary scene with all the abruptness and false glitter of an acrobatic dancer hurtling herself onto the stage, pursued by a merciless spotlight, her smiling mouth a gleaming scimitar from ear to ear—way back then, I wondered if all the tumult and shouting might not be a little incautious and premature. Afterwards, when the trumpeting had somewhat died away and *The Pumpkin Coach*, that delightful scrap-book of impressions, with its chaste little cameos of feelings, appeared, I recanted my hesitation and promptly removed my hat . . . Now comes the piddling anti-climax of such things as *The Voyage of the Ill-Fated Canarsie*, etc., stuff about as palatable as a platter of cold fish . . . From where I sit, I seem to get a glimpse of the dancer, who, misgauging her exit, suddenly removes her fixed smile and trots off, a little wilted, just a second before she reaches the safe obscurity of the wings . . . The thought just came to me, did you say that Mr. Paul had been to Hollywood?



Oh, say, have you heard anything from Hemingway since you printed that splendid obituary notice for him (it lacked entirely the usual lush insincerity of posthumous bouquets) a month or so ago? I may say that I concurred heartily with the sentiments expressed therein. This tiny criticism only. When you said that he departed "with *The Snows of Kilmijinaro*, in a *blaze* of glory," wasn't that a rather preposterous gamut of temperature to run in one short sentence? By the way, to fill the vacuum that his passing has left, if not in your life, certainly in your leaves, I have now in the loom a little thing called, nostalgically enough "Snows on Popocatepetl, High Tor and Pike's Peak, Col." Do you think it will do? If not, try a story by Morley Callaghan. His stories are a little gossamer, I admit, and lack, in Esquire, protective coloring; but I would remind the more boisterous boys that virility is not always accomplished with oaths and that too steady talk of sex suggests nothing so much as an old maid consoling her harsh virginity with the lush aphrodisiac of her dreams.

On the other hand, nothing inflames me more than the thin lament of those male correspondents, the intellectually puny, tidy little souls, who flinch at each and every reference to the human body. They inflame me out of all proportion to their importance. For my part, I have never read a single questionable line in Esquire that some unique wit or meaning did not redeem from any suggestion of the merely pornographic. In fact, as I see it, the human body, though its absurd mechanics of reproduction must be conceded as occasionally funny and deservedly subject to cartoon, is not, in itself, vulgar, anyway. And how, being *inevitable* and *immutable*, its actions or appetites can involve a moral consideration or, for that matter, too much indelicacy that the mind itself does not deliberately manufacture, is a logical problem which persistently defeats my syllogistic talent . . . Indeed I could wish—watch out for this sentence. It promises to be rather complicated and subjunctive—I could wish that the above-mentioned males, putrid with niceness, and behind whose uncompromising exterior lurks, I suspect, a mind festering with all the nettles that flourish on the graves of defeated appetites, were, in deference to their fastidiousness, physically so fashioned that they must depend, for erotic excitement, on deviling about with whiffs of pollen. That'd learn 'em . . . As for the dames, I'd look for more virgins, any day, among them who are not too self-conscious about the trim spectacle of their bodies, than among the sly pusses who, crinoline to the last, carry their breasts about in tea-cosies.

But even the puritanical wailings, I suppose, help to give Esquire that stimulating variety which is, pictorially, the spice of Life. In this respect, Esquire is like Santa Claus—it has a little something for everybody. To name a few instances, there are, as a concession to the hypochondriacs, the medical treatises; for the boys sharing that psychological infirmity with which George Jean Nathan so callously astigmatizes the performances of British actors, the style section; for the cultured (I'll take two) there are Rascoe, Smith, Salpeter and Nathan; for the uncultured, there is Levin; the sots have Pemberton; and for the pathologically effete, there are the insane gadgets of A. de Sakhnoffsky. For me even, there is regularly, Jesse Stuart; and for my Aunt Aggie there is, though thank God not quite so regularly, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Aunt Aggie and I have some great set-tos, I tell you, over F. Scott Fitzgerald. She says he should be encouraged; the boy has a future; why, she says, he's almost as good as Louise M. Alcott, now. My retort is "If F. Scott Fitzgerald is a sophisticated writer, Aunt Aggie, I'm The International Cafe Set!"

You will notice that it is the older authors whom I censure most bitterly. Youngsters in the game, dependent for acceptances on their talent alone, usually do their commendable, if occasionally faulty best; and, astigmatic with the first flush of success, their faculty of self-criticism is so unreliably developed as to absolve them from charges of imposture. For their shortcomings I have no scorn. With the old hands, however, it is different. It is a favorite trick with some, though not all of them (Hemingway conspicuously excepted), to trade on their reputation, established and secure, and to attempt to make a gullible public, hypnotized into credulity by the glamor of their record, mistake for a masterpiece what they know, down in their hearts, is something they simply have not taken the time or trouble to think out properly or to perfect. For this crime they should be publicly castigated . . . No, no, I said "*castigated*"—although, in this instance, I feel that the other word indicates a measure of punishment not too unjustifiably drastic.

It was too bad that you had space left in the July issue and nothing to put in it but *Why Have Chaperones*, which had all the wit and finish of that good old high school essay, *A Walk in the Woods*. And shouldn't *Your Hunting Rifle*, with its constant reference to the .220, have been called, more appropriately, *Recurring Decimal*? Frankly (and this, I give you my word, is my last pun), it was a bore. By the way, I am surprised to learn from Esquire, though not very clearly why, that dictatorship is responsible for every modern ill. That's something new, isn't it? It always used to be The Ductless Glands!

It is unfortunate that the language of abuse is so much more colorful than the language of praise. Because I should like to skewer the attention of one and all with some penetrating shaft of words and make an arresting tribute to Mr. Will Gibson (even if he did split an infinitive on the first page) for that splendid story, *A Wife's Tale* . . . I suppose, however, that I shall be forced to say that it was "swell."

Please don't worry about next month's issue, Mr. Gingrich. I'll be able to help you out myself, with a couple of articles, one called, provocatively, *Would You Know It if You Fell Over It*, and the other, satire with all my heart, called, *Have You Ever Seen A Director's Annual Meeting? Weel, I Have.* By the way, my last offering came back with the inscription (much erased as if accurate annotation had been something of a problem), "Clever, but not quite for us." I trust that the next will read, by a happy transposition, "Not quite so clever, but for us."

Yours sincerely,

Ernest Redmond Buckler
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

*P. S.* In my last letter, "Painting is, at best, a futile and imaginative art" should have read, with quite different meaning (my mistake) "Painting is, at best, a futile and approximate art.' Thank you.

### ADD TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

Please turn to page 59 of the July issue of Esquire—Now who the h—l ever saw a mail box open on the end "from" the road or street? Of the thousands of rural mail boxes you have to pick one from memory that was set up wrong!

Shreveport, La. Observer

### ALMA MARTYRED DIANE

Let Freedom Ring!

Remember me? I'm the girl who broke into print by objecting to what "Princeton '40" had to say. Well, it seems objections got sustained for I was asked to leave the mossy walls of dear Randolph Macon, my Alma Martyr. You aren't fit company for sweet young things who are tenderly nurtured in soft southern soil!!! So, alack and alassie, I must wend my weary way degree-less. The blow could be sustained but woe, oh woe—my allowance reached the same sudden stop as my college career and not since then have I been able to afford a copy of my career-destroyer. But thru it all I keep my faith in a democratic country, my pen eternally in the inkwell and my cap and gown in moth balls. Have you no solace for having "ruined my entire life?" How about getting out a magazine for women (all the men would read it) and let me write articles cautioning the frailer sex not to put on paper what they discuss in a dormitory.

A fond, temporary and heartrending farewell, dear downfall-bringer-oner. When little Nell is saved from the snowstorm by a kind position ("job" to the proletariat) she'll again buy her own copy of you.

Diane Ward
Queens Village, N. Y.

*P. S.* Anyway, I increased your circulation, for the dear tight-laced trustees dashed out on their tottering limbs to see just what they could censor in you. A vote of thanks, please.

**Continued on page 10**

NORTHERN
LIMITED

# *An Old Southern Custom Goes North*

TIME was when the mint julep was strictly a symbol of the South—a green-and-silver emblem of Dixie's friendly leisure.

But today the mint julep is becoming as famous above the Mason-Dixon line as it is below it. It is becoming enshrined in the affections of all America as the most glamorous, most glorious of summer drinks.

And if you will believe the letters that come to us, one of the foremost reasons for the spreading popularity of the julep is our own Four Roses Whiskey. For, according to julep connoisseurs, it makes the perfect julep—the kind you dream about!

Nor should this be surprising. For it takes a mighty fine whiskey to do justice to a julep. And Four Roses was born to fulfil just such a noble destiny!

You see, while Four Roses is *all* whiskey, it is not just *one* fine straight whiskey. It is a magnificent combination of *several* straight whiskies, each selected for some special quality. Blended together the way we know how, these whiskies unite in *one* superb liquor *every* virtue the perfect mint julep demands!

Probably you've already savored Four Roses in a julep. If you haven't — well, the weather's warm, a julep's cool, and you can find Four Roses almost everywhere!

## THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP

Put a dozen sprigs of mint in bowl, cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush mint gently. Put half of mint and liquid in bottom of tall glass; fill glass half full of shaved ice, add remaining mint and liquid, fill glass to top with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses Whiskey until glass is full. Place in ice box for at least an hour. Garnish with mint—and serve.

**Four Roses**

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof*

**We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey**

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper brand, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies (90 proof).

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## DIANE SCORES AGAIN

In reading a letter sent by Diane Ward in your April issue of *Sound and Fury*, I was very much surprised to see that Diane thinks the wives of sailors aren't true.

Well, I'm married and have been in the Navy for several years, and will put the guy (or gal) against the wall who accuses my wife of being untrue. I've been away from her for two months now and there hasn't been a single day that she didn't write to me.

She works in an office all day and by the time she gets home, cleans up, and eats, it is seven o'clock. From my own experience of writing to her, I know that it takes at least two to three hours to write a letter. (The kind we write.) Sunday is her only free day and that is spent with my family, which I'm sure is a very respectable sojourn, and there's a week shot to hell.

"If" you print this letter it will in all probability have to be reworded, but just as long as you get the object of it in and relayed (via *S and F*) to Diane, it's OK by me.

For reasons of my own nature and that of the Naval Service, I wish to keep my name out of print, but if Diane wishes any more proof, I'm sure you'll act as our go-between, so with your continued success in the future I close as:

JUST A GOB.

*U. S. S. Vincennes*, Portsmouth, England

*P. S.* If you do print this letter, kindly sign it as "Just a Gob."

*P. P. S.* Perhaps Diane meant no harm in her statement, but—I'm sure a sailor is mighty particular in who sees his tattoos, and I'm sure Diane will never have the opportunity of seeing said tattoo.

## WARNING, LEST WE FORGET

Here is something for your *Sound and Fury* column.

Turn to page No. 106 of the June issue of the smart, wide awake, American male's bible (yes, the female's too) and what do you find? A story about Champagne under the title of *Why Those Golden Bubbles?*

The story itself is acceptable but the first column and a quarter, dealing with prices, is a very bad reporting job.

Why should your correspondent only consult one importer? Why quote only one price? It may be true that in isolated instances, a hotel that buys an imported Champagne for $25.20 or $2.10 a bottle, does sell it for $7.00 but the majority of hotels would sell such a wine for $4.00 or possibly $4.50.

Also, most of the better vintage Champagnes sell to hotels and restaurants at prices ranging from $40.00 to $50.00 a dozen in New York, and about 10% more in the rest of the country. Obviously the hotel man must make a profit on the merchandise he sells or he can't stay in business.

Prices for Champagne range between $5.00 and $7.50 in the better hotels and up to $10.00 in the swankier night spots. Hotels and restaurants have a few other costs that must be added to the original merchandise cost before they can sell wine or food or anything else—you know, high rental, high orchestra cost, high entertainment cost, to say nothing of very high taxes and license fees.

We know that the "corkage" charge at hotels has not always been understood and it deserves a bit of explaining. However, before proceeding, permit us to quote from the story.

"Recently in New York, a man gave a coming out party for his daughter at one of the better hotels favored by the debutante . . . the father thought he would save a few pennies from heaven and arranged to buy his Champagne from a friend in the business. But when he got his bill from the hotel, there was a little item of $900.00 extra—corkage charge on thirty cases of Champagne."

Let's analyze a little. Thirty cases of Champagne is 360 bottles. A bottle will serve six to seven glasses or 2160 to 2500 helpings. At large parties it averages out at two glasses per person, wherefore we conclude there must have been somewhere about 1200 people present.

To take care of such a party the grand ballroom of the hotel must have been used—something like 40 waiters and captains were needed and to get back to the Champagne—three hundred and sixty Champagne buckets, all filled with ice; 1200 Champagne glasses and all the equipment necessary to properly serve the thirty cases of Champagne had to be available. To say nothing of the time and labor required of about six men in hauling the equipment down from wherever it was stored, washing and polishing and putting it all away again after the party was over, and attending to pouring of the wine.

Then there are the broken glasses! There is always breakage at such a party—it is unavoidable and it costs the hotel money. Just figure it out for yourself if you wanted to do this in your own house. It would cost you much more than the $2.50 per bottle that the hotel charged—not even considering the fact that the hotel is entitled to a fair profit on its services.

Not withstanding all of this, you can take a bet from us that the type of hotel, where such a coming out party would be given, undoubtedly told the gentleman in question that a corkage charge would be made on any wine brought in from the outside. It happens to be the custom of the leading hotels to explain these matters beforehand so as to avoid disputes over bills.

We forget that only three short years ago, we used to pay one dollar for a five cent bottle of ginger ale or club soda. This was nothing more than a corkage charge. We didn't protest then!

Very truly yours,  
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.  
HAROLD J. GROSSMAN

New York, N. Y

## MAYBE HE MEANS FEENAMINT

Mr. O. Arrington's article, *Rattlesnakes in the Bag* in your July number, should read: "Rattles in a Windbag." Arrington states that it took all his strength to hold a five foot rattlesnake; this is sheer blah or perhaps Arrington is very weak.

He advocates the use of a six foot stick in taking rattlers, such length is cumbersome and therefore dangerous. Most professional herpetologists use a stick from thirty to thirty-six inches in length.

Arrington's remark as to the rare blacktail—he must have been thinking of deer. In the Spring, Crotalus Panamint can be found in dens, from several pair to several hundred. From his description feel sure this is the reptile he means. But what does he mean—rare?

Suggest that O. Arrington peruse the works of Mr. L. M. Klauber, who is a herpetologist of considerable note. Mr. Klauber is a member of the San Diego Society of Natural History.

Furthermore think that the much mentioned Mr. Arrington should submit his writings as fiction.

Humbly yours,

Arbuckle, Cal. R. M. WILLIAMS

## BELLYACHERS AND BACK-SCRATCHERS

I'm getting darn sick and tired of these professional bellyachers who send their dirt into *The Sound and The Fury*. If these slab sided nincompoops don't enjoy the cartoons and articles printed in ESQUIRE, why don't they start their own magazine. I'll admit that some of the contents are a little off color, but on a whole ESQUIRE is as decent as any magazine you can find. These self-made saints, who sit at home and read their Sunday school papers, are plain and unadulterated hypocrites. They know darn well that they would go nuts if they were deprived of their monthly copies of your mag. And if there are, by any chance, some half-wits, who really don't enjoy ESQUIRE, who in the devil is forcing them to buy it.

Sincerely yours,  
RICHARD C. GEDNEY

Buffalo, N. Y.

## TONSIL ADDENDA

Will you allow me to pan your Dr. Chas. Williams (This Tonsil Business, June ESKY) rather gently? I have no special animus against this emdee. His writing is rather racy if not Racine and I cannot kick at that. My kick is at the injustice he does to a fellow practitioner of medical voodoo and surgical malpraktik, to wit Dr. Sanford Blum of San Francisco (in 1926—maybe decesit) who in 1925 showed me slides of tonsils sliced in a hamslicer and explained to me just how they served as the excretory organs of the teeth and jaws. Your doctor says that even now, a dozen years later, tonsillectomists don't know what the tonsils are for except fees, and accept them, too.

I could prove to you why he makes that absurd statement but am content merely to mention that medicine is the closest corporation there is, a corporation that catches its victims young, keeps them in hock a long time and turns them out with superimpressed memories and shell-shocked perceptive faculties. What they learned in school they hold forever after to be the truth, the whole (hole, in the case of surgeons) truth and nothing but the truth, so pay my Bill.

The whole truth about tonsils is this. Lack of muscular activity coupled with protoplasm's tendency to deposit lime gums up the veins. Prearthritic conditions ensue with damage to teeth. The tonsil tries to carry off tooth decay but is overworked, tires and succumbs to germs that can secrete in its infolding membranes. This focal infection is seized upon as tonsilar treason and ex capito is the verdict with a tonsilectomy its execution. The proper preventive treatment is to keep the tonsils clean by keeping the blood clean by using a body made for use.

This preventive effort will also reduce the liability to arthritis and its other focal infections, such as appendicitis, typhoid and valvular trouble due to sclerosis of the heart or hardening of the heart and arteries. Avoidance of citrus fruits and tobacco, both high in citric acid and calcium, potatoes and other roots high in lime ash will retard the day when the squat of old age brings on the rheum-stiffening anyway and in spite of all.

The tonsillitis of childhood is largely oatmeal plus sugar plus the jaws' effort to ring out the old and ring in the new teeth. One should keep the eye, ear, nose and throat clean, not through blasts at a shivering handkerchief but through the intestinal tract, upon the reasoning that if you don't want slime to ooze, don't feed it in more abundantly than the normal system can accommodate. Everybody knows that flour will stand wall-paper on its edge, room-high, and without enough roughage it will stand folks on their ears, easily diseased and disgusting to have around.

Eat for pliancy and when its eggs for stiffening with a special end in view, be sure that appropriately arduous exercise irons out all the stiffness before you lie about and gloat. We aren't sea-shells and should not regard our soft tissues as concrete conduits.

Yours,  
ANOTHER CHAS.

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

## NOW THE FLEET'S IN

I am surprised that only an admiral complained about that picture "The Fleets In."

It's a wonder that the entire enlisted personnel of the navy didn't attempt to lynch that artist, Paul Cadmus.

I have been in a few seaports when the fleet was in or just ready to shove off and I have never seen any of the scenes that Cadmus paints. I had a number of ship mates look at the pictures and they too felt that the pictures were just plain rotten.

Life is tough enough on us sailors without propaganda like that about us. Most of the men are married and have homes on the beach and us single fellows have parents and sweethearts back home that we are going back to when our cruise is over, but with such scenes as "The Fleets In" or "Shore Leave" is it any wonder that civilians give us a wide berth after seeing them printed in magazines or papers that are supposed to know what the score is?

When a sailor goes ashore he has the civilian police and the shore patrol or military police to watch him and a M. P. will run a sailor in for an offense that a civilian policeman would laugh at.

Read any coast city newspaper and compare the arrests of civilians to sailors for drunkenness, gambling, or vice of any kind.

As a final crack at that crackpot artist. He says that what he paints is true. If so what navy was it that went ashore with three types of uniforms?

Sincerely yours,  
JAY DOBKINS

Mare Island, Calif.

## WAAL, WE RECKON

Hello, old bean. I am English, but a great admirer of you Americans. Your Mag's darned good—we certainly haven't anything to touch it in the old country.

To me, one of the most interesting features of your Mag. is the advertisements. Some of your stories are good and others are terrible. The article by John McArthy in your June number was swell, but why print a story like *The Romance of the Gands*—it leaves me cold, lets have plenty of the Hurrell photos, there O.K.

By the way, I rather fancy some of the goods advertised in your Mag, will any of these firms send them over here, I would be very much obliged if you would let me know, or should I say put me wise.

Well I'll be writing to you again I expect, so cheerio for the present.

All the Best,  
D. A. DOUTHWAITE

Grimsby, England

## LIKE IVORY SOAP

What I would like to know, from the disillusioning author of *The Facts of Life* is: What is a "semi-virgin"? You figure it out! I'm in a quandary!

Evanston, Ill. SWEET SIXTEEN

***Continued in center of page 130***

# *When* and *How* did such words and terms *as these* originate?

O. K.
hoosegow
calaboose
bunk
blurb
booze
bones (*dice*)
lousy
grub
to frisk (*search*)
palooka
high-hat
scram
whoopee
apple-sauce
chicken (*girl*)
cock-eyed
you're telling me
fried
and how
the cat's pajamas
flat-foot
yes-man
doughboy
kibitzer
plastered
to get his goat
blizzard
gob
leatherneck

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN OFFERING YOU

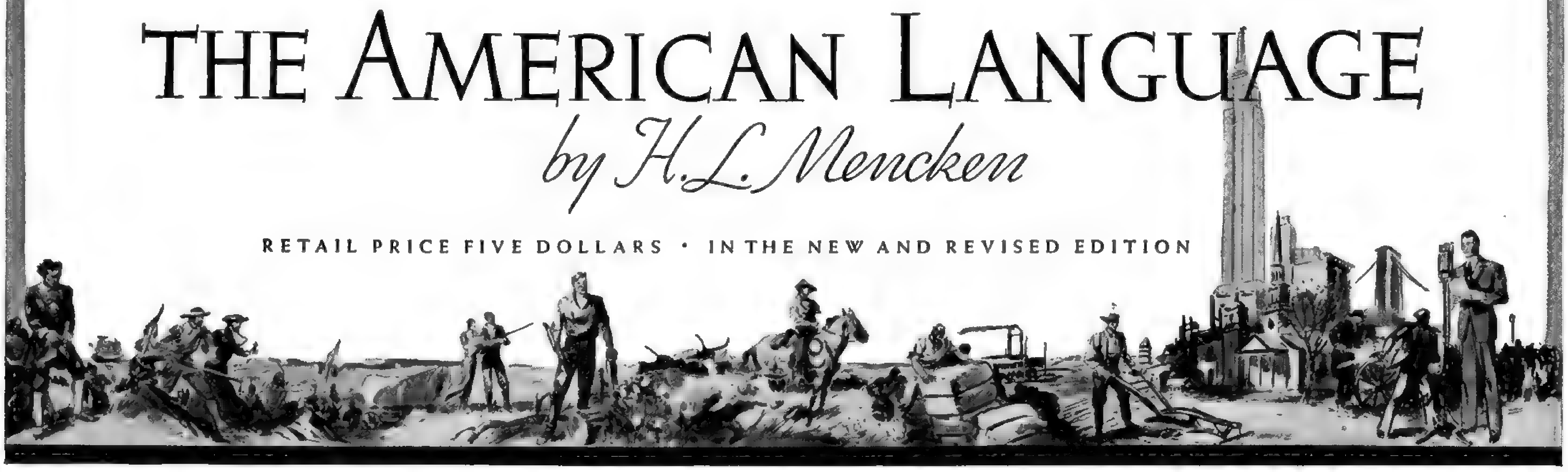
*—"the most readable, the most informing, the most entertaining book ever written about the words we use and the way we speak"*

A FREE COPY... *For Your Library*

# THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

## *by H. L. Mencken*

RETAIL PRICE FIVE DOLLARS · IN THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION



THIS famous book,—"as necessary as a dictionary and yet as absorbing on every page as American life itself"—was first published in 1919. It was an immediate success, and has ever since been regarded as the standard work on its subject. There was a second enlarged edition in 1931, a third one in 1932; and then in 1936 (after many years' collection of additional material) this final edition was brought out, almost a completely new work.

It is a volume of over 800 pages, with 325,000 words of text, with a word-list of over 12,000 words, and with a mass of material about our language that could hardly be more diverting and informative. Our common everyday American history is here — the history that is preserved unimpaired in the slang we invent, the meanings we give words, and the way we speak, as contrasted with the English.

The book is as scholarly as it is diverting, and when one reads it through, a momentous conclusion becomes forced by the evidence. American English, Mr. Mencken reveals, is now the main stream of the language. "Since 1923," he says, "the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it . . . the Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example, in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation, that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the American was once a dialect of English."

## TYPICAL OPINIONS:

***On both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Mencken's book has received the most extravagant praise from critics. A few examples of the comment are given below***

*Like an encyclopedia, it should be in every man's library, and it will be studied with delight and amazement.*
—CHARLES HANSEN TOWNE, N. Y. American

*Superb reading. Thousands of its facts and citations are as diverting as they are curious. They have been brought together nowhere else.*
—WILSON FOLLETT, Atlantic Monthly

*A phenomenal achievement. So diverting a piece of writing that one is scarcely aware it is a scientific treatise of the first order. It tempts the reader who opens it humorously to skip joyfully from one charming page to the next.*
—J. B. DUDEK, Saturday Review of Literature

*Anyone with a taste for the byways of speech, past and present, or with an honest contempt for the top-hats and top-hat language, will find in his book endless delight.*
—LEWIS GANNETT, N. Y. Herald Tribune

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Know All Men By These Presents. It's always her birthday, an anniversary, Christmas . . . or she has to be consoled. Harder for a man than the financial strain of constant gift-giving, is the question of *what* to *give*. Just heed these helpful hints, and everything will come out all right.

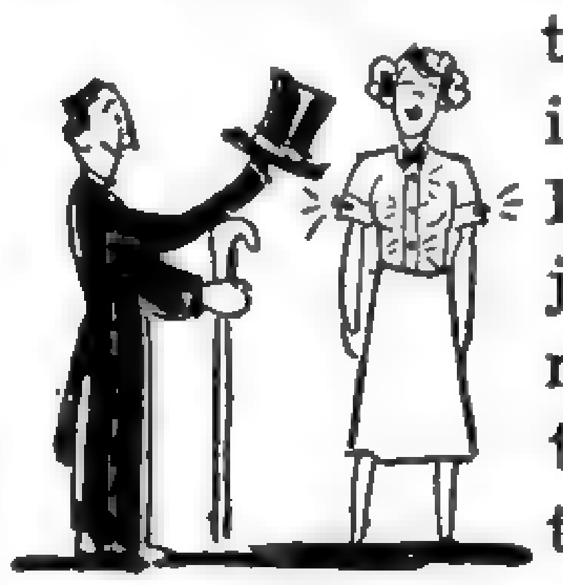
Let Us Spray. Perfume authorities tell us that women are divided into two classes . . . the daubers and the sprayers. Daubers just smear their scent on obvious spots. The sprayers use an atomizer . . . the civilized way of applying their liquid lure. One press of the bulb breaks up each little drop into 2000 atoms, subtly transforming an essence into an emotion. Ergo, Messieurs, give her a beauteous glass atomizer for her boudoir, or a tiny traveling atomizer complete with compact leather case . . . and if you don't throw in a bottle of her favorite fragrance, you're a lug!

Pilfering Princeton. We refer to the wholesale femme filching of white canvas beer jackets, literally stolen off Princetonian backs. We have it that the little dears will continue to appropriate the beer jacket idea, only this Fall they will wear them in bright colored canvas with contrasting stitching. They'll treasure your gift of rare old canvas.

Madcaps. Ever thought of sending her a couple of those rakish little hand-knitted caps? Sophisticated, naive or nutsy, but always cute, by gad. There are Scotch caps and skull caps; tiaras and Tyroleans; brims and berets. Just say Madcaps. Here's a fine fetish. Everyone who comes back from the coast wears a rabbit's foot. These harbingers of good luck are fastened to bright headed tops, made by the Injuns of Mehico.

Swing Ring. Hand-made silver ring with cut-out initials on a big square of silver which revolves on tiny hinges. When a gal wants to seal a letter, she just swings the ring around and gets her signet in reverse.

Maquillage. They fairly coo over those beauty boxes filled with lipstick, eye shadow, powder and other facial works. The boxes have good sized mirrors to encourage Narcissism. Note also an alligator handbag fitted with gold-wash compact and lipstick and other luxurious tidbits. Worth a bid to all her proms.



Jewel Stud Dress. If you feel that you *must* make her a gift of a dress of your own selection, we beg you to confine your purchases to the one dress in the U.S. of A. that every woman from Deb to Dowager likes . . . to wit: the jewel stud dress. We feel that our encomiums are in order, because, after all, the stud dress is just another fashion taken from the men and taken up by women. Here's how it happened. A bright young woman once designed a blouse for a friend and just for the heluvit, stuck in her husband's studs and cuff links instead of buttons. The blouse was such a riot that her public demanded the stud dress that has now become a fashion sensation. The dress is an ageless, dateless sort of thing, so matchlessly tailored, so effectively simple that daughters, mamas and grandmas can wear the *same* style with *individual* success. The dress turns up on the golf links, with crystal sports studs; it shows for luncheon, and then, in formal fabrics and bright jeweled studs, drops in for cocktails. It's an A.M. to P.M. proposition. A man is safe in ordering it in any size, color or material (we hear that velvet and a siren sounding fabric called "Leopard crepe" are coming up for Fall).

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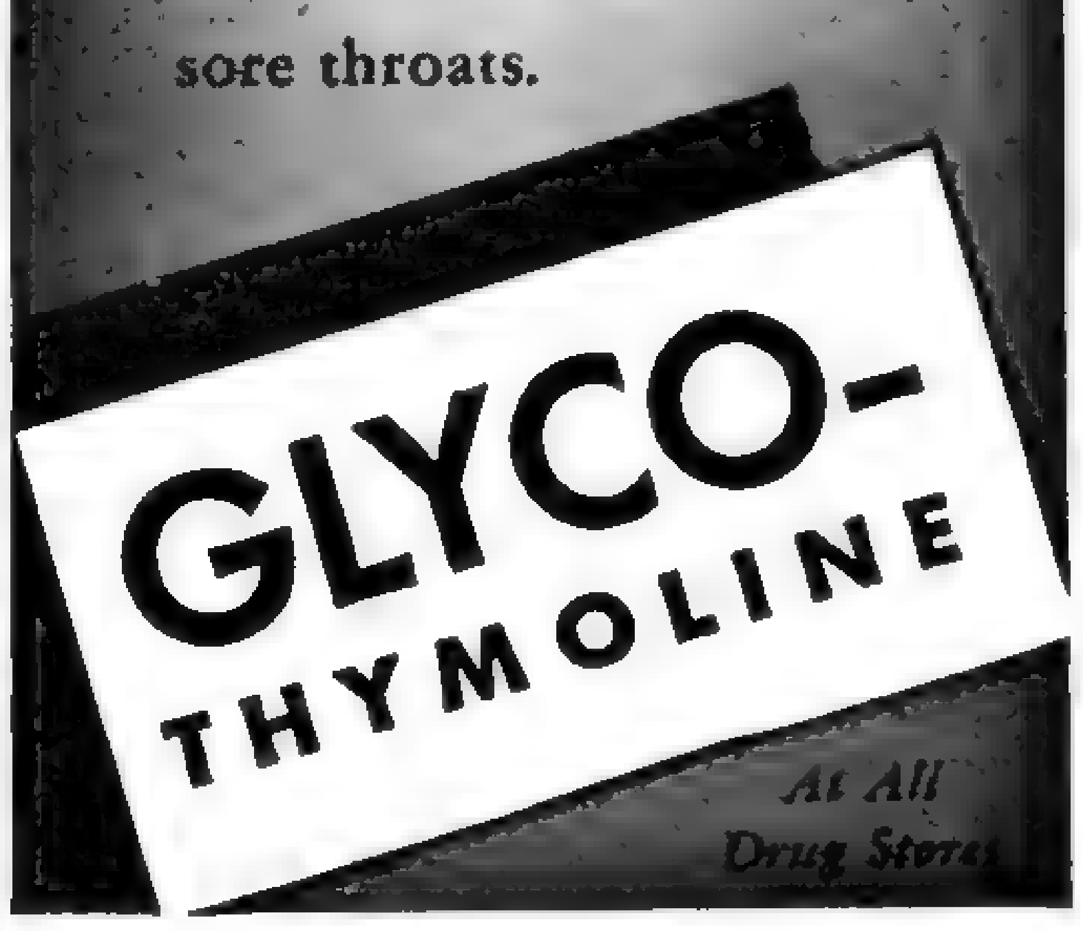

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# KEN

## The Insider's World

* KEN, *v. t.*
1. To cause to know; to declare; direct
2. To recognize; to discern
3. To know; to understand

KEN, *v. i.*
1. To look; see
2. To know (of or about)

KEN, *n.*
1. Cognizance; sight; esp., range of sight; insight
*Above the reach and* ken *of a mortal apprehension—Southey.*

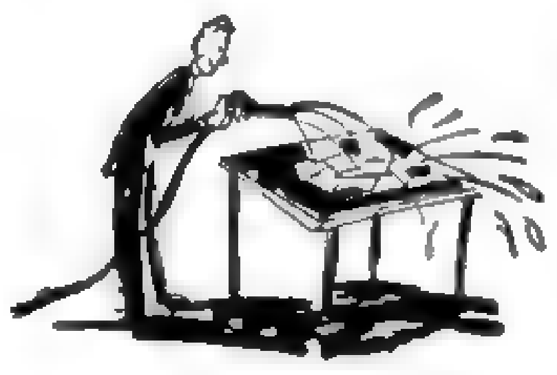
—Webster's International (Unabridged) Dictionary

# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

BALD FACTS. After a summer of salt water, sun and excessive perspiration, gentlemen frequently find themselves suffering from detached hirsute. Fact is, the oil glands dry up and the hair falls by the wayside from mal-nutrition. We know some scalp experts who have become so famous at rehabilitating domes, they treat 1600 men a day in their 45 countrywide shops. A man goes in, has his sphere put under a microscope for examination. This gets at the root of the trouble. Next, he gets a shot of ultra violet ray, carefully supervised; then massage, high frequency, vibrators and lastly, marvelous secret preparations, the result of years of research. They've had men arrive bald as the proverbial egg, to emerge after 8 months, veritable Samsons. After the course, graduates return to their Alma Pater from time to time for free check-up.

FROM BARNYARD TO BEDROOM. If you go in for symbolic apparel, we feel that you should know about some new tan jacquard silk pajamas patterned all over in cocks' heads in red and brown (inspired, we trust, by our own Robert Holley's cock cartoons in Esquire) and appropriate for lounging or horizontaling. If you are a great one for family escutcheons and the like, we commend brocaded silk pajamas with a crested motif thereon.

SHARPENER-UPPER. New razor blade sharpener makes its bow. Tiny little case the size of a small match box. Emerging from the end of same, a piece of cord looped at one end. You open box, place blade inside, snap shut, attach looped cord to hook on wall and just pull the case up and down on the cord. Child's play and foolproof. About ten pulls up and down the cord and you've got both edges sharpened at the same time with speed and ease. Swell traveling item. Wives who object to those inert leather strops cluttering up the æsthetic beauty of the bath, will vote for this type of sharpener.



CARDS WITH NINE LIVES. More and more people are using those plastic playing cards that you keep clean by dunking in soap and water. Friends given to munching sticky candies at the bridge table; guests with hot hands; carelessly overturned beverages . . . nothing fazes these cards. Just repair the damage with a damp cloth. A couple of packs will last the entire year . . . you'll find them in many a dorm or Fraternity House. Another item we recommend for The Brothers—a new ashtray that weighs two pounds. So heavy that even when poised on the edge of the table, it won't tip over. Made in solid bronze or brass with 26 (count them, folks) grooves for cigarettes.

FILTER FOR CIGARETTE ADDICTS. The world has been waiting for a cigarette filter that would remove nicotine, tars and other irritants, yet not remove the kick from the smoke. Such a thing is at hand. Here's the idea. It has been proved that you get a cooler smoke from the *first* few puffs of a cigarette than from the *last* few . . . reason being that you pull the smoke through *more* of the cigarette at first, and the tightly packed strands of tobacco serve as an ideal filter. So some ingenious soul has produced a holder of aluminum (aluminum being a great heat conductor, makes for a cooler smoke) and put a cigarette *within* the holder as a filter. It works like magic. You simply smoke one cigarette *through* another. After you smoke a pack, take out the cigarette filter and be thankful that what you see, is in the filter, not in you.

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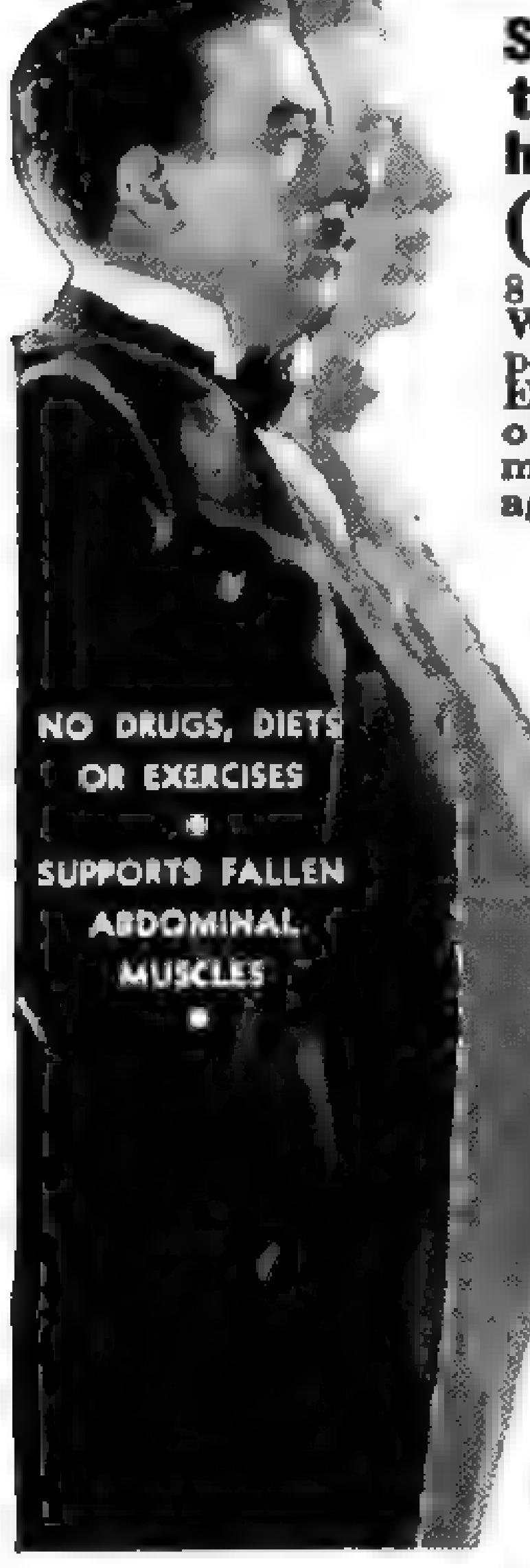
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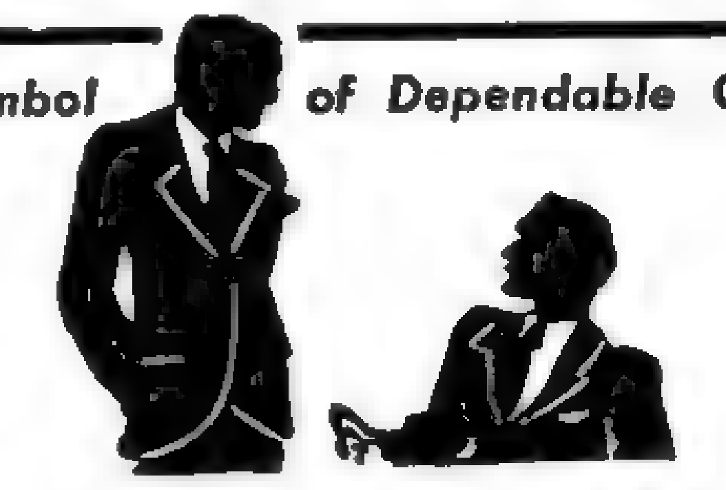

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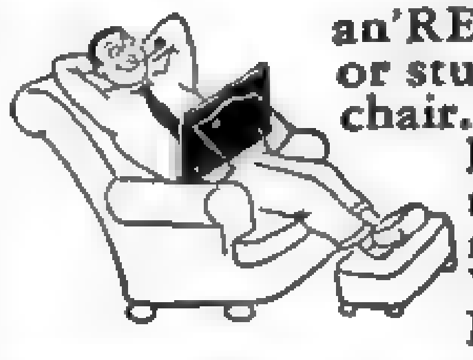

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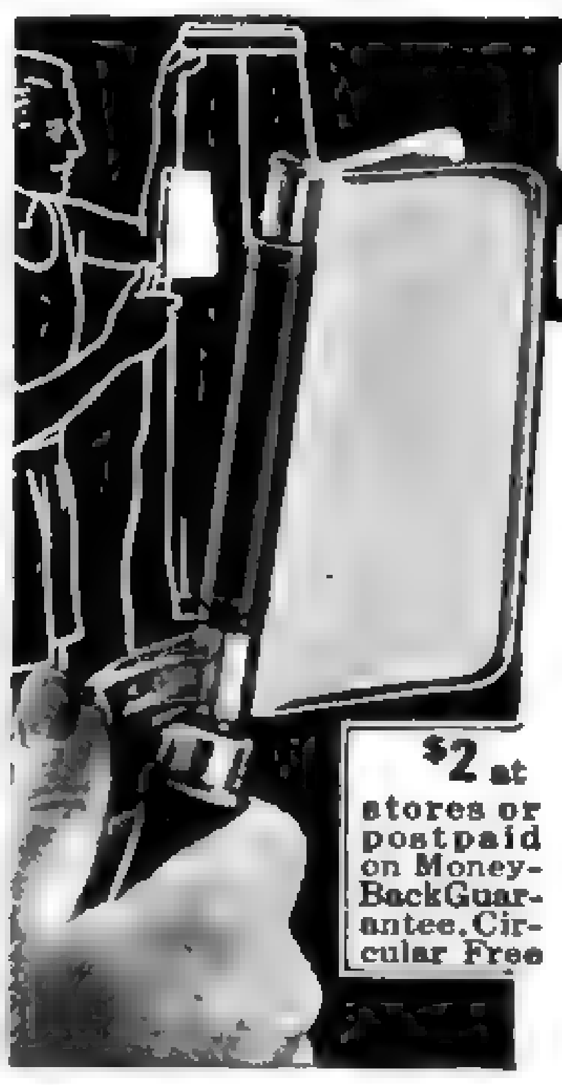

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Grace Line South American cruises visit Chile where Ivan Dmitri made this natural color photograph of a gaucho last November (springtime below the Equator as our seasons are reversed).

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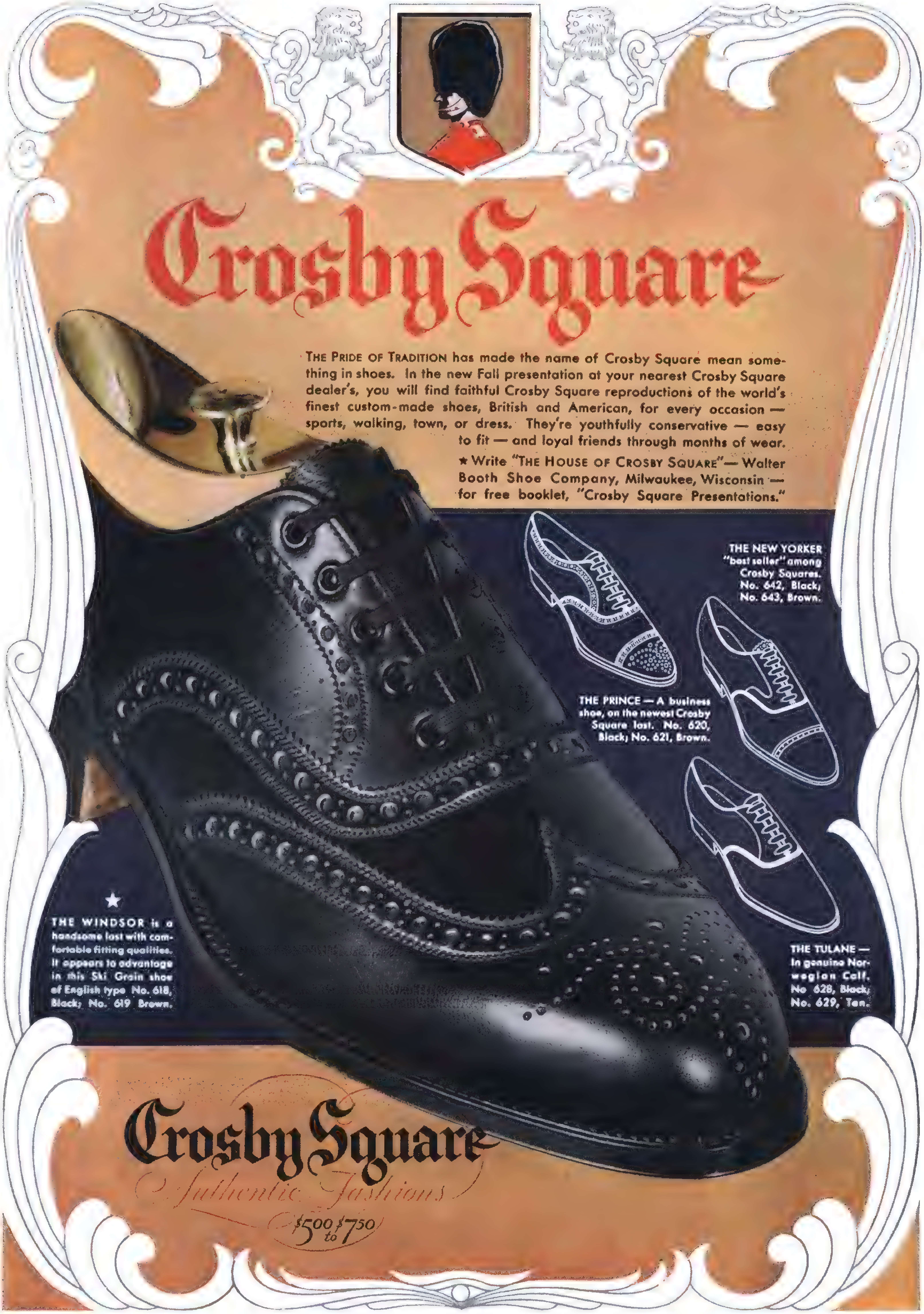
Grace Line cruises between New York and California visit en route six Spanish American countries including Mexico, where Luis Marquez photographed this charming Huautleca girl.



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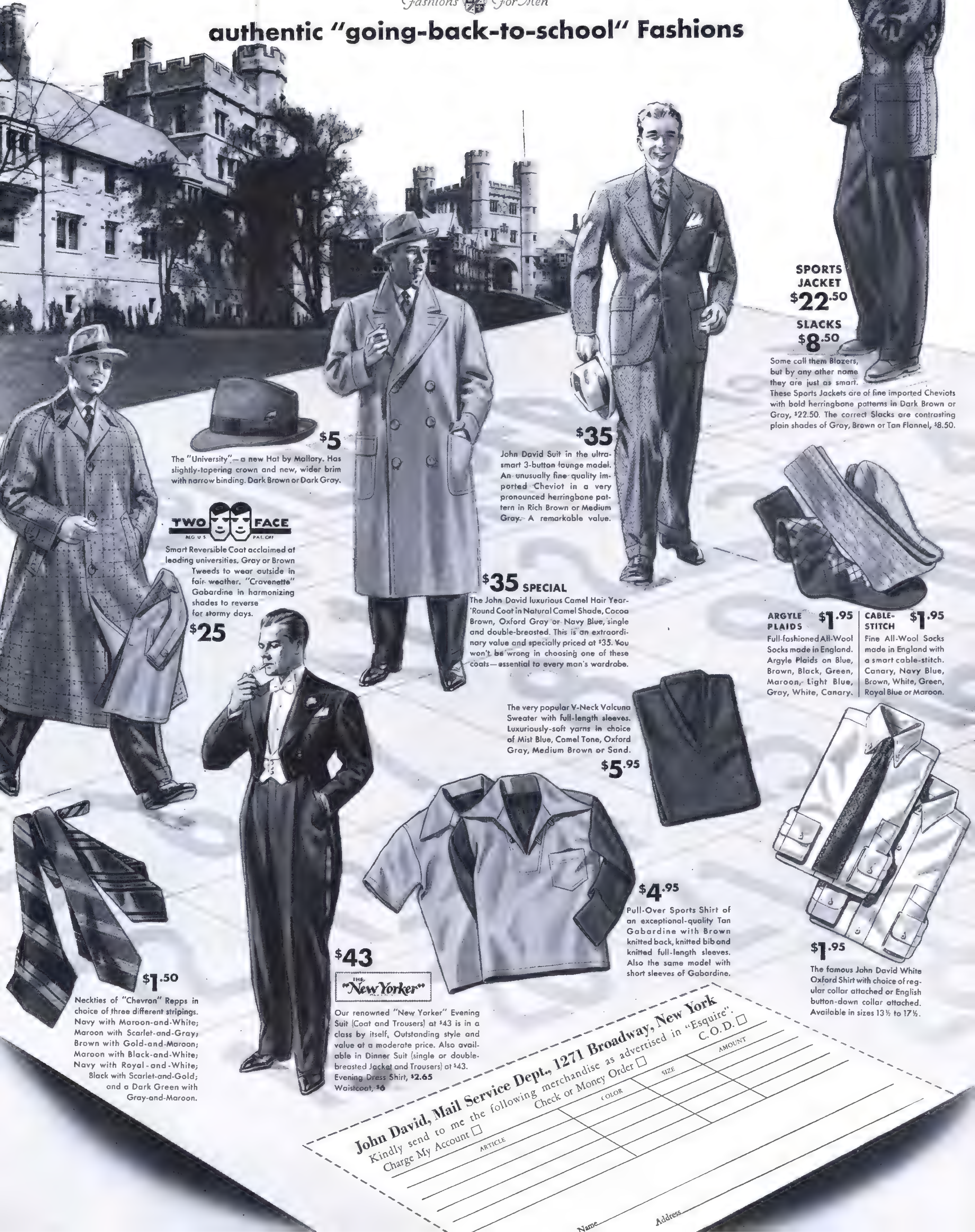

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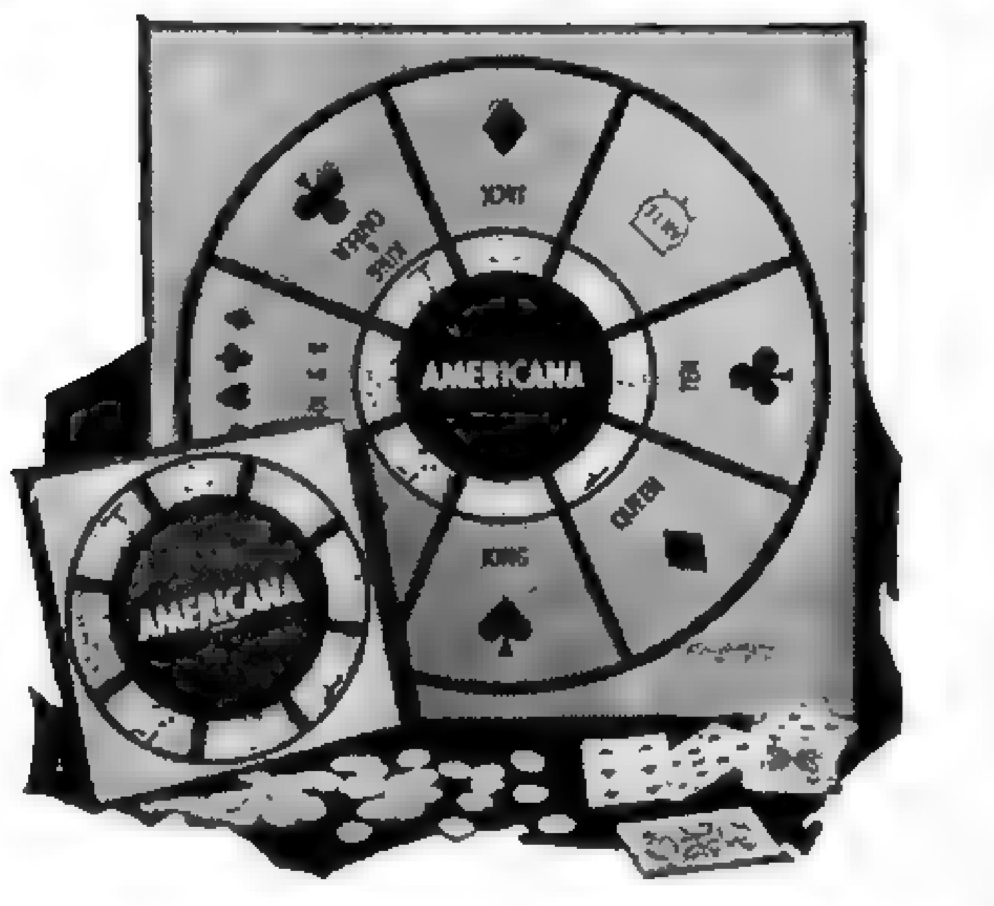

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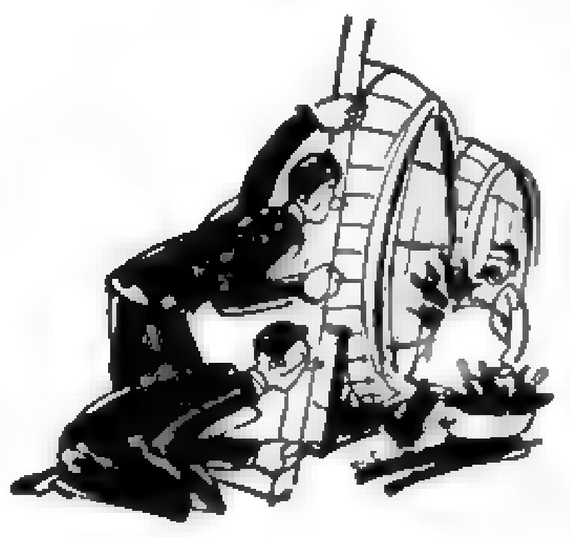

We've been snooping around lately to see how potables are made. Time will come, we suppose, when patient distillers and vintners will lock their doors when they hear our Rolls (class of 1926) horn on the highway. Anyway, we got into the Renault wineries at Egg Harbor, N. J., recently and were pleased to see that the place has regained the prestige of its golden years. The champagne is made both by the second fermentation, in bottles method and the new bulk fermentation, not to be confused with carbonization. It would take an expert to tell the difference. The ingredients and the time are the same as in bottle fermentation. The proponents of the bulk method claim the loss is less, there being no breakage, and the quality less variable. Sounds reasonable. Those opposed shouldn't be allowed to make Jeraboams, we say, if they are consistent. However, the Renault Champagne is a pleasant, fruity, champagne of the domestic type. Anticipating the Legion convention, the Renault folks are putting out a "French 75", half brandy and half champagne, for nostalgia's sake.

We have learned another chef's secret. Herman, one of the first ten cooks of the country, now part proprietor of Lakeville Manor Inn, says that in preparing duck with orange, be sure to skim off the grease as the duck bakes, which should take seventy-five minutes in a quick oven. And as for the sauce, a good cook never uses flour for thickening, but currant jelly. Unless you have had duck as Herman prepares it, you cannot claim to have really dined with the gourmets. Lakeville Manor Inn, by the way, under Frank Hart and Herman, has become one of the social spots of Long Island, even going in for winter sports, pirate parties and such didoes.

Joe Smallwood is on his feet again and his place in Roslyn, Long Island, is running full of millionaires. Not far away the clipper ships from Bermuda plop into the harbor, and the lights twinkle across the water as you dip into the tub of steamed clams. Remember to turn left and left as you leave the clock tower at Roslyn, else you end up somewhere else.

The Lombardy, 111 East Fifty-sixth Street, will soon resume its famous Sunday morning hunt breakfasts, foxes or no foxes. It is a swell custom, Sunday being one of the boredom days until you can find something to do. During the past months we found the Tudor Room restful, with the food in the superior brackets.

The St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, which is one of those separate principalities along the East River, makes a feature of the Ginsickle. This is a pleasing hot weather thought, gin poured over a champagne glass filled with shaved ice, the gin flavored with almost any fruit you wish. It's worth going to Brooklyn to try.

It is well worth a trip to Ridgefield, Conn., to see an American hamlet at its best. The trees go back further than the Constitution, the immaculate white houses are older than Supreme Court judges. Just outside, on the Main Road, are the Outpost Nurseries, largest hereabouts. An attractive Inn has grown up on the place with the seedlings, from the nucleus of an old American home. The food is of the best American style, well cooked and ample.

Another American Inn of the better type is the Rainbow Tea House, at Pound Ridge, Conn., about eight miles out of Stamford. We have waited there of a Thanksgiving day to be seated for dinner while the neighborhood ate at the first table. But it was worth waiting for, a national holiday meal in the tradition of American homes on grand proportions.

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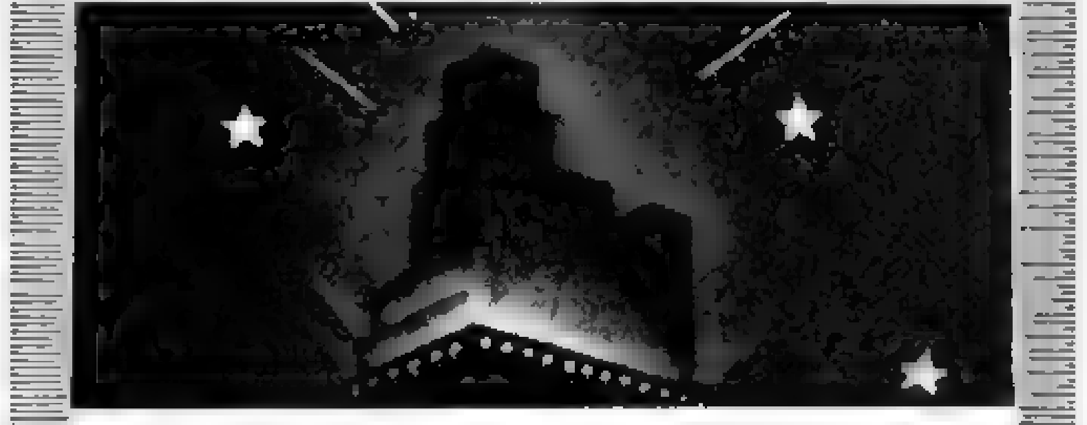

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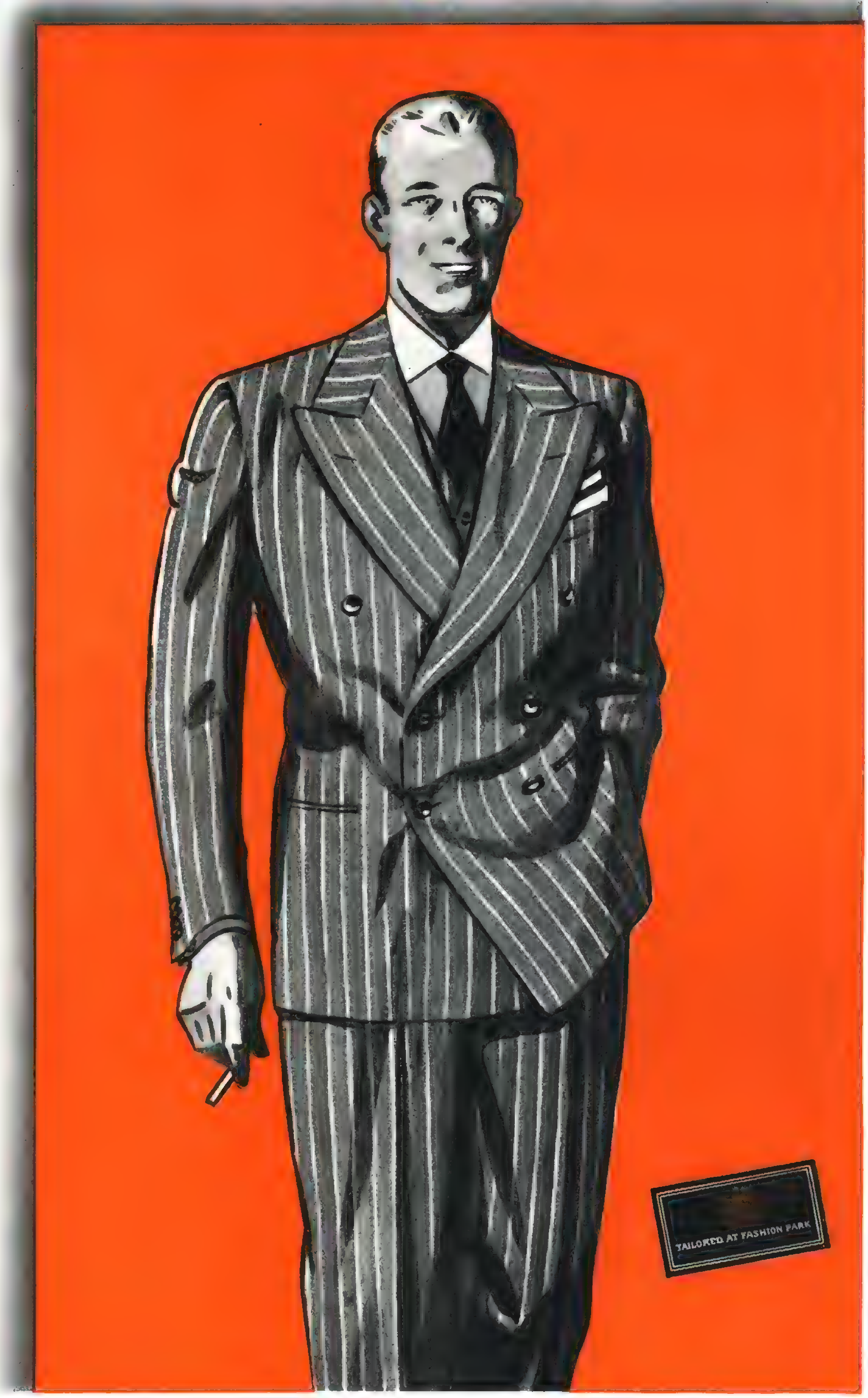

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The town has gone somewhat tropical with head hunters, simoons, cocoanuts and torrid music. The Grill at the Lexington Hotel, Forty-eighth Street and Lexington Avenue, has been redone as the Hawaiian Room, the mirrored posts have become palm trees which sway in a synthetic storm with almost real rain. The thunder and lightning is thrown in at no added cost. In keeping with the atmosphere Charlie Rochester, the manager, has presented the Okuliau, a drink of cocoanut milk, pineapple juice and gin. We have tried this in its native heath and can recommend the copy as being entirely authentic. Another touch is the presentation of a lei to each guest by the affable manager.

Leon and Eddies have decided on a Pago Pago Room with tom toms and now and then real live animals from Frank Buck's Farm. The storm at Leon and Eddies is so violent that umbrellas are furnished the guests. We have an idea that the rain was Eddie Davis' idea to cool him off after his strenuous contribution to the world of art. He announced wearily one night that he was afraid he would have to go on singing the saga of the girl rolling down the mountain until his son was old enough to stop him. Customers won't leave until he brings out the classic.

We often wonder what chorus girls (*Americana Superba*) think about while weaving across the stage in their inane patterns. In the case of the lovelies at Ben Marden's Riviera, we suppose it is the satisfying thought that they, the girls, with only the aid of nature and a little pink chiffon, can make bums out of architects, interior decorators and artists, as well as traveling salesmen. The girls still hold on to the prize for esthetics at the new tavern which sits so proudly on the far banks of the Hudson at the New Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge. In a perfect world the joint would be a knock-out. As it is, the architect comes off next after the ladies. He has constructed a circular room giving diners full view of the river's grandeur as well as the midgets or acrobats on the stage. Take your choice. Ours is the river. The roof slides open to the stars; the majestic bridge is a breath-taking backdrop. Unfortunately the wall colors are sour and a painter has done some very bad imitations of Miro on the walls. We doubt, however, if any of these things are noticed by the trade—prosperous gentlemen who stand in line for hours waiting for a table.

Much as we reverence the present administration for its spreading art consciousness and making cities help the local boys, we must admit it has had woeful aspects. Take, for instance, the Merry-Go-Round bar of the Ritz Hotel, Atlantic City. They've called in some of the local talent to redecorate the walls and the result is pretty terrible. However, the Ritz is as gay as ever, the "Beauty" as mixed by George being enough to make anyone forget bad art. We hit the place when ten thousand doctors had left their patients behind in the land to hear each other talk. But, steering clear of conventions, it is a grand place in the later seasons.

We dropped into the Dewey Brothers winery at Egg Harbor the other day and in the dark caverns sampled some of our favorite forty-five year old port—as good as any that has ever passed our lips. The Deweys don't advertise the fact, but have on hand a burgundy that lost its last birthday, so old is it.

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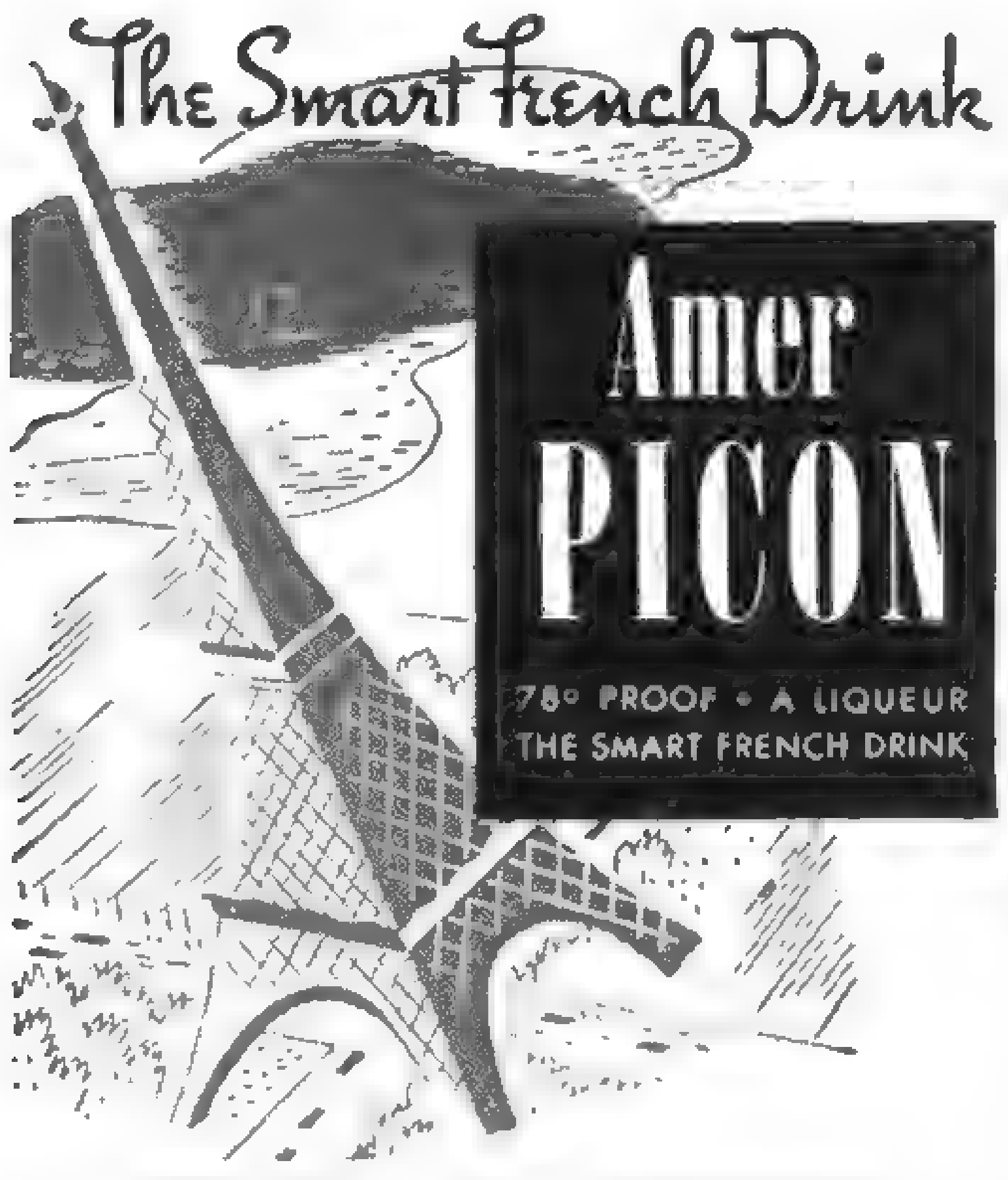

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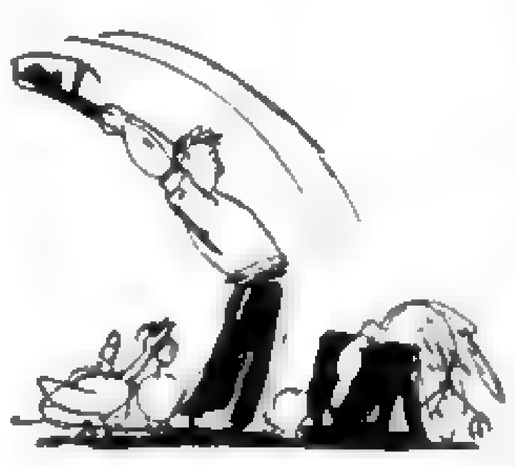
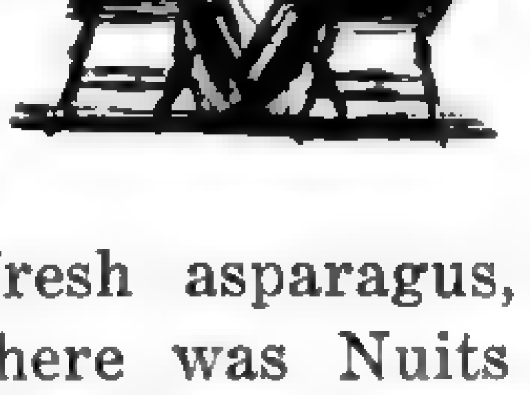


The Chanticler, at Millburn, New Jersey, has had to put on an expansion belt to the south. That is the part of the swank hostelry that is reserved for the wives of commuters who like to fill the tank while waiting for the 5:15 to pull in. The addition is pretty modern, having a glass brick wall with chromium trim, inside and out. The Chanticler is one of the fanciest places around, due mainly to the expansive habits of William Naue who is a sort of Jersey version of Sherman Billingsley.

The International Casino is getting under way in the grand manner. Contemplated for some time the entrepreneurs decided it was better to wait and do it right. The place is enormous, over the Criterion Theatre at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street, and will hold 2,500 at a time. The show is a combination of the things Americans like best, Pierre Sandrini from the Bal Tabarin and Jack Charles of the Folies Bergere have arranged the elaborate show. George Olson and his famous orchestra furnishes the dance music.

The Shelton Bar, in the corner of the hotel at Lexington and Forty-ninth Street, has an oriental girl passing the canapes, to blend with the mural motifs. But the bar emphasizes the Mint Julep made in the elaborate way. This calls for a cone of ice around the glass which necessitates sipping through a straw.

Before the gout completely stiffens our fingers, we want to make a record of Bernard's latest contribution to our galloping decline. We know of no other place that treats a baby lamb as tender as the chef at the Mascotte (19 East Sixtieth Street); the sort of lamb that comes about the size of a large turkey leg and is like no other delicacy we know of, cooked with garlic and rosemary. First there was Nova Scotia salmon with Hochheimer Daubhaus, 1934, then *potage Mascotte* (*green turtle and pea*) and with the lamb, new peas, fresh asparagus, roasted new potatoes. For the meat there was Nuits Boudots, cuve Camuzet, 1926, said to be the only bottle left in town. We hope not, as we forgot to save the label to paste on our tombstone. The dessert was *poir messaline*, followed by coffee and brandies. On such occasions we regret that we have only one stomach to give to our country.



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◆

Maybe you thought that was just an Esquire gag-line (with the cartoon missing) when we asked you last month whether we ought to print a million copies of the December issue of Esquire. Maybe you just ungummed one eye and rolled over in the hammock, muttering "Why a million, when all I want is one?" Okay, have your little joke, but come Thanksgiving we'll laugh like little Audrey when you turn up wanting a copy of the December Gift Issue of Esquire, so bountifully big, so breathtakingly beautiful, so Brobdignagianly—oh skip it. The point is, last year's December issue sold out six hundred thousand copies like ice-cream cones in Hades, and that one was just a pup, a measly 324 pages. This year's issue will be so big they tell us the presses aren't built that can turn out more than a million. So this is your warning that now is, honest, the time to reserve your copy of the Christmas 1937 issue of Esquire if you want to be sure of getting one. ¶ SEND NO MONEY, but write, right now, for complete information on how to get your copy of this giant gift issue of Esquire at the special holiday rates. Address: XMAS SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., ℅ ESQUIRE, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Carl Raswan

**Carl Raswan**, (*A Modern Sheik*, page 52) is the author of *Black Tents of Arabia*, published a couple of years ago. His mother was Hungarian, his father German. As a young man he went to Egypt on business for his brother, remained there and started his career of buying and breeding horses. In 1912, drawn by his love of horses, he went to Arabia. He became blood brother of the chief of one of the greatest tribes. During the World War he served in the German cavalry and with the Turkish armies at the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal. He once barely escaped death when his train was blown up in Transjordania by "Lawrence of Arabia." Years later he met Lawrence and they became friends. Now he is an American citizen, and breeds Arabian horses on his ranch in California.

•

Last July, citizen **Meyer Levin**, author of *The Old Bunch*, movie-critic and general handy-man around these offices, left us out on a limb with thousands of manuscripts to read while he light-heartedly skipped off to be a witness in the La Follette Civil Liberties Investigation of the Memorial Day Riot, Washington. A final report of the investigation hasn't been made at the time of writing, but Meyer's own report of the riot is on page 98.

•

**Eric Francis**, who wrote *Do You Body-Surf?* says he was born in England under a star of congenital laziness. He felt he could fulfill his destiny best by going to sea or becoming a writer. He tried the first, but found it entirely too arduous. And he says the jury is still out on the second. The highlights he recalls are: rounding the Horn in a windjammer; flying a Jenny in the war; seeing the U. S. as a roving newspaperman; emulating Parnassus on Wheels with a caravan filled with books; and riding his first wave. He's still on the go, still lazy, still scribbling and completely breaker-batty.

Eric Francis

•

Out in Denver, Colorado a guy has been passing himself off as **Louis Paul**, (**Esquire**'s own Discovery and the author of *A Pumpkin Coach* and *A Horse in Arizona*.) He got by with several hot checks until they caught up with him in Salt Lake City and sent him up for forgery. While he was in Denver he flashed a slip of paper, supposedly a story acceptance, from **Esquire**.

And a prominent doctor in Denver was so completely won over that he requested a local hotel to cash "Paul's" check as a personal favor to him. Anyhow, he's out of circulation for awhile, so if you meet Louis Paul anywhere, it will more than likely be Louis Paul.

•

E. G. Morris

**E. G. Morris**, whose little essay, *Maternal Instinct*, is on page 54, is thirty-four years old, and has lived mostly in New York City and in Kentucky, where he was born. He says: "I have always (like everyone else) wanted to 'be a writer' and the result is, I have done very little writing—too busy contemplating eventual fame. I have sold to pulps, including *Black Mask*, *Dime Mystery*, *Horror Stories* and *Terror Tales*. Probably I made the last three because of a werewolft taint in my blood, passed down from Uncle D. (for Dracula) Frankenstein Morris. In more somber moments have sold to *Good Housekeeping*, *Psychology*, *Real America* and the *New Masses*. I am proudly ashamed of the twenty odd (very odd) jobs I have had, ranging from leading a blind man to working in my brother's law office in Louisville. I am married, love my wife, hate affectation above all things and am at present an assistant to Lurton Blassingame, literary agent. Naturally I understand the necessity for "slanting" material for a definite market and that's how I came to sell this story to you. I slanted it for *Red Book*, intended to mail it to *College Life* and put it in an envelope addressed to **Esquire** by mistake. I have found this system unbeatable.

P. S.—The enclosed is not an illustration from one of my horror stories. It's my picture.

•

**Herbert Clyde Lewis** published his first novel, *Gentleman Overboard*, last spring. He was born in Brooklyn twenty-seven years ago. He attended both New York University and City College of New York for a time but neither institution agreed with him, and he went into newspaper writing, starting out as copy boy on the New York *Sun* and the *Daily Mirror*. After working on various papers in New York for three years, he sailed in 1929 for Paris. After a year of the cafés, he headed for China. While he was in the Far East he held jobs on several newspapers including the Philippines *Free Press*, the Shanghai *Evening Post*, and the *China Press*. Since that time he has been in New York, on the *World-Telegram*, the New York *Telegraph*, and at present, on the New York *American*.

He has sold stories to many magazines and once he and Louis Weitzenkorn, author of *Five Star Final*, collaborated on a play called *Name Your Poison*. It never reached Broadway.

•

**Stewart H. Holbrook**, author of *Paul Bunyan's Boys Go Modern*, is writing a book on logging and loggers, to be published sometime next winter. He was born in Vermont in 1893, went to district schools and two years high school in Vermont and New Hampshire. Between terms, he worked on a farm and in logging camps. Since that time he has been a newspaper reporter in the Canadian West; has worked in logging camps of British Columbia and the Pacific Northwest; has trouped with "the worst repertoire company ever allowed in town opera houses;" served two years as top sergeant in the artillery, A. E. F.; and, for seven years, served as editor of a loggers' and fishermen's publication. He lives in Portland, Oregon, and contributes to several magazines, including *The New Yorker*, the *American Mercury* and *American Forests*.

•

**Dale Fisher**, (*For Those Who Toil and Spin*, page 68) lives in Chicago and writes advertising copy. In lieu of a picture of himself, he sent us one of his dog, which, unhappily, we lost.

•

**Werther Friedman** (*Madison Avenue Episode*, page 58) is a stylist and contributes illustrations and articles to trade and fashion magazines.

He has a large studio of fashion design in New York. He was born in Bucharest, Rumania, in 1884. After graduation from the University of Bucharest, he studied decorative arts and costume design at the Académie Julien, in Paris. In 1903 he came to the United States. He worked as a scenic painter, practiced costume designing and painted landscapes and murals for a living. He made occasional excursions into literature. And he studied law at Columbia University.

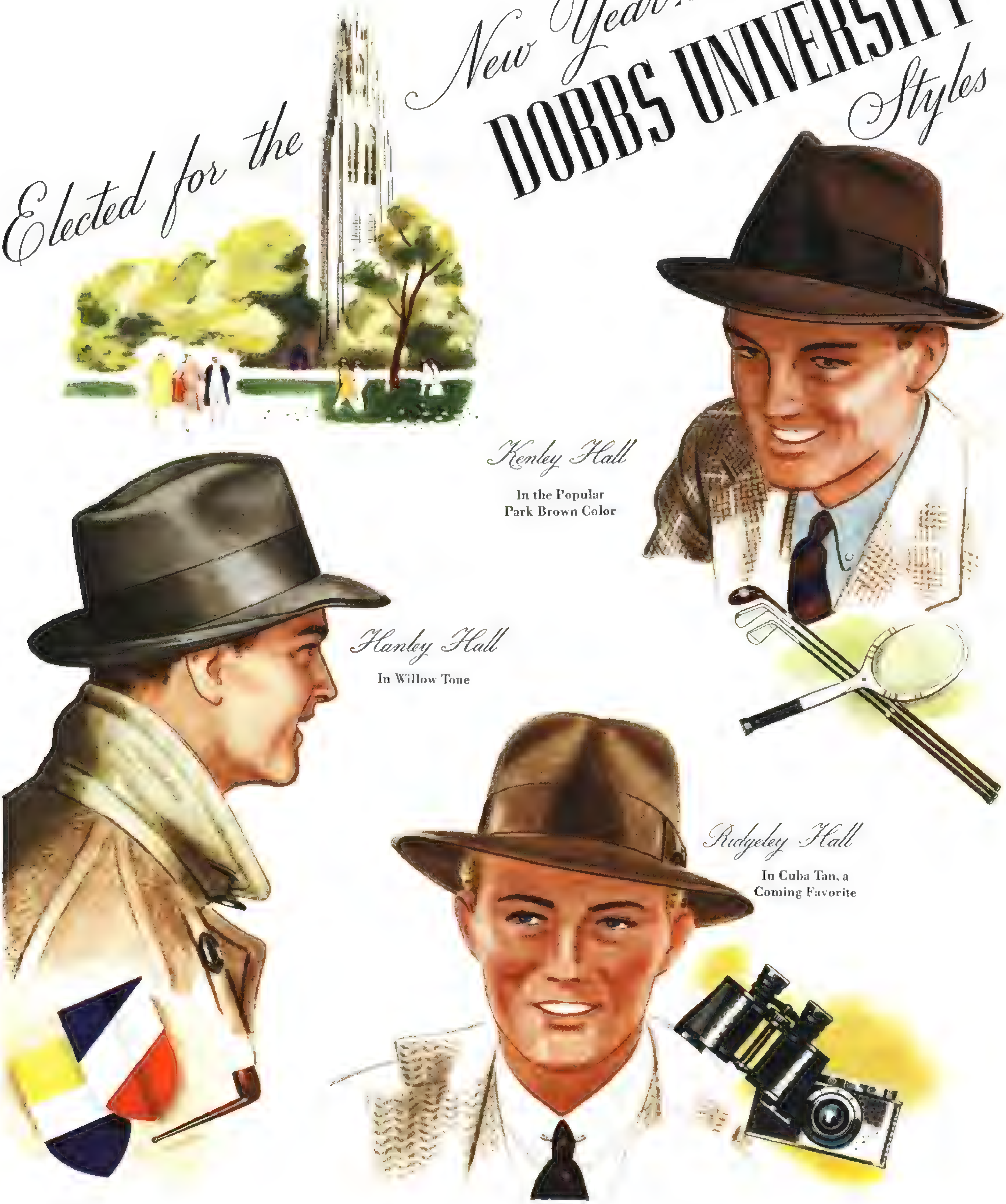
Commander Attilio Gatti

**Commander Attilio Gatti** (*Central African Supreme Court*, page 39) has spent thirteen years in African exploration, leading nine different scientific expeditions and crossing the continent from North to South and East to West. He has made large anthropological, ethnographical, zoological and paleontological collections which he has presented to various museums, such as the Royal University of Florence, American Museum of Natural History, Arizona University, the Witwatersrand and the University of Johannesburg. The Royal University of Florence contains twenty-two rooms filled with his collections. Among his most notable discoveries are the world's most ancient iron foundry; Bushman paintings in Southern Rhodesia; fifty tombs of ancient Bushmen and a hitherto undiscovered Acropolis similar to the famous Zimbabwe but on a smaller scale. He has hunted for collection all the most interesting animals of Africa including the strictly protected Okapi, the rare Bongo of Belgian Congo and the gorilla. On two expeditions he made intensive studies of Giant Gorillas of the Kivu mountains and bagged two very fine specimens which he presented to the Florence and Johannesburg museums; the latter specimen is the world's record for the species, weighing four hundred eighty-two pounds and standing six feet six inches high. He has written several books, including *Tom-Toms in the Night*, *Hidden Africa* and *Black Mist*—and, his most recent one, *Great Mother Forest*.

*Continued on page 30*

Werther Friedman

# *Elected for the New Year...the* DOBBS UNIVERSITY *Styles*



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DOBBS designers have a special genius for creating the hat styles preferred by University men. We can say with entire confidence that these hats will travel this fall to every campus in America . . . and will set styles everywhere . . . from Princeton to Palo Alto, and from Tulane to Wisconsin. Priced at $7.50 and $10.

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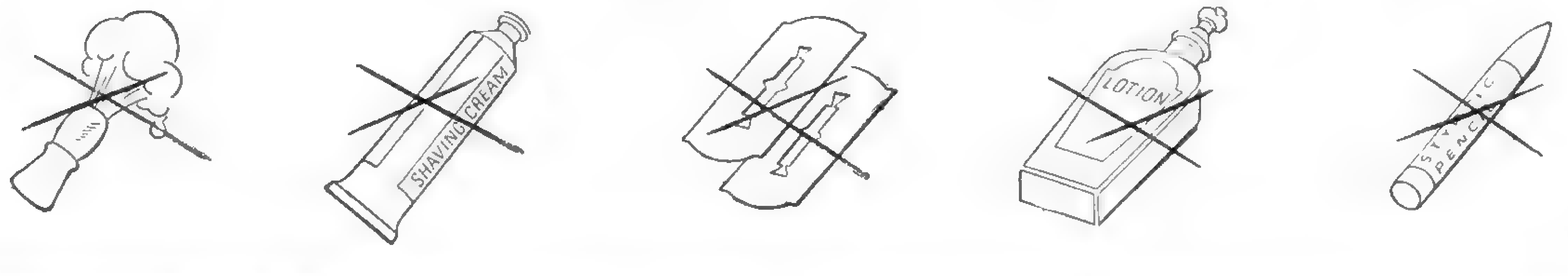
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## An announcement of a real *precision* dry shaver that delivers the *close* shaves others promise—

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# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

M. Walthall Jackson is our Discovery of the Month. His first published story, *The Boy and the Can* is on page 64. He had a poem in the August issue—*Miracle in Arkansas.* He says: "Born December 8, 1905, Water Valley, Mississippi. Father, Grandfather and uncles on both sides were all doctors. B. A. Ole Miss (University of Mississippi) *cum laude* at nineteen. Taught English one year at Tchula in Miss. Delta. They have alligators and good horses there. Married. Only child died. Moved to Arkansas swamps to help run cotton gin fifteen miles from railroad. Mules; mosquitoes; catfish in piano after every shower. Spent seven years making house livable. Everything we possessed except four English setters, burned up in four hours one night. No insurance to speak of because of rural location. Had to leave river (good bass) and woods. Came to this town (Jonesboro, Arkansas) of 10,000. Rather smothering after half a county to wander around in. People get underfoot so! Starting over in oil company—secretary and treasurer. Doing very nicely. We have some trouble getting desirable apartments because of setters and fourteen fox and deer hounds. Landladies give us one wild look and edge toward telephone. Seems they never heard of fox hunting. Kids in Mississippi blow a "stole away" before they say "Daddy." Fact. As for poetry—well Negroes down home, when you have good luck, say you've been living right.

So—I hope some day to write some good poetry if I survive and "live right."

•

Frank C. True, authority on *Speedboat Mania,* has been yachting editor of the New York *Sun* for the last nine years. He left Drury College in Springfield, Missouri and the editorship of the Drury *Mirror* during the World War, to become affiliated with the United States Navy Publicity Department. Thence to the sports departments of the Kansas City *Journal* and the Kansas City *Star.* He was a golf columnist on the latter paper for nine years, but he was never able to break 80, so he decided to cease telling others how to perfect their games. His ambition, he says, is to finish a philosophical novel which has been torn up and rewritten three times during the last five years.

*Frank C. True*

*Carleton Kent*

*Berton Rouché*

We can't resist printing all of this letter from W. L. White, the author of *Making a Note of It,* appearing on page 73 of this issue:

I was born in Emporia, Kansas of Sallie Lindsay and William Allen White, June 17, 1900. I attended grade schools and high school there. I attended the United States Army for three months, the University of Kansas for a year. In 1924 I took an A.B. degree from Harvard College, after a brisk tussle on both sides.

Following graduation I went to work for my father on the Emporia *Gazette.* Shortly thereafter I joined the Elks. They rented from us the second story of the *Gazette* building, were back in their rent, and were conducting a membership drive for vigorous young blood. I am no longer a member as during the depression they folded up, leaving us four carved oak thrones, six pool tables, and ten brass cuspidors in satisfaction of our claims.

The period during which I worked for my father was punctuated by two trips to Europe at his expense, by one term's service in the Kansas legislature, by my marriage in 1931 to Kathrine Klinkenberg, then on the staff of *Time* Magazine, and by my tenure of the office of Republican County Chairman, in 1932, a loyal little Swiss guard trying to prevent the slaughter of Herbert Hoover and the sack of the Tuilleries. Following this I began drifting slowly and gently toward the political left.

In the summer of 1936 I moved to Washington, D. C., and after a brief interlude on a magazine I was hired by the Washington *Post,* whose publisher, Mr. Eugene Meyer, felt the paper could use a fresh, western view of the national scene.

Unfortunately for both of us, Mr. Meyer was then discovering hitherto unnoticed beauties in the character of Alf. M. Landon, while I was drifting gently toward the New Deal.

My fresh, western view coincided, not with what the *Post* thought a fresh western view ought to be, but (as it later turned out) with the election results from that part of the country. So at the end of three months I was fired for inciting to riot, speaking without a permit, marching without a flag, disturbing the peace and dignity of Mr. Meyer, and for demonstrated incompetence in every department of the paper.

I presently picked myself up, dusted myself off and tried, and tried for several months, to peddle to daily newspapers a syndicated column interpreting Washington News. I failed in this. Ninety per cent of the daily papers were ferociously against the New Deal.

At that time they thought they were going to get somewhere with Landon. The other 10 per cent were already well served by able men with more years of experience than I could offer. Selling even a mildly liberal column to the 90 per cent was at that time as tough an assignment as working one's way through college selling New Masses subscriptions to members of the Westchester Hunt Club.

Later on in September the big publishers, scenting what was coming, began to pull their punches and hedge their bets. But by that time I had retired from the fray and set to work on a novel.

I am now at 224 East 49th Street, New York City, engaged in the practice of belles lettres.

My favorite color is chartreuse.

My greatest emotional experience was reading that Mr. Eugene Meyer, the day after the landslide, had organized the school children of Washington to meet President Roosevelt at the train as he returned from Hyde Park, waving little American flags.

My favorite flower is the orange chrysanthemum.

My most prized possession is an autographed picture of President Roosevelt awarded not for any act of valor performed under fire, but treasured by me as a kind of journalistic wound stripe.

My favorite form of exercise is taking my dog for his regular two daily walks, down to East River and back to the apartment.

My ambition is to give the Republican precinct committeeman a position in American letters not less eminent than that to which Ernest Hemingway has raised African kudu or the Spanish bull.

My chief distinction is that I am the only former Elk who is a contributor to Esquire.

The foregoing is available in whole or in part to Esquire. I have no photograph. The last one was taken in 1932 when for three months I wore a full set of chin and lip whiskers. I am still trying to procure and destroy all extant copies.

Yours very sincerely,
W. L. White

Berton Rouché and Carleton Kent, co-authors of *Kansas Cupid,* are both newspaper reporters, and married, but they don't say where. Rouché is a Chicago boy who made good in Kansas City. He says he was graduated quietly from the University of Missouri in 1933, and since that time has worked for the Kansas City *Star.* Kent attended the University of Kansas where his father is a physics professor. He worked two years as reporter on the Lawrence *Daily Journal-World,* two on the *Daily Oklahoman,* and seven months on the Kansas City *Star.* Now he's on the Oklahoma City *Times.*

•

Arthur Davison Ficke feels very silly about having taken Boris Artzybasheff's name in vain, and begs us to print his public apology:

"My use of the name of Mr. Boris Artzybasheff in your May issue was not an intentional discourtesy; it was due to some slip of the mind that made me unaware at the moment that I was using the real name of a well-known man. This fact makes my offence none the less objectionable; and there remains nothing for me to do but offer my sincere apology to Mr. Artzybasheff for the annoyance I have caused him. The amiable nature of his protest heaps coals of fire on my head. If I had a blonde guide to send him, I would ship her on at once, at the cost of any conceivable suffering to myself."

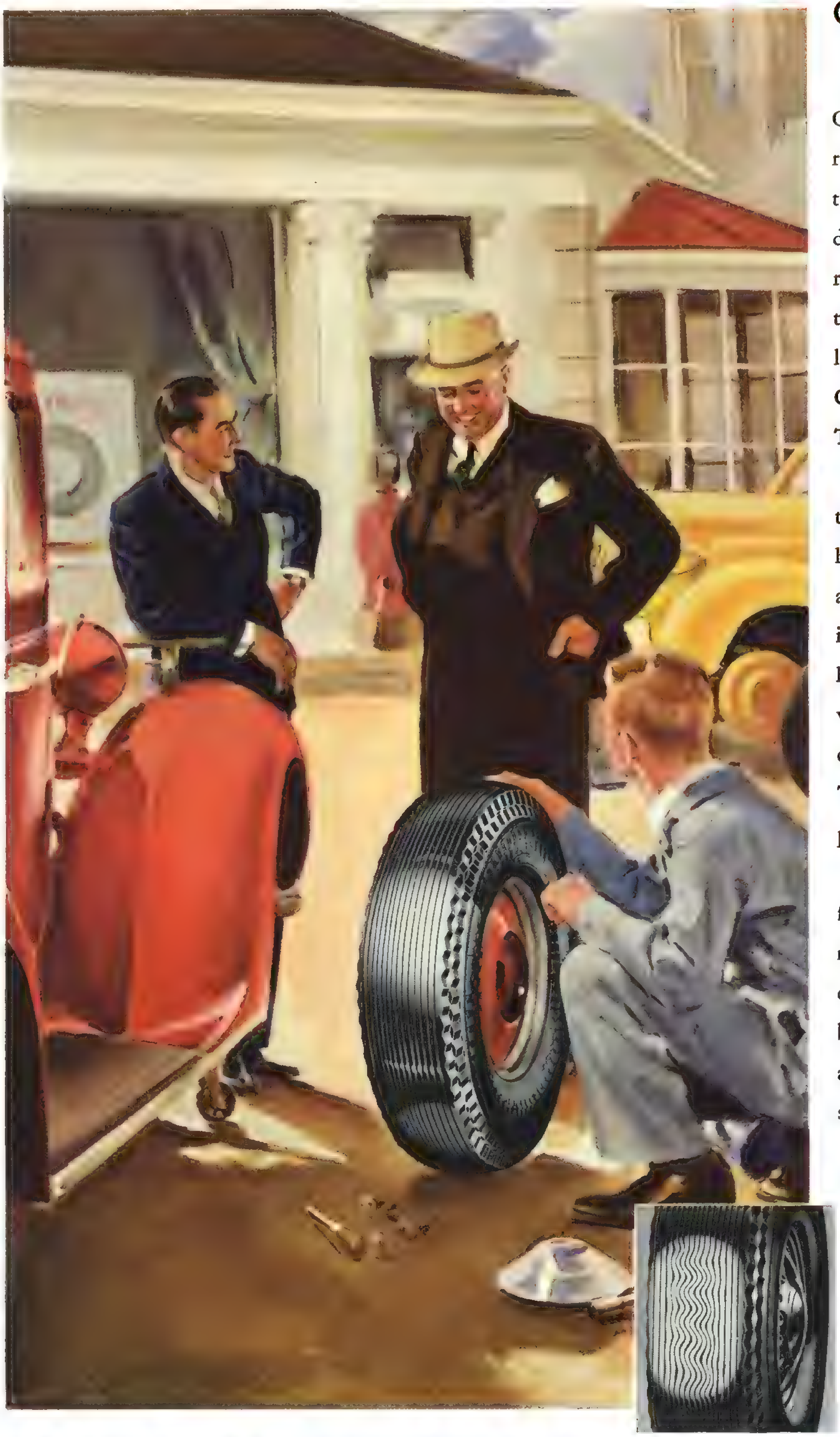
•

Ormal I. Sprungman (*Fishing for Facts,* page 57) is twenty-nine years old, and unmarried. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota by writing magazine articles, graduating in 1932. Since then he's been free-lancing. For a few months he worked on Fawcett's *Modern Mechanix and Inventions* as associate editor but found that his fishing and hunting suffered something terrible so he quit and resumed free-lancing—the only life, he maintains.

His hobby is photography, both movie and still. He is doing five regular monthly departments at the moment: a camping page for a boy's magazine, a chatter column for a trailer magazine and another outdoor book and a handy corner for a home magazine. He lives in Minneapolis.

*Ormal I. Sprungman*

# THERE'S NOT AN OUNCE OF RECLAIMED RUBBER IN THE GENERAL TIRE... *A Real Reason* TO CHANGE-OVER *NOW*



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## THE GENERAL *Dual* 10

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COVER: A Portrait by JUAN OF FLANDERS about 1500, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

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AUGUST, 1937
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NATIONAL DRINK!
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SHAKE BEFORE USING
HEINZ
ESTD 1869
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JUICE
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57 PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
H.J. HEINZ CO.

ANY veteran cow-puncher will tell you that the most refreshing of all beverages—bar none—is the pure, unadulterated juice of red-ripe tomatoes. On the plains, a half century ago, herdsmen—far from creek or spring—toted canned tomatoes in their saddle bags and drank the thirst-quenching juice direct from the tin. It was a cowboy's beverage then. Now, as you know, practically everyone drinks a chilled glass or so, properly pressed and packaged, at one time or another during the 24 hours. You'll particularly relish *Heinz* Tomato Juice, because it's the pure, sparkling, full-bodied article—packed from the plumpest special-bred tomatoes ever fattened on black soil and golden August sunlight! Keep an assortment of tins or bottles on ice. It's grand the night before – indispensable the morning after!

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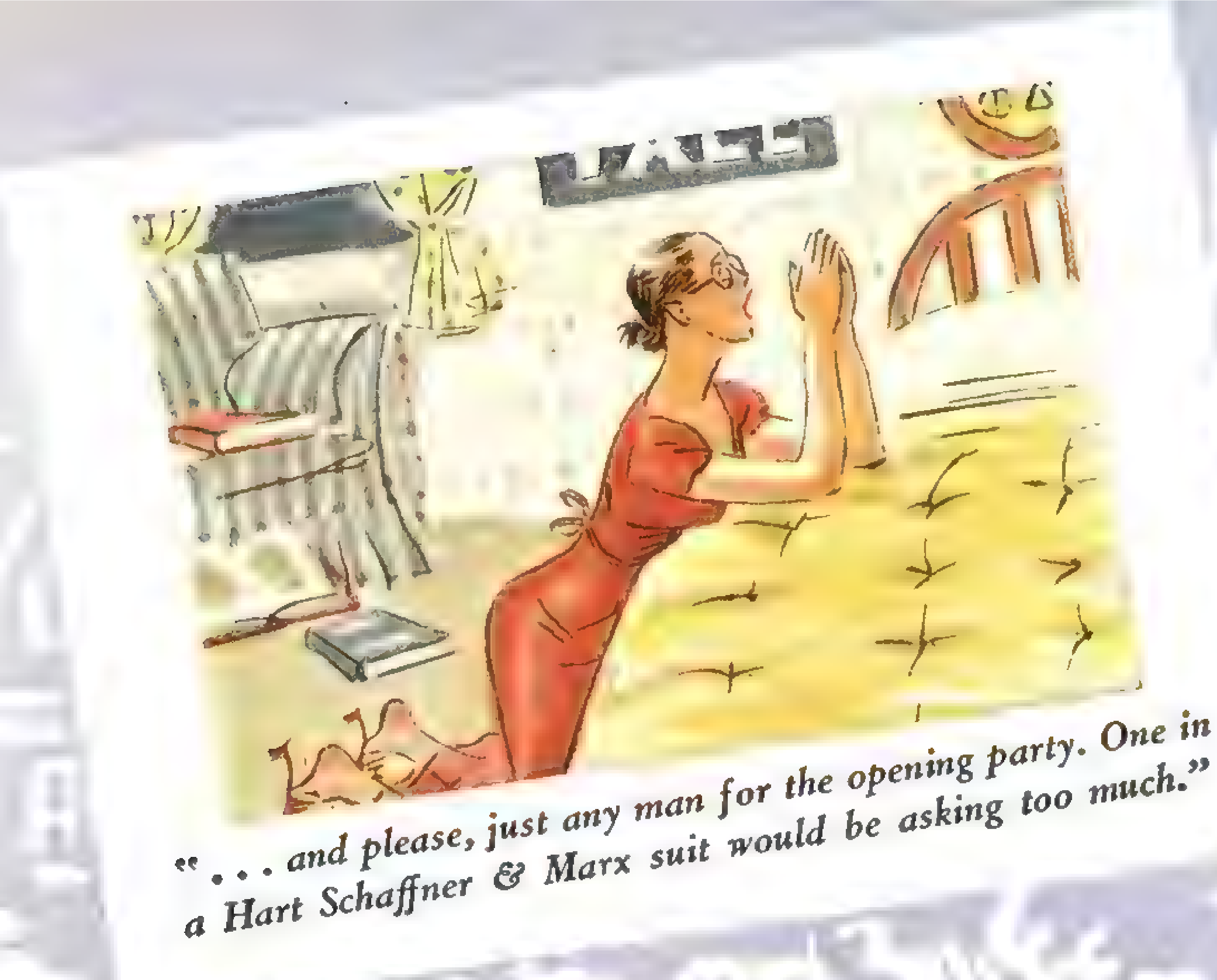
Heinz TOMATO JUICE



*"... and please, just any man for the opening party. One in a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit would be asking too much."*

# ADVICE TO FRESHMEN:

*You don't say "frat" . . .*
*you say "fraternity"*
*You don't gulp a coke in two*
*swallows . . . you "jelly"*
*You don't say "clothes" . . . you*
*say "Hart Schaffner & Marx"*

It's just little things like this that make a difference on campus. For the strange clothes you've seen in so-called "college" movies are as out-of-place at most universities today as bull-dog pipes, turtle-neck sweaters, and Stover-at-Yale.

1937's college man dresses for smartness—not to be the Spirit of Siwash. He still has a distinction and an individuality all his own—but he's better dressed than he ever has been before! And whether he's out to make a fraternity—or anything else—he has found it's a lot easier to get ahead if he's wearing *good* clothes—Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

Take this "Sketch Club" model, designed by Robert Surrey, Hart Schaffner & Marx ace stylist, as an example of the new trend in the styling of university clothing. It's smart enough to make a freshman a man of the world! It's sophisticated enough for a sophomore, jaunty enough for a junior and suave enough for a senior. And "Sketch Club" is particularly smart in this new, fall pattern-hit—

## Glen-O-Plaids*

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

*A good-looking new idea which combines the rich colorings of Glen Urquharts with the smartness of subdued overplaids. Be sure to see this new pattern idea at your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's before you go back to school!

# The Ears of Johnny Bear

### If you went out with a girl in the village of Loma, it was a good idea to take a dog along

### by JOHN STEINBECK

■ FICTION ■

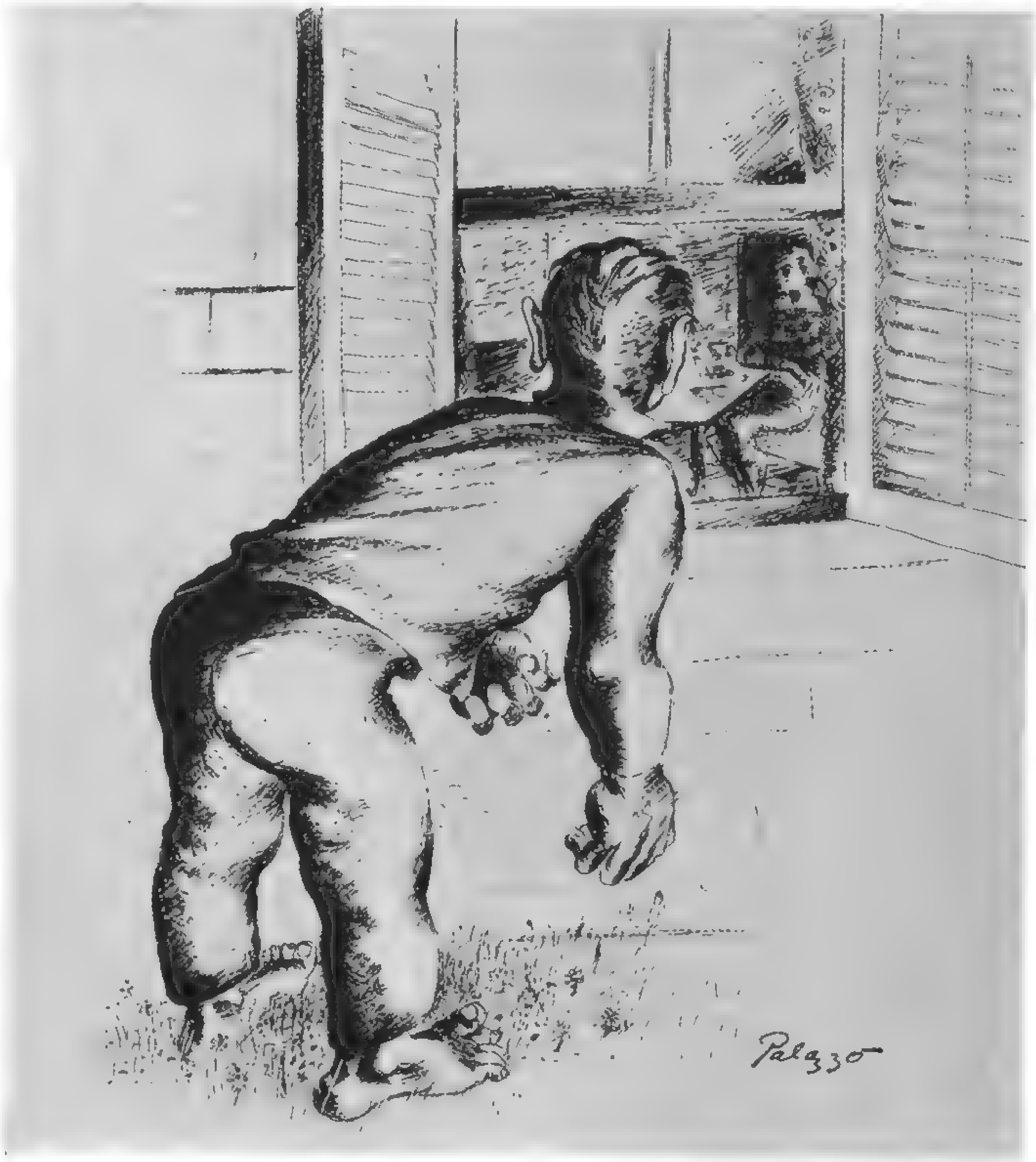
The village of Loma is built, as its name implies, on a low, round hill that rises like an island out of the flat mouth of the Salinas Valley in central California. To the north and east of the town a black tule swamp stretches for miles, but to the south the marsh has been drained. Rich vegetable land has been the result of the draining, land so black with wealth that the lettuce and cauliflowers grow to giants.

The owners of the swamp to the north of the village grew covetous of the black land. They banded together and formed a reclamation district. I work for the company which took the contract to put a ditch through. The floating clam-shell digger arrived, was put together and started eating a ditch of open water through the swamp.

I tried living in the floating bunkhouse with the crew for a while, but the mosquitoes that hung in banks over the dredger and the heavy pestilential mist that sneaked out of the swamp every night and slid near to the ground drove me into the village of Loma, where I took a furnished room, the most dismal I have ever seen, in the house of Mrs. Ratz. I might have looked farther, but the idea of having my mail come in care of Mrs. Ratz decided me. After all I only slept in the bare, cold room. I ate my meals in the galley of the floating bunkhouse.

There aren't more than two hundred people in Loma. The Methodist church has the highest place on the hill; its spire is visible for miles. Two groceries, a hardware store, an ancient Masonic Hall and the Buffalo Bar comprise the public buildings. On the side of the hills are the small wooden houses of the population, and on the rich southern flats are the houses of the landowners, small yards usually enclosed by high walls of clipped cypress to keep out the driving afternoon winds.

There was nothing to do in Loma in the evening except to go to the saloon, an old board building with swinging doors and a wooden sidewalk awning. Neither prohibition nor repeal had changed its business, its clientele nor the quality of its whiskey. In the course of an evening every male inhabitant of Loma over fifteen years old came at least once to the Buffalo Bar, had a drink, talked a while and went home.



Fat Carl, the owner and bartender, greeted every newcomer with a phlegmatic sullenness which nevertheless inspired familiarity and affection. His face was sour, his tone downright unfriendly, and yet—I don't know how he did it. I know I felt gratified and warm when Fat Carl knew me well enough to turn his sour pig face to me and say with some impatience, "Well, what's it going to be?" He always asked that although he served only whiskey, and only one kind of whiskey. I have seen him flatly refuse to squeeze some lemon juice into it for a stranger. Fat Carl didn't like fumadiddles. He wore a big towel tied about his middle and he polished the glasses on it as he moved about. The floor was bare wood sprinkled with sawdust, the bar an old store counter, the chairs were hard and straight; the only decorations were the posters and cards and pictures stuck to the wall by candidates for county elections, salesmen and auctioneers. Some of these were many years old. The card of Sheriff Rittal still begged for re-election although Rittal had been dead for seven years.

The Buffalo Bar sounds, even to me, like a terrible place, but when you walked down the night street, over the wooden sidewalks, when the long streamers of swamp fog, like waving, dirty bunting, flapped in your face, when finally you pushed open the swinging doors of Fat Carl's and saw men sitting around talking and drinking, and Fat Carl coming along toward you, it seemed pretty nice. You couldn't get away from it.

There would be a game of the mildest kind of poker going on. Timothy Ratz, the husband of my landlady, would be playing solitaire, cheating pretty badly because he only took a drink when he got it out. I've seen him get it out five times in a row. When he won he piled the cards neatly, stood up and walked with great dignity to the bar. Fat Carl, with a glass half filled before he arrived, asked, "What'll it be?"

"Whiskey," said Timothy gravely.

In the long room men from the farms and the town sat in the straight hard chairs or stood against the old counter. A soft, monotonous rattle of conversation went on except at times of elections or big prizefights, when there might be orations or loud opinions.

I hated to go out into the damp night, and to hear far off in the swamp the chuttering of the Diesel engine on the dredger and the clang of the bucket, and then to go to my own dismal room at Mrs. Ratz'.

Soon after my arrival in Loma I scraped an acquaintance with Mae Romero, a pretty half-Mexican girl. Sometimes in the evenings I walked with her down the south side of the hill, until the nasty fog drove us back into town. After I escorted her home I dropped in at the bar for a while.

I was sitting in the bar one night talking to Alex Hartnell who owned a nice little farm. We were talking about black bass fishing, when the front doors opened and swung closed. A hush fell on the men in the room. Alex nudged me and said, "It's Johnny Bear." I looked around.

His name described him better than I can. He looked like a great, stupid, smiling bear. His black matted head bobbed forward and his long arms hung out as though he should have been on all fours and was only standing upright as a trick. His legs were short and bowed, ending with strange, square feet. He was dressed in dark blue denim, but his feet were bare; they didn't seem to be crippled or deformed in any way, but they were square, just as wide as they were long. He stood in

Continued on page 195

# They Order It Better in France

## Baby-faced dolls who panic our fatherly business men have no glamor for the practical French

### ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

I TOOK a friend, a Frenchman, who happens to be in New York, out to lunch. We went to a certain restaurant on East Fifty-Fifth Street where I knew the food was good and the place itself quiet. Always a few people; never a crowd.

We had some business to discuss.

At the table on our right were three very pretty women. No one likes looking at a pretty woman better than I do.

At the table on our left, were three women, one a girl as pretty as paint. One blonde and smart. The third a brunette. That was all right for me too. I like a feminine background for a business talk.

Opposite us were several couples. A woman per couple; I didn't notice them at first.

We ordered our luncheon.

Knowing my friend, and my France, I expected we'd start off with a certain amount of appreciation of so much female beauty, near by. Actually, I myself am not a bad judge of feminine looks; and of what used to be called "It."

So I gave my friend a lead.

"Pretty, isn't she? The girl in the red scarf?"

He didn't answer at once. I'd forgotten in my long absence from France that I'd asked a question which would immediately provoke expert reflection before I got a considered opinion.

My friend the Frenchman looked at the pretty girl and then said:

"Y . . . yes. She is *pretty*," in a tone implying that that was all that could be said about her.

"Why I think she's *awfully* pretty," I defended, "she looks like Myrna Loy."

He agreed, helping himself to *hors d'oeuvres*, that she was like Myrna Loy. "But Myrna Loy is not 'excitante' (i.e., physically disturbing)," he said.

"Well then," I said, "perhaps you prefer the woman next her? The blonde with the gold clips in her sweater?"

Again the pause. Then:

"She has very pretty eyes, and mouth. But I am afraid of something in her . . ."

"What?"

He slightly shook his head and bit an olive. "I am afraid that she would be less well naked. She does not look well formed. I detest experiencing the hip bones of a woman."

By now my host instinct was roused; and, feeling that I wanted to make him feel properly entertained, I hastened to offer him the third woman at the table, a perfectly ravishing little brunette, plump enough to obviate the risk of anyone experiencing any bones anywhere. "What about her?" I said.

She was sitting near to us so we had an excellent view of her.

"She is *better*. She is much better. A pretty nose, and a ravishing smile. A charming little stomach. Only I'm afraid of one thing about her. . . . She has an expression, a look, which is too—intelligent! A look that is more observant than warm. . . . A warm look in a woman is a great thing, with an intellectual woman one arrives with difficulty at great pleasures! . . . Now, that woman opposite," he said. "She has atrocious arms, but she has a little vicious air which pleases me! One sees very well that she understands Love."

I looked at her. To me she was large and frog-faced. I could imagine "love" with her being about as satisfying as with a Fifth Avenue bus. . . . I turned my eyes to the table at our right. The waiter brought our steaks. I realized it would be some time before we got around to talking "business." So I picked him yet another daisy. "Well now *there*," I insisted, "is an absolutely *glorious girl*. You couldn't see anything easier to look at anywhere!"

She was, too. A blonde, tall, with a divine figure. She was sitting sort of away from the table, sprawling like a schoolgirl and smoking cigarettes. As far as I was concerned, she was tops. And I envied the man who had put a big sapphire ring on her engagement finger.

My French friend looked her over. His contemplative glance raked her from the top of her perfectly heavenly little head, down to the tips of her pumps. Finally he conceded, as he cut his steak across—"She has excellent thighs . . . *Altogether* charming thighs," then, having eaten two mouthfuls, while he stared at the woman, of the couple opposite us, whom I hardly noticed, for the good reason that she wasn't too easy to look at, he said,

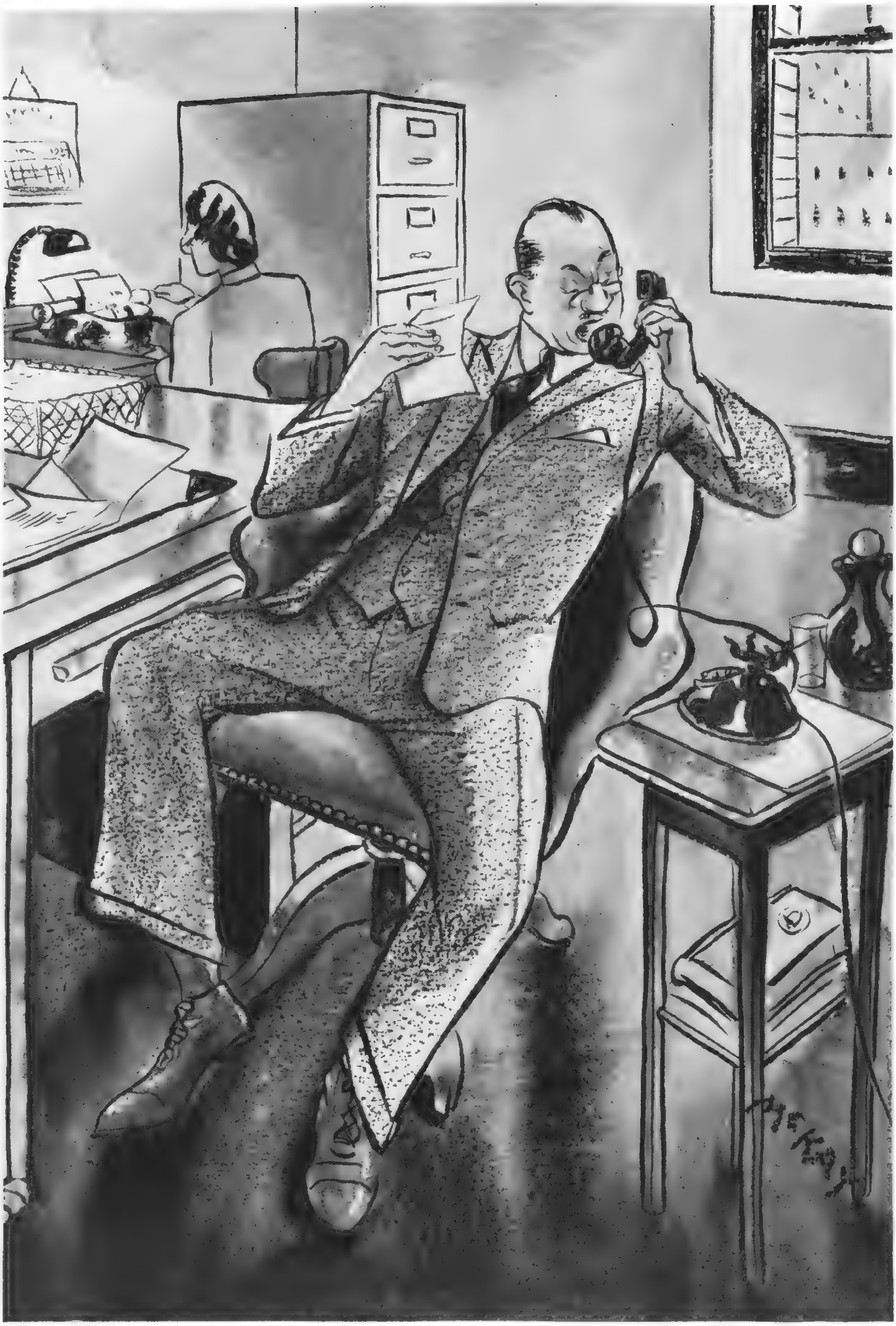
"Now *there*—my friend—*Voila une bonne affaire!*"

So I took a look. She was a square-rigged dame with a brownish skin, a large mouth, her eyes made up black all around. She wasn't chic, and she wasn't by any means young. She seemed to be eating well and laughing a great deal.

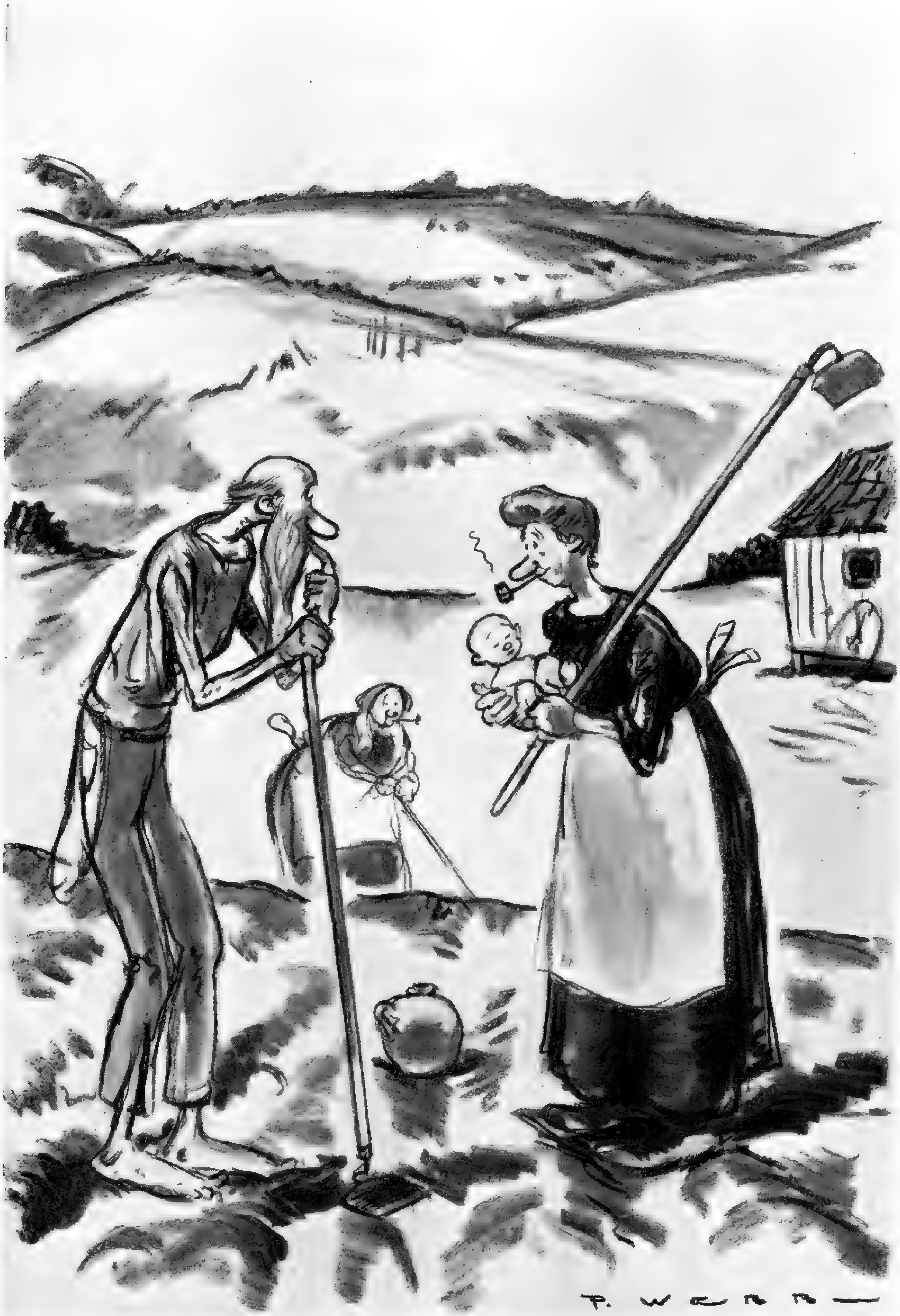
But when a Frenchman gives a lady the once over and says "*C'est une bonne affaire*," which roughly translates "She has boudoir talent" you needn't have any more doubts about her. Because he's one of a nation of Experts! And if you ask him why he thinks so, he can give you a highly reasoned bit of anatomical chapter and verse and to demonstrate the amorous capabilities of the question. For instance a good curve in and out at the back of the waist is an encouraging sign . . . whereas thin arms and wrists are very discouraging and mean "coldness." A good firm neck and not too much length of leg, is what is wanted. And the face must be *lively*. But it must *not* be intellectual. "Too intellectual for pleasure" is a well-known dismissal for girls with college honors. And a certain amount of plumpness is liked. Though a girl I know was told by her French boyfriend, "You are a little too fat, cherie. I prefer it for love. But it is not becoming when you are dressed." Another symptom that raises hope is a readiness to laugh—A woman who laughs easily is easy to love!

The fact is that the Frenchman's eye in

*Continued on page 209*



*"What's this about the milk bill, dear? It says, 'paid in full—and how!'"*



*"Oh—so that's it—another brat! Shecks—Ah was beginnin' to think you was a-goin' to be gone all day"*

# Central African Supreme Court

### It was well for the worried chief that neighboring cannibals showed such a liking for his tribesmen

### by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

NEVER in man's memory had there been so much activity, so much confusion, in the village of Kingongo.

Nor ever had Chief Kuanakali, who had seen so many hundreds of moons, felt his shoulders bend beneath such a heavy load of responsibility.

And the people of the village, the Biemba-Kabando, seethed with excitement.

The imposing name of the Biemba-Kabando was a little misleading, for their total number was only two hundred and seventy-six, including old impotents and babes in arms, and also Sambimbo, the new wife whom Didiomba had just taken from a nearby tribe.

Two hundred and seventy-six, of course, if those dogs of cannibal Oma-lungui, whom a one-eyed fortune had provided as neighbors, had not made some fresh subtractions from the population in the interest of the culinary department. This would not have been surprising, for since immemorial times the Oma-lungui had devoted themselves to snaring unwary Biemba-Kabandos in the thick bush. And this in spite of the white occupation, and with a constancy which testified both to the stability of their taste and the particular flavor of the Biemba-Kabando, who, however, did not seem to appreciate in any special way such a preference, familiarity having hardened them to the honor.

But for once Chief Kuanakali felt no bitterness toward his cannibal neighbors. If being only two hundred and seventy-six, his subjects succeeded in giving him so much work and so much worry, what could they not have done if their number had been increased tenfold? For that, he calculated, would have been more or less the normal strength of his tribe, if all the women and virgins whom the Oma-lungui had consumed during his own lifetime had been left to multiply, and their children after them, and their children's children.

Certainly something must be done, and soon, too, Kuanakali thought, as he furiously scratched the small potato that Mother Nature had put in the middle of his face in lieu of a nose. Life for some time had become absolutely impossible. Crimes of every kind had suddenly begun to pour over his village, thick as hail: fires, beatings, slaughter of cattle, one more mysterious than the other.

The groups of friends and relatives, relatives of friends, and friends of relatives, which had instantly formed to support every victim had divided the usually peaceful country into so many factions that not even he, the Chief, knew how many there were.

And all of them angry and vituperative, ready to jump against each other, or all together to jump upon him. They shouted so loudly and talked so long when they came to tell him of their wrongs, that they gave him terrible headaches; and even the three copper wires bound around his head tightly enough to break the skin could no longer drive the pain away.

And—far worse—his own wives had dived with all their souls into the pandemonium. Even the six eldest who had lived so many years together in perfect harmony, were now fighting from morning to evening, each one in defense of a different faction. They even tried to evoke graces buried in the depths of time to seduce him into making a decision in favor of the various groups to which they had devoted their belated enthusiasms.

As for the three younger ones, had he not been compelled no later than yesterday to give them an energetic reminder not to quarrel among themselves in a way so contrary to the dignity of the Biemba-Kabando ladies of high extraction?

There must be, he decided after mature reflection, nine factions, since each of his wives had taken the colors of a different party. Yes, nine must be the number. He counted carefully on his fingers. But was it possible there were so many? Was not the weight of age confusing his ideas? If so, the situation was serious, for never had he needed all his wisdom as now, to unwind this complicate snarl.

For the morrow he had called the council of the six ancients. They would certainly all be there, he considered incidentally, for they were so old, naught but skin and bones, that for them the Oma-lungui held no terrors. But not from them could he expect guidance, for they, too, had become embroiled in the general turmoil.

That nine, however, seemed to him a very exaggerated number, and this was the point he must clear up first of all, while he could take advantage of the unusual peace surrounding him and which would, he thought, endure for a time as the shrill cries and yells issuing from a near hut told him that all his wives had gathered for an informal debate on this topical question that so aroused their civic conscience.

"This is the party of Didiomba," he said to himself. And not to forget it, he took from a pile of little stones beside him a yellow pebble and put it down on the mat on which he was seated before the entrance to his hut.

"It is in rebellion because five of the fattest cows of Didiomba have been found dead for loss of blood in his pen. And he claims justice. Who has committed the crime?" He put down a reddish pebble opposite the yellow one.

"This is the party of Bunyambio," a second pebble came to rest in a line with the first. "Who is his enemy? Who? Creeping in the darkness of night to assault him and beating him so cruelly that he would have died had not Hanulindo saved him by covering his wounds with the greatest of medicine: oxen excrement mixed with the blood of a rat killed during the full moon and sprinkled with dried monkey liver?"

"This one," and the second yellow pebble was balanced by a reddish one.

And the pebbles continued to find their places on the mat in accord with the old man's murmured words—the yellow in one line to stand for the victims of the grave offenses that had been committed; the reddish in another line to signify the mysterious offenders who had perpetrated the crimes

"This is Okimperi. And this is the man who, though Okimperi knew of no one nourishing in his heart enmity against him, put fire to Okimperi's garden just when the wind blew strong, so that all his riches were de-

Continued on page 207

# Uncle Fonse and the Starlings

### He and Liddie Bee had plenty of land, potatoes and grain, plenty of money in the bank, plenty of everything but life

### by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

“It's the starlings,” says Liddie Bee, “that worry me to death. I fight them with the broom. Get so close to some of them I hit their wings with the straws in the broom. They up and fly out in the yard and cover the black locust trees and the cedars. They just go on so it makes me sing. Just chirrup to one another like they's a planning big things.”

Liddie Bee runs with the broom. She is on the back porch. She swishes the broom in the air at the starlings. She nearly hits one. He is slower about leaving the porch than the hen birds. “Shoo-shoo. Get out of here,” she says. “Who told you to roost in the eaves of my house? Who told you to build in my drain pipes? And who told you to nest in my English Ivy that vines around my walls?” But the starlings do not understand. They do not try to understand. April here and they are building nests. Life is before them. They chant songs of spring. They are at work same as Liddie Bee. They just chatter in the trees and hop about from limb to limb and chase each other like gray squirrels. And when Liddie Bee goes back in the house with the broom, they fly back to the English Ivy vining around the high brick walls. They fly back to the eaves, the roof comb and the drain pipes.

Liddie Bee you are not young as a starling now. You are not pretty as a hen starling. You used to be as pretty as a hen starling. That was when you were younger—when you rode a pony down the willowed lane with a blazed face—when you flew from limb to limb like young starling pullets in the spring. You do not remember that now—the pretty girl you were—your red hair loose to the wind—red as love vines in April twirling around the rails of the pasture fence with tiny fingers. You do not remember your pink complexion—almost as golden as wind over the bottom cornfields on a day in June—your sturdy body—strong for a girl and daring. You were a young starling hen then. And you chattered your songs of love to the boys and girls about you. You were all a swarm of young starling flying through the air from tree to tree in spring. Now you have forgotten and you take a broom to the birds and run them from the porch. You have a four-hundred and ten gauge shotgun that you even get out with and sprinkle bee-bees among the birds to chase them away from your house forever.

Liddie Bee's hair is not red as love-vines now. It is streaked with white hairs among the gray. Her skin has changed from June peach-colored pink to the color of wrinkled blighted smart-weed leaves. She could not ride the blazed face pony down the willowed land now—even the willow trees have died. But the big house stands where she has always lived—the great brick walls—the tiny spires and the steep roof—the mansion that overlooks the fertile bottoms and the Tygart River. Great bulging barns and fat corncribs—haystacks and cellars filled with plenty—a fruitful farm with grass and cows, sheep, cattle, hogs, horses, mules. Liddie Bee a thrifty woman with money in the bank and plenty of everything. “I just don't like them starling birds,” says Liddie Bee, “they get on my nerves so. But Fonse just laughs at me. He says: ‘Ah—leave 'em alone and let 'em nest and lay eggs and have young birds. It's a natural thing.’ If Fonse just had to be bothered all day long with their senseless chatter and had to clean the porch after them he wouldn't be a-saying leave 'em alone and let them nest.”

Fonse is a powerful man. He is down in the overflowed bottom land now. He has his back bared to the wind and sun of April—he has his hands on the plow handles. His giant wrinkled hands clutch the handles. And his broad shoulders walk between the handles of the plow. The heavy moldboard turns the sweet sod over—the sweet smelling earth of early spring—warm for the lizards to crawl over and the mouses ear and pusley and careless to grow on—a great earth that produces heavy corn and fills the haylofts, the granaries, the corncribs and the stacks.

“Whoa-ho-haw-haw, Bill. Get up there Joe. Whoa-ghee, there boy.” And the leather check lines around his bull neck and the horses step up the bottom. Great slivers of silver-crusted sweet-smelling sod of April just slivers over to lay its back against another furrow. And the big horses step. Their harness jingles and it is sweet music to Fonse's ear. “Never plowed any land but this in my life,” says Fonse. “My people have owned this land for one hundred and sixty-one years. This land has been my people's land that long. My Great Grandfather owned it, then my Grandfather and my father and now it belongs to me. When it comes to me it stops. It leaves our name. The name of Dangerfield will not go on from my blood. I work and work—and save and save—but who is it for? I'd like to know.”

And the heavy plow runs low in the fertile earth. It is soft and loamy. Fonse sits on his plow beams and watches the starlings. They chatter to each other. Two dark birds are chasing a white-breasted starling. “Two roosters are after the same young hen,” says Fonse. “Just as natural as people act.” And they fly fussing over the furrowed earth. “Springtime and they start building and mating again,” says Fonse. “It just does me good to watch them dad-burned birds.” He stands and looks at the birds as they circle for the big house—the big brick red in the sunlight of April. Then he says: “Get up there Bill! Get up there Joe.” And the furrows starts rolling again from the plow.

When the sun goes beyond the oak trees and leaves the April sky, he leads the horses to the barn, takes off their harness, hangs it on the petition between the stalls—and turns the horses free in the barn lot to get water and to roll in the dust. He puts hay in the manger and gives Joe nine ears of corn and Bill ten. He walks toward the house. His broad shoulders are slightly stooped. His keen eyes look at the big brick before him and the swarms of starlings. They are flying from the porch. Liddie Bee has run out with the broom again and is shooing at them. “Leave them birds alone,” says Fonse, “let 'em mate and have young birds. It's a natural thing for them to do. And this fall when they start roosting under that English Ivy we'll have starling potpie.” “Potpie, the devil,” says Liddie Bee. And she shoos at them with the broom.

Fonse sits down at the table. He says: “House is awful big for you to take care of Liddie Bee. Too much work for one woman and all the rooms empty. You just have to work and work to take care of an empty house. Why can't we rent out the upstairs to some family? Why can't we have more noise around here than the chattering of the April starlings? I'd like to hear voices of children. I'd like to see them running across this big lawn. I'd like to see them riding stick ponies up and down the lane. It used to be that way when we were all here—I remember how we used to ride the horses and how I fell off from behind Brother Ben once. I'd like to see it that way again.”

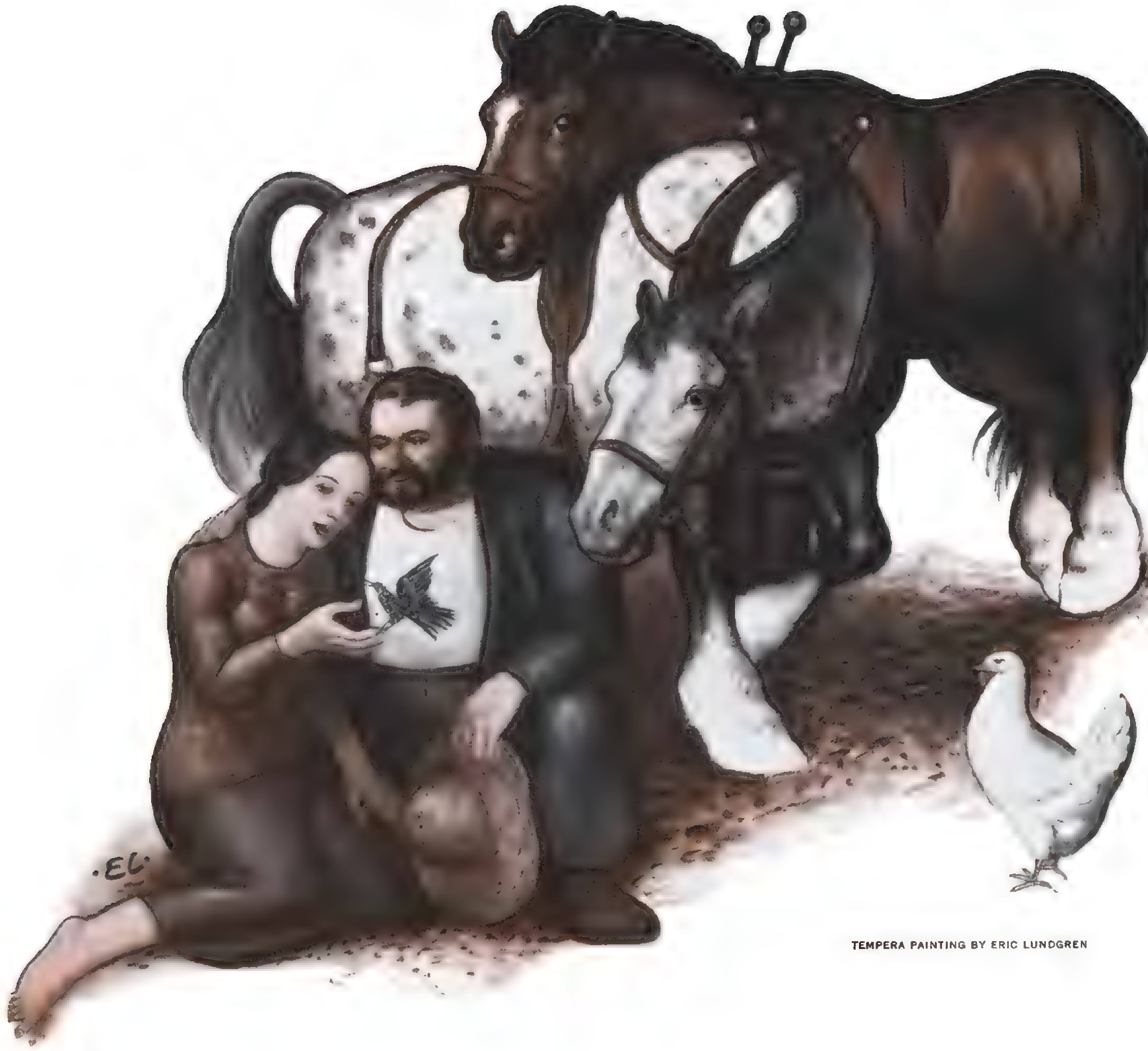
“We'll rent you the upstairs,” says Liddie Bee. “Did you say you don't have any children. You and your husband is all.”

“Yes,” says the young woman. “Just my husband and I. He'll be here with the house plunder this afternoon. We've been married eight years and we don't have any children. Don't know whose fault it is.”

“We've been married thirty,” says Liddie Bee, “and we don't have any children. Don't know whose fault it is.” And she laughs. The young woman laughs. Her name is Priscilla Terrill.

“My name is Amos Terrill,” says the young man. And he reaches his hand to Fonse.

“My name is Fonse Dangerfield,” says Fonse clasping his hand, “and I am glad to know you. Now make yourselves at home here. The place just got too lonesome for me and the old woman. Starlings got so they aggravated her every spring the way they flew in on the porch and tried to build nests.



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

And the way they sing around here. They've even whipped the English sparrows out and took their nests. You know that's going some when any family of birds can whip the English sparrows out."

"Sure is," says Amos. And Amos looks at the fertile bottoms plowed to the river. He looks at the peas vining in the garden and the red beets growing in the April showers and sun. "My this is a pretty place," says Amos. "The prettiest place I believe I ever saw."

"All of this," says Fonse, "just to me and the old woman. We don't have a child to leave it to. Not a one. We just live here alone and I love people. It got so lonely I asked the old woman to let somebody move in here with us. I'd like to see children playing on this lawn—riding ponies up and down past the hollyhock bushes. I'd love to hear noises and life here—more than just a lot of spring starlings making noises." And Amos laughs. He says: "Not me Mr. Dangerfield. We've been married eight years and no children."

Priscilla is a pretty woman. She is not tall —stocky and round big blue eyes—and hair the color of September-ripe fodder. And she can laugh like the wind in the January fodder. She can talk faster than the wind blows. "She's the happiest, liveliest woman I ever saw," says Liddie Bee. "Wish I could be as happy as she is. Just all the time a laughing." "Just got that way since I brought her here out of the city," says Amos. "I tell you that cramped life there was a killing her." Amos, slender as a bean pole with hair the color of dead broom sage. Amos with a face that looks like the sun has never shone on it—pale as the petals of an apple blossom.

"This is more like a family," says Fonse. "We can laugh and talk now instead of listening to the starlings. Liddie Bee don't like the starlings," says Fonse. And he laughs and laughs. Priscilla laughs too. Amos laughs and Liddie Bee laughs. They sit out under the black locust trees in the yard. And the starlings fly overhead—two dark birds are chasing one with a white breast through the thin blue air of late April. Liddie Bee does not get up and get her broom and shoo-shoo at the starlings. And Priscilla will say to Amos: "My ittle itsy bitsy boy." And Liddie Bee will look on and smile. And she'll say to Fonse when they get in their room alone: "W'y Priscilla is so silly over Amos." And Fonse will say: "Young people in love. Just like them dad-durned starlings." And Fonse will laugh. "I always told you to let the starlings alone. Let young lovers alone the same way. They'll get over it some of these days. We used to be like that. Wish we were again. But we'll never be that silly again." "I don't want to be," says Liddie Bee. "It looks too foolish to me now."

Early in the morning Fonse gets up and feeds Joe and Bill. He feeds the hogs, chickens and milks the cows. He harnesses the horses and is off to work by light of day. He rides Bill to work of a morning. At the break of day you can see Fonse Dangerfield—the big bear-of-a-man he is sitting upon Bill's back—holding to the haymes with one hand —one hand a hold of the bridle rein. His feet upon Bill's trace chain—Bill a seventeen-hundred-pound draft horse with feet so big they smash the clouds like a rannle-harrow. "I have to have big horses to plow these bottoms," says Fonse. "It takes weight and strength to pull the big turning-plow here all day long through the long rows of this bottom."

Amos gets up and goes to work early. He goes to a factory where he does not work in the sun. "That's why I moved out of town," says Amos, "was to get in a place where I could breathe the good fresh wind of spring and feel the sun." Amos pale as an apple blossom works eight hours for his living—Fonse works from twelve to sixteen. "I like to work," says Fonse, "do things for myself with my hands. Then I like to look back and see what I have done. I don't like to have a man looking down my collar and telling me what to do. I like to be my own boss—plow my old fields when I feel like it. Rest when I feel like it. I love the earth—the great mellow bottoms of fresh sweet-smelling earth in April. I love the starlings the way they fly over the empty fields of spring and mate and cry."

"Ah—ah—all of this land," says Fonse—"all belongs to me and Liddie Bee. Money in the bank. Cribs of corn. Granaries of

*Continued in center of page 202*

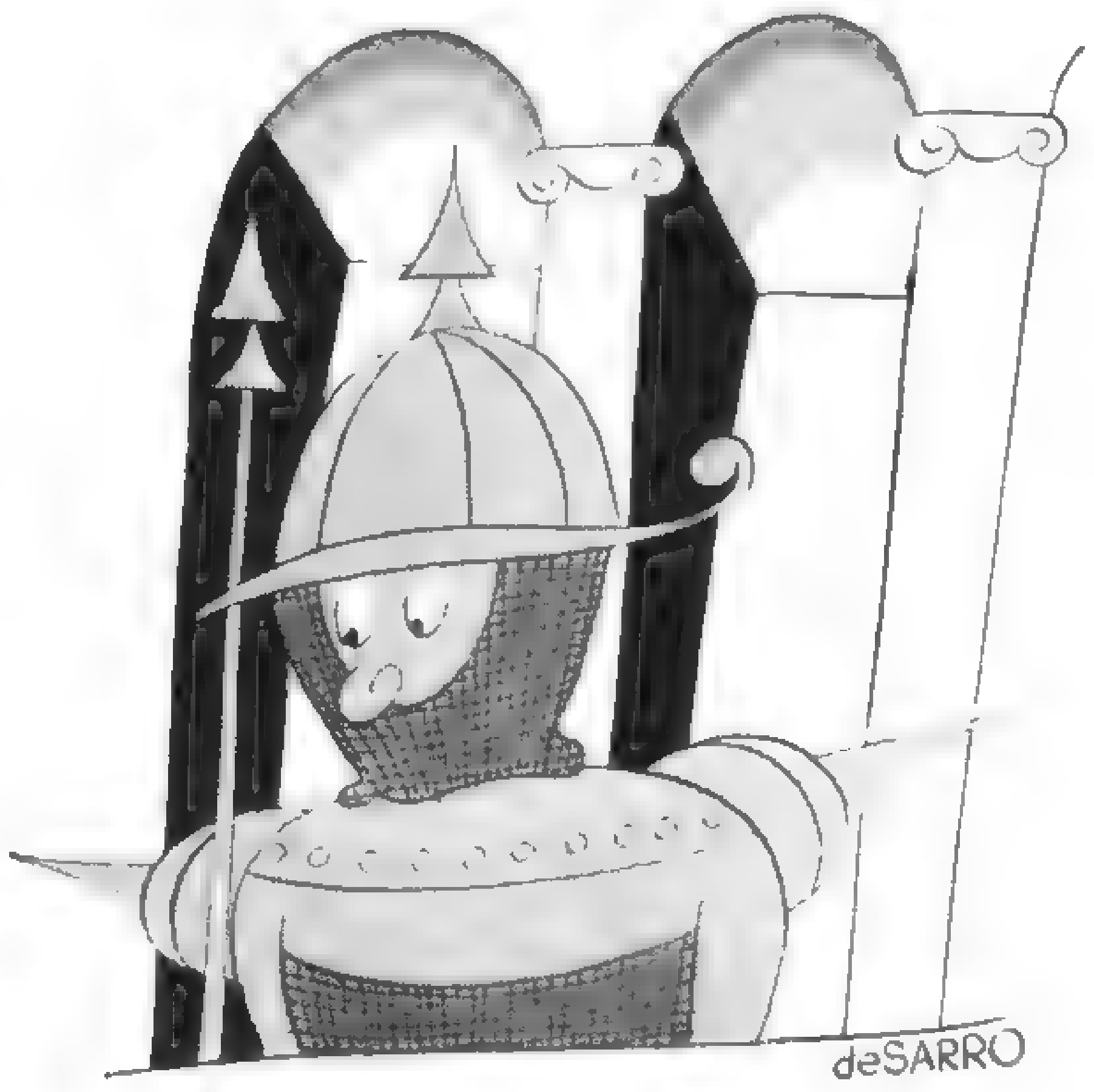
# American Bluebloods, Inc.

### These descendants of nobility meet in tea rooms, eat raspberry Jello and cake and snub the Hell out of the D.A.R.'s

### by LAWRENCE MARTIN

▪ SATIRE ▪

So all of a sudden the royal front is teeming with a lot of news. An American lady just failed to crash into British royalty, giving our free press something real in the way of foreign affairs to get its teeth into, and providing the world, via radio, with one of its few straight-from-the-heart state papers. One of the minor consequences was that in the midst of the Affaire Wally, this author was almost run down by a newspaper delivery truck as it careened from newsstand to kiosk with the latest intelligence, bearing on its side in box-car type the legend, "Royal Romances with Comely Commoners." Divinity may hedge a king, but the free press stoops to what it will.



And now the sixth George has taken over. Roumania's fantastic dowager queen has got over a mysterious stomach ache. And in these days of groggy democracy the king business is experiencing a revival. Otto Hapsburg is prominently mentioned for the old family in Austria, and one of Alfonso's hemophilic offspring sits up nights at the border waiting for Franco and his Moorish, German, and Italian Spaniards to get into Madrid.

Now that on this side the college lads have started a Roosevelt for King society, it is high time to call attention to the fact that our United States is full of certified bluebloods milling about in a dozen exclusive coteries. I don't mean the foreign talent, with its own guild or company union now, the Nobleman's Club, which seeks to organize all the 400 genuine titles here and prune out the finks, scabs, stooges, and imposters (estimated at 8,000). We mean the genuine home talent—Americans of royal or armorial descent.

That "economic royalists" are not the only royalists is betrayed by the following invitation which went out to the American peerage:

The Society of Descendants of Knights
of the Most Noble Order of the Garter,
The Colonial Order of the Crown,
The Plantagenet Society, and the
Society of Americans of Royal Descent
request the honor of your presence at a
Pilgrim Supper
Tuesday, the Eighth of September, Nineteen
Hundred and Thirty-six at Six O'clock
The Polly Darling Tea Room
Plymouth, Massachusetts

It seems odd that with so many Hotels Sovereign, Regal, Empire, and restaurants Crown, Royal, etc., the descendants of the clanking armor and creaking chastity belts of olden times should have chosen to congregate in the Polly Darling Tea Room. It proves either that one never knows where the lightning will strike, or that chivalry has taken a nose dive into the salad bowls and finger sandwiches.

A professor I know who is a world authority on the Arthurian cycle, once bicycled all over Ireland in search of the Holy Grail. It was a tough assignment and he had less success, as I recall, than Galahad, but it was no tougher than the job of trying to run down to their baronial headquarters the various kingly and knightly orders that are at work sub rosa in our democracy, as they seldom emerge into the light of the country's Polly Darling tea rooms. Of those societies that foregathered on that historic September 8th in Plymouth, it has been impossible to track down the Plantagenet Society and the Descendants of Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The Americans of Royal Descent, run to earth, revealed that their clannish purpose is to preserve the historical ancestry of early American settlers. The fee for life membership is $30.00. You have to prove conclusively that you stem from royalty. If your tree doesn't pass inspection this money is returned, less a trifle of $20.00 deducted for genealogical diagnosis. Another requirement is membership in good standing in one of the American Ancestral Societies, the D.A.R. very specifically excluded. All our blueblood societies, in fact, out-snob the Daughters. This will endear them to many American serfs and villeins. It is thrilling to realize there are people who regard the Daughters as a comparatively low form of life.

Membership in the Colonial Order of the Crown is by invitation. There are 300 members, who have all proved to one another beyond a shadow of a doubt that they descend from royalty. Their self-imposed chore is the perpetuation of the memories of such illustrious colonials as were royal descendants.

Among the cliques that were not invited to the Polly Darling, the Order of the Golden Horseshoe of Tramontane sounds like the nicest to belong to, but the available data is meager. One must be descended from one of the sixty charter members of the original order. Who *they* are is another job for the Pinkertons.

The elegant sounding Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose has the modest aim of keeping authentic records and furthering historical research. Entree is open to anyone of royal lineage and Aryan race. (It begins to look as if descent from Zulu sultans, Hebrew kings or Oriental potentates doesn't get you anywhere.)

Membership in the Order of the First Crusade (dedicated to those who followed the cross to Jerusalem in 1096) hinges on one's already belonging to the Mayflower Society or the Society of Colonial Wars by reason of descent from Richard Warren. And why Dick Warren? Because (to quote from the letter of invitation sent to 600 prospects) "through the marriage of Isabel, Countess d'Vermandois to the second Earl Warren, we have the greater distinction of descent from Hugh the Great (fourth in line from Hugh Capet who founded the Capetian dynasty) who was one of the seven great leaders of the first crusade."

The gentleman who made this startling genealogical discovery also points out that the invitation list should be well received because those who joined would have the distinction of belonging to an order antedating the exclusive Barons of Runnemede (of whom see below) by "an" hundred and twenty years. The Order of the First Crusade is not an active group; its crusading days are well over.* Aside from having to be born into it the only obligation of the members is to remit five dollars to cover the cost of (a) record keeping and (b) black and white rosette to be worn in lapel.

After the business of fees is covered, the letter takes on a pensive tone. "The great-

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*841 years over.

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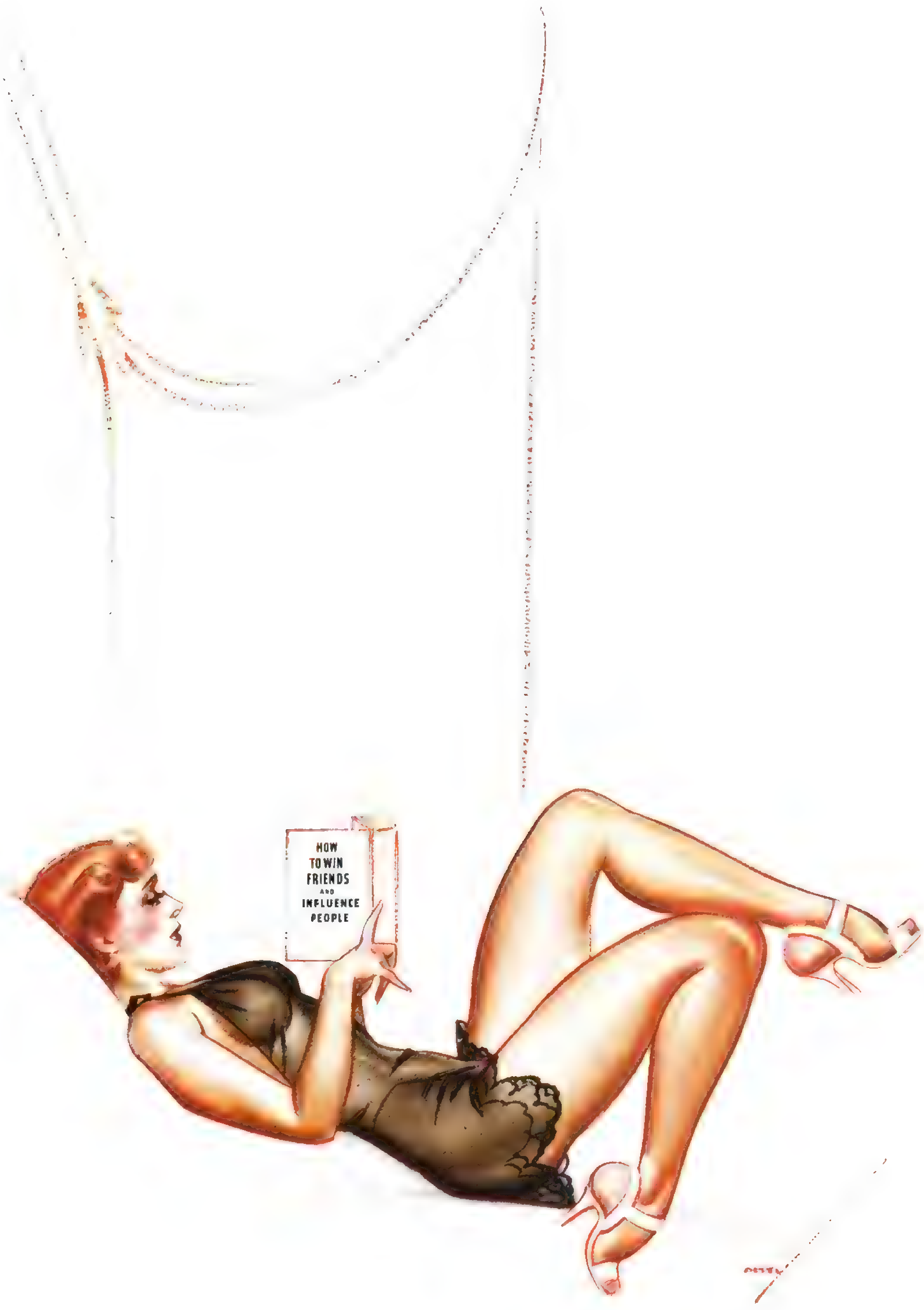
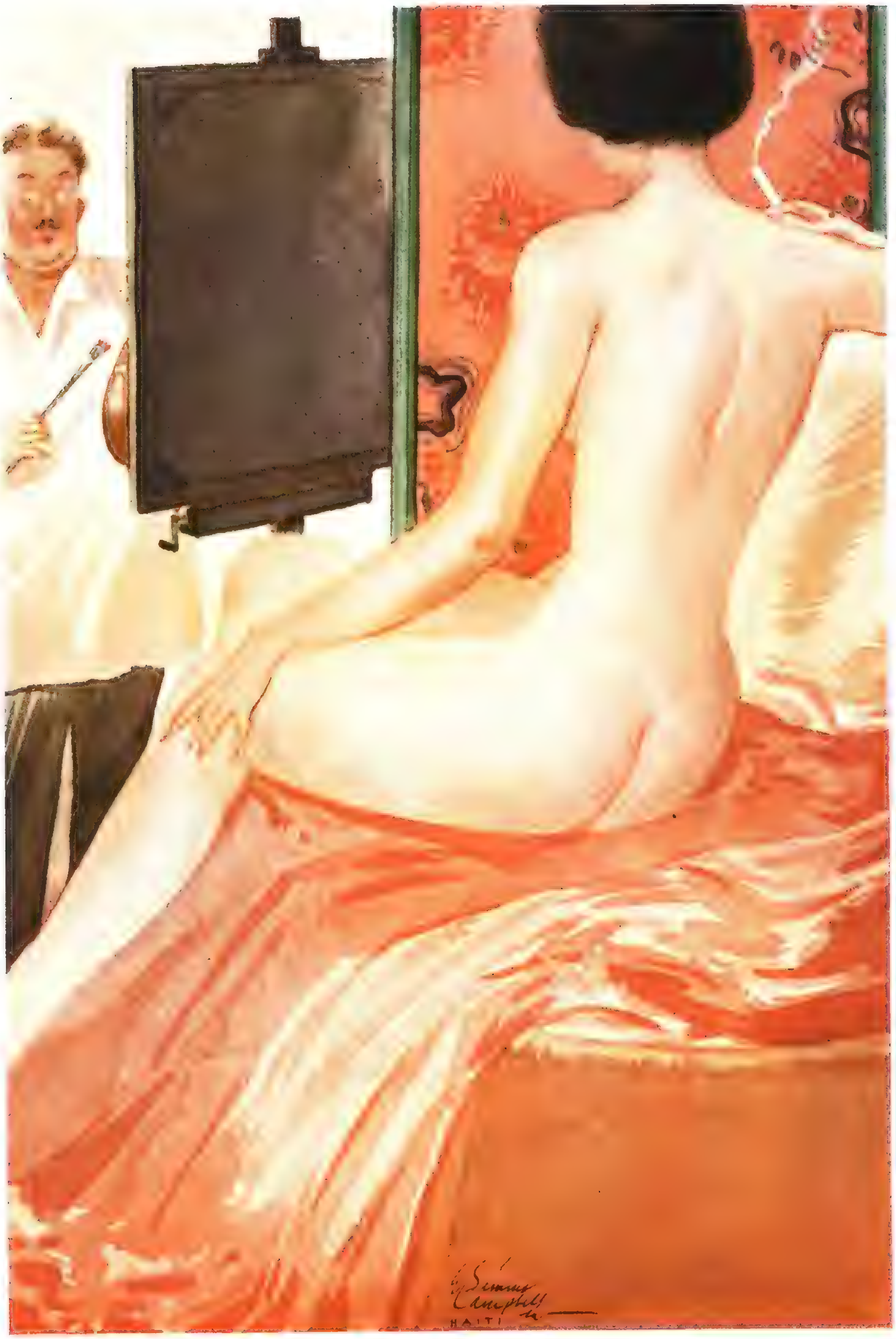

HOW
TO WIN
FRIENDS
AND
INFLUENCE
PEOPLE



*"Don't put the cigarette in — my husband doesn't know that I smoke"*

# The Long Way Out

### Mrs. King was a sort of pet in the sanitarium and it did them all good to see her almost well

### *by* F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ FICTION ▪

We were talking about some of the older castles in Tourraine and we touched upon the iron cage in which Louis VI imprisoned Cardinal Ballou for six years, then upon oubliettes and such horrors. I had seen several of the latter, simply dry wells thirty or forty feet deep where a man was thrown to wait for nothing; since I have such a tendency to claustrophobia that a Pullman berth is a certain nightmare, they had made a lasting impression. So it was rather a relief when a doctor told this story—that is, it was a relief when he began it for it seemed to have nothing to do with the tortures long ago.

There was a young woman named Mrs. King who was very happy with her husband. They were well-to-do and deeply in love but at the birth of her second child she went into a long coma and emerged with a clear case of schizophrenia or "split personality." Her delusion, which had something about the Declaration of Independence, had little bearing on the case and as she regained her health it began to disappear. At the end of ten months she was a convalescent patient scarcely marked by what had happened to her and very eager to go back into the world.

She was only twenty-one, rather girlish in an appealing way and a favorite with the staff of the sanitarium. When she became well enough so that she could take an experimental trip with her husband there was a general interest in the venture. One nurse had gone into Philadelphia with her to get a dress, another knew the story of her rather romantic courtship in Mexico and everyone had seen her two babies on visits to the hospital. The trip was to Virginia Beach for five days.

It was a joy to watch her make ready, dressing and packing meticulously and living in the gay trivialities of hair waves and such things. She was ready half an hour before the time of departure and she paid some visits on the floor in her powder blue gown and her hat that looked like one minute after an April shower. Her frail lovely face, with just that touch of startled sadness that often lingers after an illness was alight with anticipation.

"We'll just do nothing," she said. "That's my ambition. To get up when I want to for three straight mornings and stay up late for three straight nights. To buy a bathing suit by myself and order a meal."

When the time approached Mrs. King decided to wait downstairs instead of in her room and as she passed along the corridors with an orderly carrying her suitcase she waved to the other patients, sorry that they too were not going on a gorgeous holiday. The superintendent wished her well, two nurses found excuse to linger and share her infectious joy.

"What a beautiful tan you'll get, Mrs. King."

"Be sure and send a postcard."

About the time she left her room her husband's car was hit by a truck on his way from the city—he was hurt internally and not expected to live more than a few hours. The information was received at the hospital in a glassed-in office adjoining the hall where Mrs. King waited. The operator, seeing Mrs. King and knowing that the glass was not sound proof, asked the head nurse to come immediately. The head nurse hurried aghast to a doctor and he decided what to do. So long as the husband was still alive it was best to tell her nothing, but of course she must know that he was not coming today.

Mrs. King was greatly disappointed.

"I suppose it's silly to feel that way," she said. "After all these months what's one more day? He said he'd come tomorrow, didn't he?"

The nurse was having a difficult time but she managed to pass it off until the patient was back in her room. Then they assigned a very experienced and phlegmatic nurse to keep Mrs. King away from other patients and from newspapers. By the next day the matter would be decided one way or another.

But her husband lingered on and they continued to prevaricate. A little before noon next day one of the nurses was passing along the corridor when she met Mrs. King, dressed as she had been the day before but this time carrying her own suitcase.

"I'm going to meet my husband," she explained. "He couldn't come yesterday but he's coming today at the same time."

The nurse walked along with her. Mrs. King had the freedom of the building and it was difficult to simply steer her back to her room, and the nurse did not want to tell a story that would contradict what the authorities were telling her. When they reached the front hall she signaled to the operator who fortunately understood. Mrs. King gave herself a last inspection in the mirror and said:

"I'd like to have a dozen hats just like this to remind me to be this happy always."

When the head nurse came in frowning a minute later she demanded:

"Don't tell me George is delayed?"

"I'm afraid he is. There is nothing much to do but be patient."

Mrs. King laughed ruefully. "I wanted him to see my costume when it was absolutely new."

"Why, there isn't a wrinkle in it."

"I guess it'll last till tomorrow. I oughtn't to be blue about waiting one more day when I'm so utterly happy."

"Certainly not."

That night her husband died and at a conference of doctors next morning there was some discussion about what to do—it was a risk to tell her and a risk to keep it from her. It was decided finally to say that Mr. King had been called away and thus destroy her hope of an immediate meeting; when she was reconciled to this they could tell her the truth.

As the doctors came out of the conference one of them stopped and pointed. Down the corridor toward the outer hall walked Mrs. King carrying her suitcase.

Dr. Pirie, who had been in special charge of Mrs. King caught his breath.

"This is awful," he said. "I think perhaps I'd better tell her now. There's no use saying he's away when she usually hears from him twice a week, and if we say he's sick she'll want to go to him. Anybody else like the job?"

## II

One of the doctors in the conference went on a fortnight's vacation that afternoon. On the day of his return in the same corridor at the same hour, he stopped at the sight of a little procession coming toward him—an orderly carrying a suitcase, a nurse and Mrs. King dressed in the powder blue colored suit and wearing the spring hat.

*Continued in center of page 193*

# The Calypso Singers

## You may not understand their Trinidad accent but the songs have a rhythm you can't forget

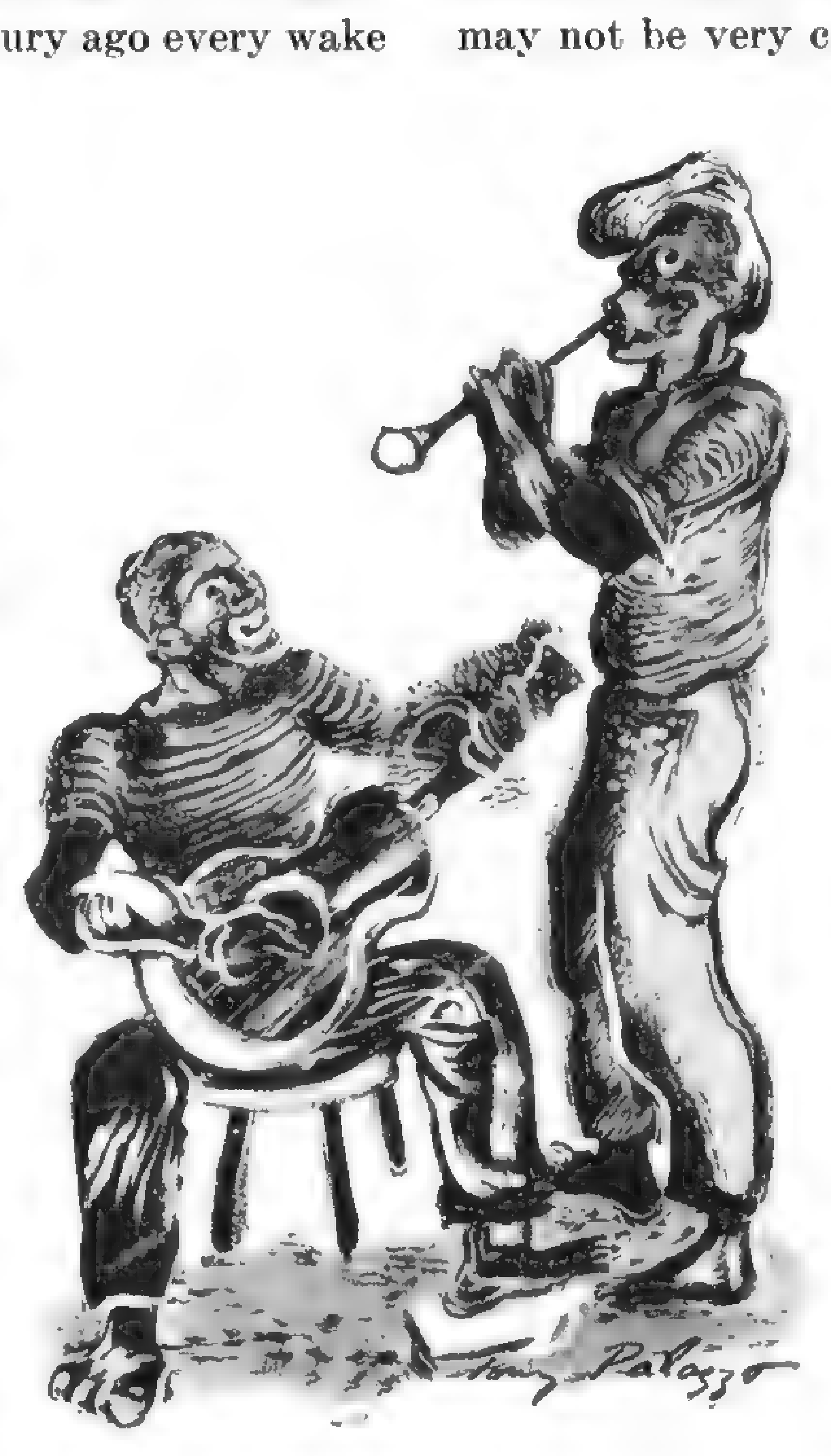
### by WILLIAM C. WHITE

• ARTICLE •

*Ah, is Love alone*
*That cause King Edward to leave the throne!*
*On the tenth of December we heard the talk*
*That he give the throne to the Duke of York.*
*He says, Am sorry, my mother will grieve*
*But I cannot help, am bound to leave.*
*My robes and my crown are not on my mind*
*But I cannot leave Mrs. Simpson behind.*
*Take my crown, take my throne*
*But leave me and Mrs. Simpson alone.*
*If I can't get a ship to set me free*
*I'll walk to her across the sea.*
*We got the money, we got the talk,*
*And the fancy walk just to suit New York.*
*Ah, is Love alone*
*That cause King Edward to leave the throne!*

WE CAN only guess how medieval troubadours would have sung Edward's abdication. The above is the way Caresser, a twentieth century troubadour, sings it. Caresser, who is about twenty-five, with a midnight black face high-lighted like a billiard ball, is a Calypso singer in Trinidad, in the British West Indies. On this island, just off the coast of South America, the Calypsonions carry on much of the tradition of troubadours, minstrels, and minnesingers.

The predominant influence in Trinidad was once French. A century ago every wake had a *chantrel* who told in long impromptu verse the virtues of the departed, making up rhymes and virtues as he went along. From the chantrel, by unmarked steps, has come the present day Calypso singer, now almost always Negro. What the spiritual is to the American Negro, the Calypso ballad is to the West Indian. They know *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* in Virginia, Alabama, and Georgia; in St. Croix, Dominica, St. Vincent, and Barbados they know *Sly Mongoose, dog knows your name*, which tells the sad story of a raid on a white man's kitchen.



The growing popularity of West Indian cruises has brought many Americans to Trinidad. They have heard music with a strange rhythm blaring from open-fronted music stores and from Hindoo bazaars. They have asked about the records and after hearing a few more, they have bought them by the bagful. Some few tourists have come in January when the new Calypso songs appear and have heard them sung for the first time in the "tents." Others have met the singers, some of whom can usually be found, troubadour-like, around the few restaurants in Port-of-Spain. Wherever the American meets the Calypso for the first time, his reaction is always the same: he is attracted by a new rhythm but finds it difficult to understand the words, spoken with the Trinidad accent which hovers over the words like a pelican, dropping sharply wherever it will. The listener walks away. Then the rhythm draws him back. He sits down, listens intently and catches a line or so; thereupon he spends the rest of the night as near to the singer or to the phonograph as he can get.

The Calypsonian, as he calls himself, writes both the music and the words of his songs. Many of the tunes are much alike but now and then one completely original comes along, original, but with the same thistle-burr rhythm. It is impossible to describe the rhythm on paper. It is African, West Indian, with a touch of South American. The beat of the words does not seem to follow the beat of the music—except when it does. That may not be very clear, but hear a Calypso record and describe it for yourself. Then try to keep your feet and hands still; and, a day later, try to get the song out of your mind.

Perhaps the most important event in the minds of the native peoples in Trinidad is Carnival, held on the two days preceding Lent. It is much the same as Carnival in any other predominantly Catholic country, with masked bands parading the town, with all the blacks painted up to be whites and all the whites painted up to be blacks, and with everybody singing and dancing with more rum than rest for forty-eight hours. Calypso songs and Carnival are inseparable in Trinidad.

For a month before Carnival in Port-of-Spain, "tents," of bamboo poles with some sort of roofing, appear on empty lots. In each tent fifty chairs stand before a little platform. Here the Calypsonians appear nightly, both the famous ones and the beginners who are going to try their first song. There is usually a small orchestra, certainly a guitar, sometimes several *quatros*, overgrown ukeleles, and sometimes a cello used only pizzicato. For singing the choruses there may be a group of small boys.

The first singer of the evening appears. If he is to sing a new tune there is a hasty but ever so important consultation between singer and orchestra. "De chune go dis way, da da de da da de da da de um da da—" The orchestra tries it. The singer begins. What the musicians have not heard they pick up as he goes along. A new Calypso song is born.

Some of the first songs of the evening may be on the virtues of one brand of butter over another, or on the excellence of this department store or that. Medieval troubadours sang the glories and the prowess of Count or Baron Soandso, and the pay always followed; the tropical troubadours today sing the praises of Empire fruit and cheese or the goodness of Johnson's cotton prints.

One singer follows another. Some one in the audience may call out a subject. There is a moment of deep thought, another consultation with the band, and the song begins. For, as Gorilla, one Calypso singer, sings:

*Calypso is a thing I'm telling you*
*When you are singing you must learn to be impromptu.*
*Never mind your English but mind your rhymes*
*When you get the gist of it just sing in time.*
*For veteran Calypsonians are known to be*
*Men who can sing on anything instantaneously.*

Many of the songs are forgotten after being sung once, songs on themes in English history, on the history of the Royal Family, or on some local event. A few songs become popular and the audience shouts for them. In the middle of an evening a newcomer may appear and, after coaching the orchestra, may sing something that becomes instantaneously popular; that one song admits him at once to the ranks of the recognized Calypsonians. Someone dubs him with a title and from that time forth he is no longer Rufus Jones or Eddie Smith. He is Attila, the Lion, the Tiger, Gorilla, Caresser, Lord Beginner, Lord Executor, King Radio, the Black Prince, the Growler—all these the names of various Calypsonians in Trinidad today. By these names they are known to everyone on the island.

Later in the evening comes "the war." Three singers take the platform and one begins a verse, usually discussing frankly the manners, appearance, and particularly the morals of the other two. They reply, in verse, and when one touches off a particularly good one, the audience roars. Then, as things get going, they sing only single lines, and the rivals continue, supplying the rhyme and

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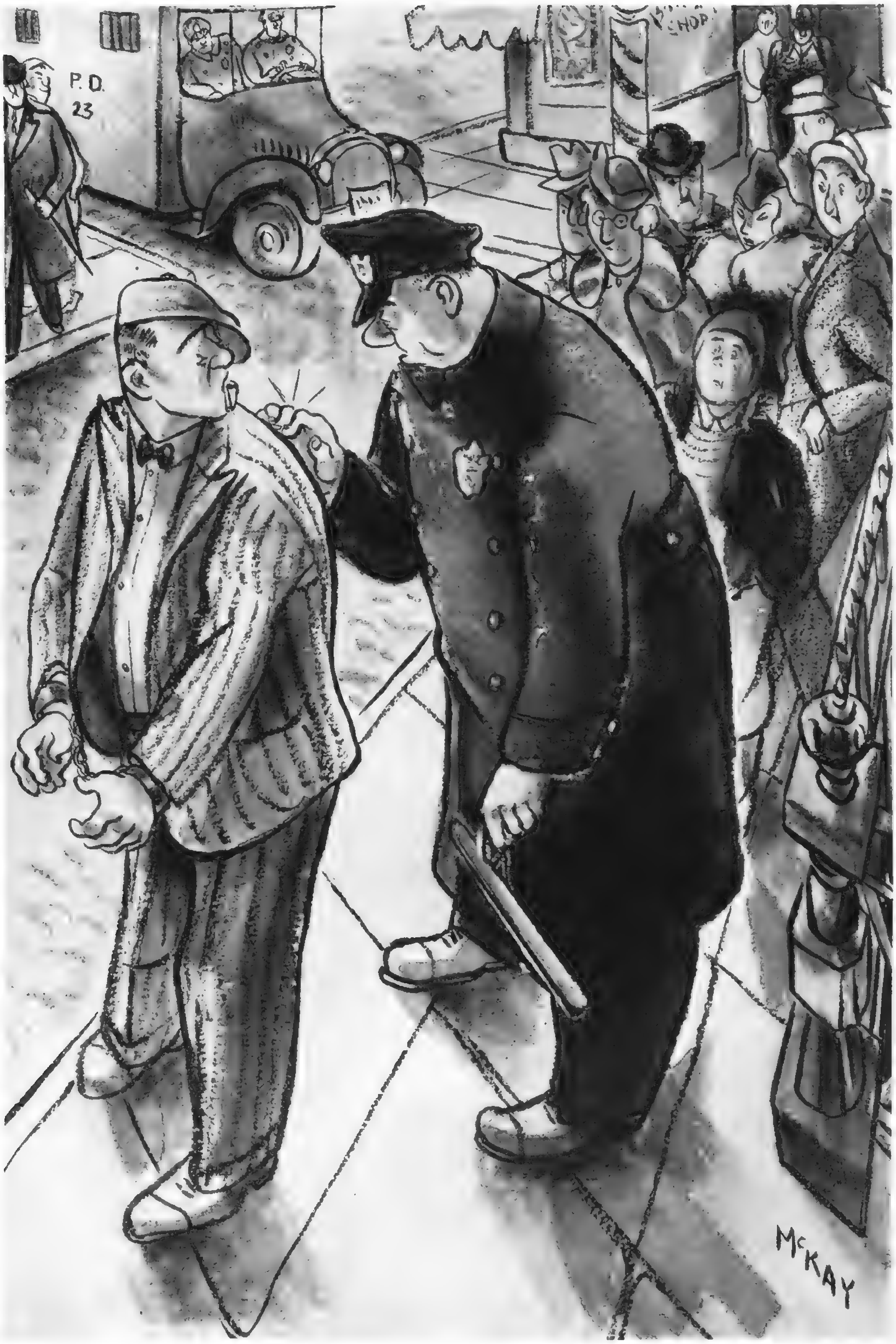
P.D.
23
SHOP
McKAY

*"Up a little and to the left a bit . . . there!"*

# Genius Borderline Case

## Doping out Charlie MacArthur as the eternal bad boy, surprisingly docile when he is shrewdly lead

### by WM. MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

A GOOD-LOOKING blonde girl dressed in heart-wringing black sat on the witness stand in a dingy Chicago courtroom. The place was packed from lawyer's railing to doors with avid sensation gourmands. It might have been another husband-killer's trial. Perhaps, emotionally, it was meant to be that. A newspaper reporter named Carol Frink was the blonde on the stand and her murderous intentions were limited to the destruction of all illusion about her ex-husband, Charles Gordon MacArthur. Carol was, in fact, suing Helen Hayes, her immediate successor in the MacArthur marital dynasty for $100,000 heart balm and/or the privilege of telling the world about Charlie. The following are enlightening excerpts from Miss Frink's testimony.

Q. Did you ever propose to MacArthur?

A. No, I didn't.

Q. Did you ever tell him he was a genius?

A. No. *He* said that.

Q. What exactly did he say?

A. He said, "You should not expect too much from me because I am a genius and hard to domesticate."

Q. Do you think he is a genius?

A. I don't know; it's hard to tell. Sometimes there is only a fine line between genius and nuttiness. It would take a psychoanalyst to determine that about MacArthur.

Without resorting to the mysterious powers of psychoanalysis I will present the evidence and leave the question raised by Carol Frink to you. Is that roistering playwright who put the unbelievable bedlam of newspaper life into *Front Page* a genius or a nut? MacArthur himself affirms that the crazy things he undertakes would never click for anybody else because it takes a nut to do them. But if Charlie's behavior is evidence of insanity there are a great many people who feel as Lincoln did about General Grant's whiskey, they'd like a private supply of the same brand.

A string of Broadway successes like *Lulu Belle*, *Front Page*, *Salvation* and *Twentieth Century* can't be laughed into inconsequence. Nor can a man who earns himself a steady one hundred fifty thousand dollars a year in Hollywood be put into the category of an impulsive nincompoop. The Reverend MacArthur's boy must have something—is it intelligence or derring-do, prescience or personality? The key to Charlie MacArthur's bizarre pattern is not difficult to find if you look in that borderline territory suggested by Miss Frink, between genius and impishness. MacArthur's demon is a clever, energetic little devil, but it has to be chained pretty tightly to a typewriter to prevent monkeyshines.

Charles MacArthur is that fascinatingly unpredictable type of human, the emotional explorer. He is an insatiable mischief seeker. Exceptional, indeed, is the person of this type who attains fame. Always such an individual, if he does succeed, is led to the hilltop unwittingly and unwillingly by some shrewd guide to whom his quixotic adventuresomeness is useful—some worldly soul who tempts him with a taste of forbidden fruits and rewards him, in the end, with the mockery of conventional accomplishment. Thus was Lawrence of Arabia lured by British politicians into the pharisaical fold of diplomatic exploitation on the illusory promise of playing a benefactor's rôle to his beloved Arabs. And thus was the cynical, pugnacious, ripsnorting MacArthur lured into the heavy royalties of stage hokum by his first collaborator Edward Sheldon, and into the spangled triteness of Hollywood cinema carpentry by his long-time friend and literary partner, Ben Hecht. Had Charlie tried to write plays off his own bat the chances are ten to one that none of them would have been produced. The MacArthur imp would have injected too much deviltry to be tolerated on the conventional reservation. The rewards MacArthur sought in playwrighting were quite different from those he obtained. He desired, for example, to debunk the newspaper game with his *Front Page* and to kid the revivalist torches in *Salvation*. But Charlie's subtle cynicisms, ingeniously dampened by his mentors, passed for red-blooded humor and his intended burlesque of melodrama was accepted by the public as vivid dramatic realism. "They've got me writing hokum with all the rest of 'em," snorted MacArthur in disgust when a friend praised his work. But the royalties mounted to $6,000 a week—golden chains which subdued perceptibly the perverseness of his demon.

MacArthur once said that he never made plans but always did things because somebody asked him to. In a sense this is true, if by "things" one means serious, practical things, like finishing a play or undertaking a new job of work. For impish activities Charlie never needed any outside suggestions. It is this combination—a devil with sufficient amiability to accept leading-strings which put Charles MacArthur on top. People love a mischief-making gnome if he will come when he is called and poke fun for them instead of at them. There are thousands upon thousands of third-rate writers with precisely the same hell-raising, slightly morbid slant on life which MacArthur privately entertains. The difference is that Charlie's deviltry submits to a leash supplied by his associates. Fate was kind to him when it added faith in his friends to sardonic distrust of the rest of humanity.

Those who believe in childhood experiences as moulders of character may trace Charlie MacArthur's docility to the very beginning of his public career, at the tough age of six. It seems that about that time an evangelist came to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where MacArthur senior held forth as a Baptist minister. The evangelist wished to demonstrate faith in the visual manner to his prospective customers and Reverend MacArthur following Abraham's pious example, offered his young son for the sacrifice. Charlie climbed a tall ladder and leapt trustingly into the evangelist's arms. "That's faith!" God's propagandist would shout at his congregation. And it may be that playing the rôle of little child who led them up the sawdust trail gave trustfulness a certain glamour in Charlie's mind which never wore off. Or, if you believe in glands rather than infantile complexes, MacArthur's susceptibility to outside influence may have come along with his predilection for girls. He celebrated this trait in a letter to the first Mrs. MacArthur, read on the witness stand by Charlie himself.

The letter ran, "What am I going to do for adulation? Am I growing old? You have been gone two weeks and no woman has made improper advances behind your back. It is a discouraging commentary on your sex. In another week I'll be thrown back on your admiration alone, which means that my independence goes to pot. However, there is hope. When this play is over I can snoop around and see what there is to see. I still like to think (if I had time and money) hundreds of affrighted virgins would be running down Broadway, screaming with terror whilst my violin cases pounded along in hot pursuit—bong! bong! bong!" He wrote his wife that he wouldn't kiss Mary Pickford unless she asked him in a nice way. But the implication of docile response to a nice asker indicates our hero's saving grace—a lovable readiness to be persuaded.

Tracing the MacArthur career from its inception on the visiting evangelist's ladder of faith to its peak of publicity in the Frink trial, one discovers all the characteristics of

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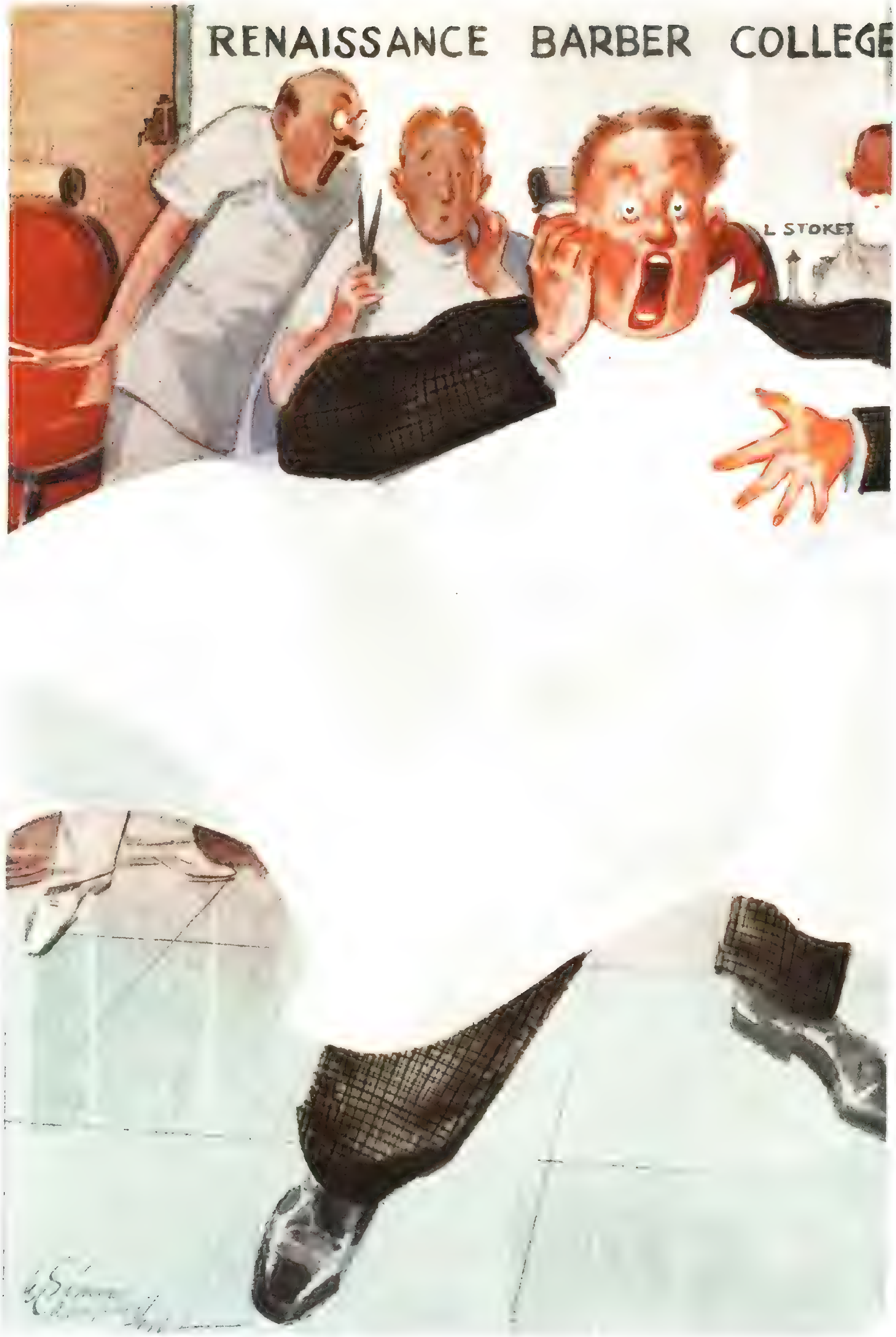
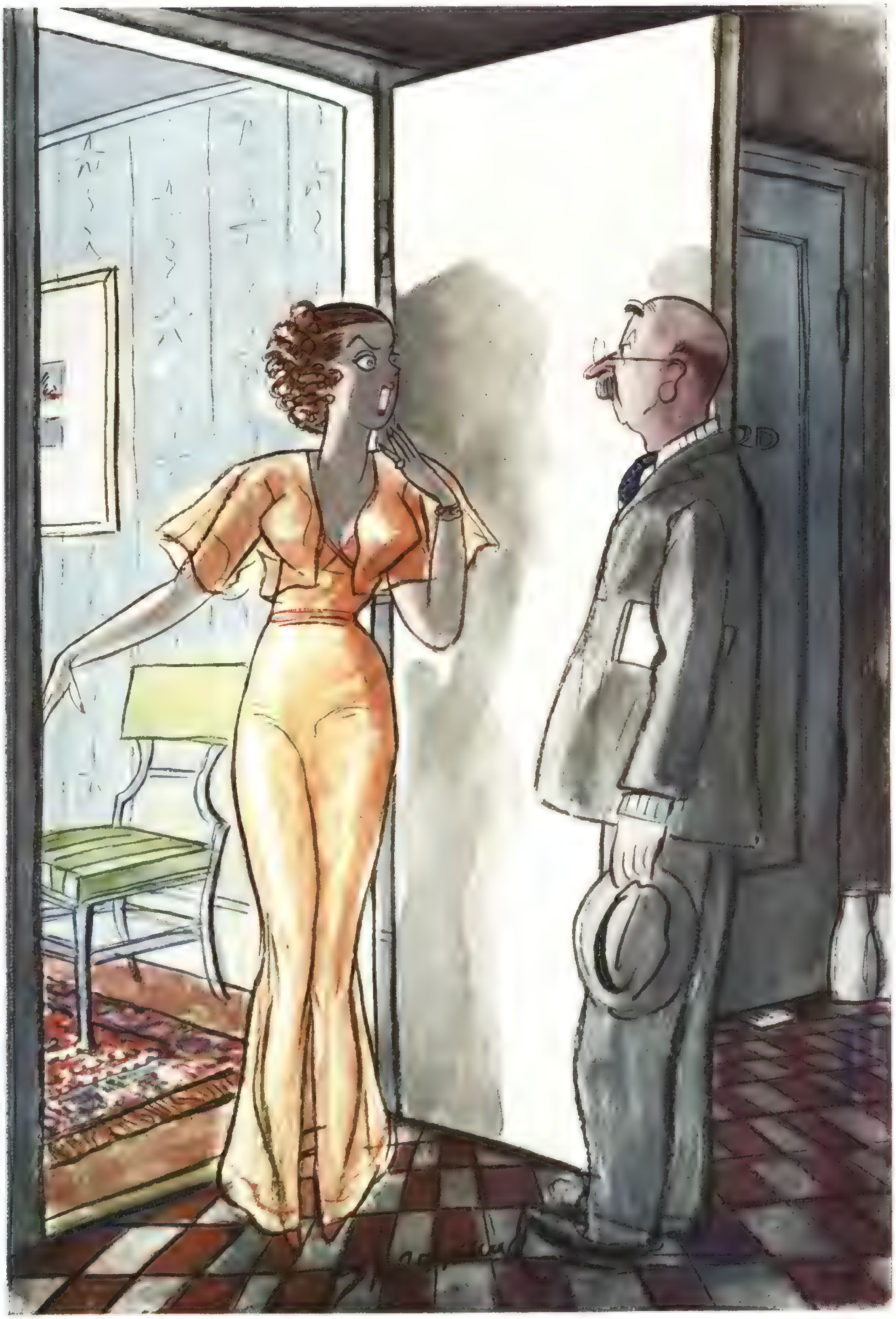

RENAISSANCE BARBER COLLEGE
L STOKE

*"No, no, Simpson! You've got to learn to cut around the ears!"*



*"Well if you really are the installment collector, there's someone in here swindling my roommate"*

# Private Smoot and the Corp

### A guy which never talks, never opens up his trap like a human, there must be something he has got the matter

### by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

"A GUY which don't talk there is something he has got a matter with him," said Private Smoot.

Off detail, they sat alone in the barrack room cleaning equipment for Saturday morning inspection.

Corporal Edwards, working his ramrod with a nice rhythmic motion, glanced up. "Yeah?" he said.

"Sure," Smoot continued. "It ain't natural. A guy which don't talk maybe he has got a past record, for one thing."

The corporal, the bolt removed from his rifle, glanced up through the muzzle to inspect the shine on the bore. "There is a little spot near the chamber. Maybe this bastard is pitted," he observed. "Take a look through it, Smoot."

Smoot held the rifle to the light. "Maybe it is oil got gummed. Gimme the rod. I got a system I work off gum with. Also, maybe," he added, "a guy which don't talk it is possibly he is a genius. I once knew a person he is a genius. He won a Buick automobile in one of these here cigarette contests, he run into a truck and kilt hisself. Here. Take a look at it now."

The corporal, apparently satisfied with the bore, ran a thin coat of oil over it.

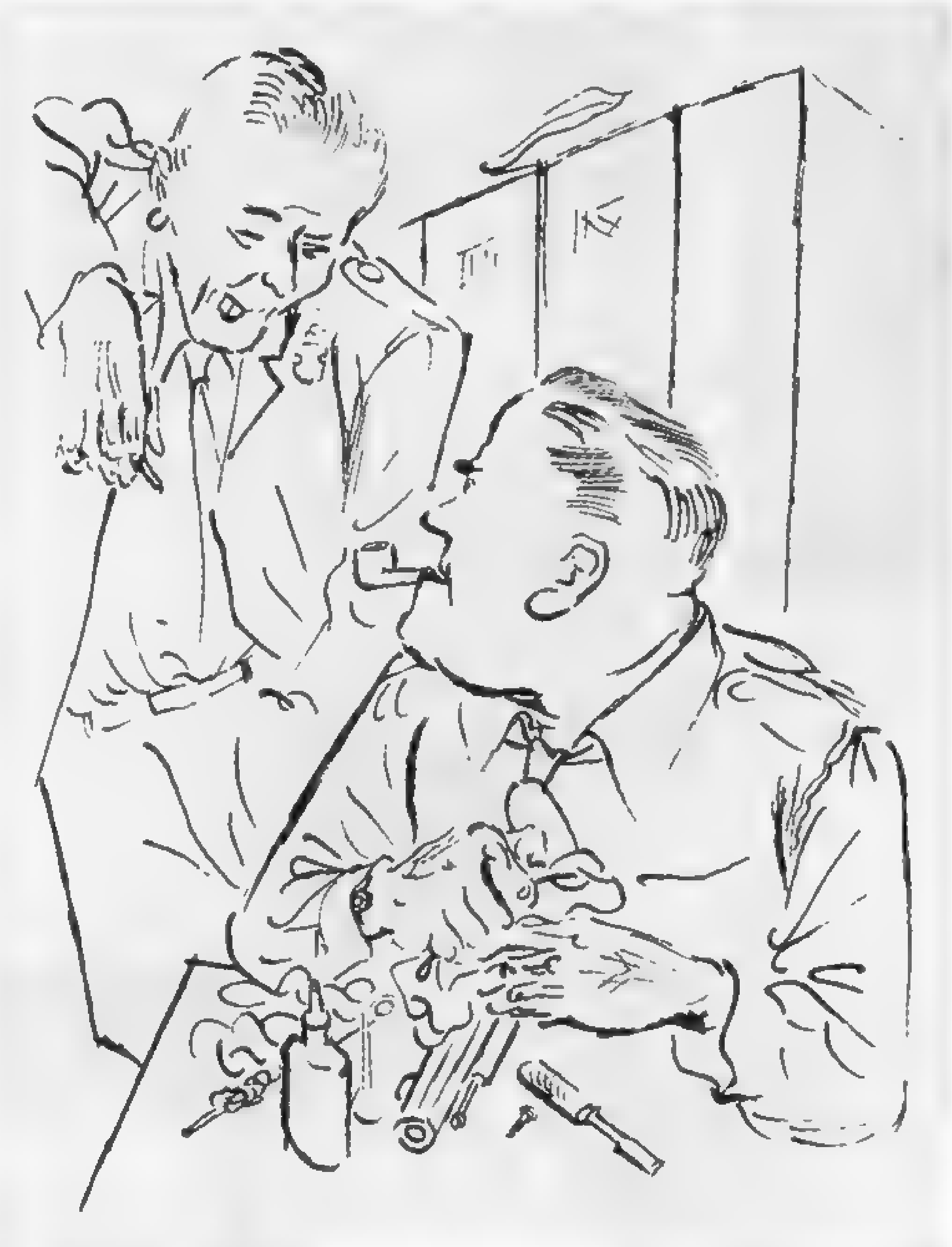
"You got some of that Presto-Shino leather polish, Corp?" asked Smoot. 'On the other hand, such a silent bird it could be he is a dummy, too."

"You mean this Jackson, the big guy in the first platoon?"

"Who the hell you think I mean?" asked Smoot rhetorically. "We are out the other night downtown, just out. Not lookin' for nothin' maybe on'y a few snifters or else a dame on the loose or whatever. Me and Corkey, and Bat Gusterman from Headquarters Comp'ny, and Charlie and this here Big Jackson. So we goes into this beer garden. We dance with some dames. We have a couple of snifters. But not once all night does this Big Jackson open his trap. They ain't any two ways about it. A guy which don't talk a-tall there is something he has got a matter with him. The dame which Big Jackson is with she gets me on the floor and she says listen, what is this, if I woulda knew what I am gonna be up against tonight I'd've went to the liberry and got me a book how to speak this here dummy language, I thought you big handsome soldiers was great lovers and fast talkers and big spenders. So what could I say? I says well Susie my name is Private Smoot and I am just on'y one cog in the machinery, see, and if I will live to be old and grey maybe I'll get to be a sergeant or something but right now if I can take care of myself I am satisfied."

"If you can take care of yourself I will also be satisfied," said the corporal.

"On another occasion," Private Smoot went on, "we are at this moving picture show, Laurel and Hardy, a few of us guys, and these comedians are killin' us, we're sittin' there laughin' our heads off. I turn around and this Big Jackson, it could have been a sad picture like this chestnut they had a while back called *Broken Willows*, I think that's the name, for all this Jackson is crackin' a smile. When the show is over I says, well, that was sure a wow when the fat guy's feet is caught in that cement and he says huh? So I says I thought it was funny and he says funny? So I says didn't the little guy look exactly like Lieutenant Brody and he says pardon me and that's the last we see of him until the next mornin'. So we're dressin' in line for reveille and I say to this Big Jackson, brother, that was some show we seen last night and he says what show? So I give up. Now you don't mean to say such a guy he don't open up human-like there ain't something he has got a matter with him."



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," said the corporal. "Hand me over that toothbrush. I hear the brigade commander's goin' to have a staff inspection tomorrow. Full field equipment."

"Horses!" Smoot exclaimed. "Ain't that old balloon got nothin' else to do beyond pesterin' the livin' hell outa us dog faces? I bet he gets us double-timin' for review to *Pop Goes the Weasel*, too. Personally, I got a theory."

"On who, the brigade commander?"

"Nah. On this here Big Jackson. It is possibly he has got a past record, like I said."

"What do you mean, a past record?"

"Well, a past record. For example, maybe it is like this. I have heard tell sometimes there is a officer, a officer from West Point even, which he gets to be a stew-bum or anything, maybe he steals the comp'ny funds or starts something he can't finish with the battalion commander's daughter, or anything like that, whom is cashiered outa the army. Well and good. But all this guy he knows is squads east and squads west and by the right flank march, so they lets this person enlist as a private somewhere he ain't knowed or anything. So he is got a past record, he is kinda sore bein' a ex-officer and havin' to walk post and go on coal-shovelin' detail and all, and won't talk, he is too snooty for common enlisted men. That is one theory."

"You think there is guys like that in the army?" the corporal inquired. "Look, that Presto-Shino costed me two bits. Go easy. Why the hell don't you buy your own?"

"I am run out of canteen checks."

"Well, go light on it."

"O.K., Corp. I figger I don't wanna get you in no trouble at inspection on account one of your squad is lookin' lousy. I also got a crime theory."

"I got a theory it is a crime the way you don't never buy nothin'," said the corporal, shrugging. "They oughta call you Private Mooch."

"No, this is serious-like. If people there ain't nothin' mysterious about 'em they don't have to go actin' mysterious. A natural guy, he's for tellin' you his life hist'ry right off the bat. Me, for instance. My life hist'ry is an open book."

"An open mouth," said the corporal.

"All right. A open mouth, I ain't got nothin' to hide."

"No, but you are liable to ketch cold inside your lungs some damp day."

"This ain't kiddin', Corp."

"Who says I am kiddin'? Let me have that little screwdriver. This rear-sight leaf's gotta come off."

"My crime theory about Big Jackson is this, if you will just pay attention. A guy he might have worked in some bank or comp'ny, a cashier or whatever. So he beats it

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# A Modern Sheik

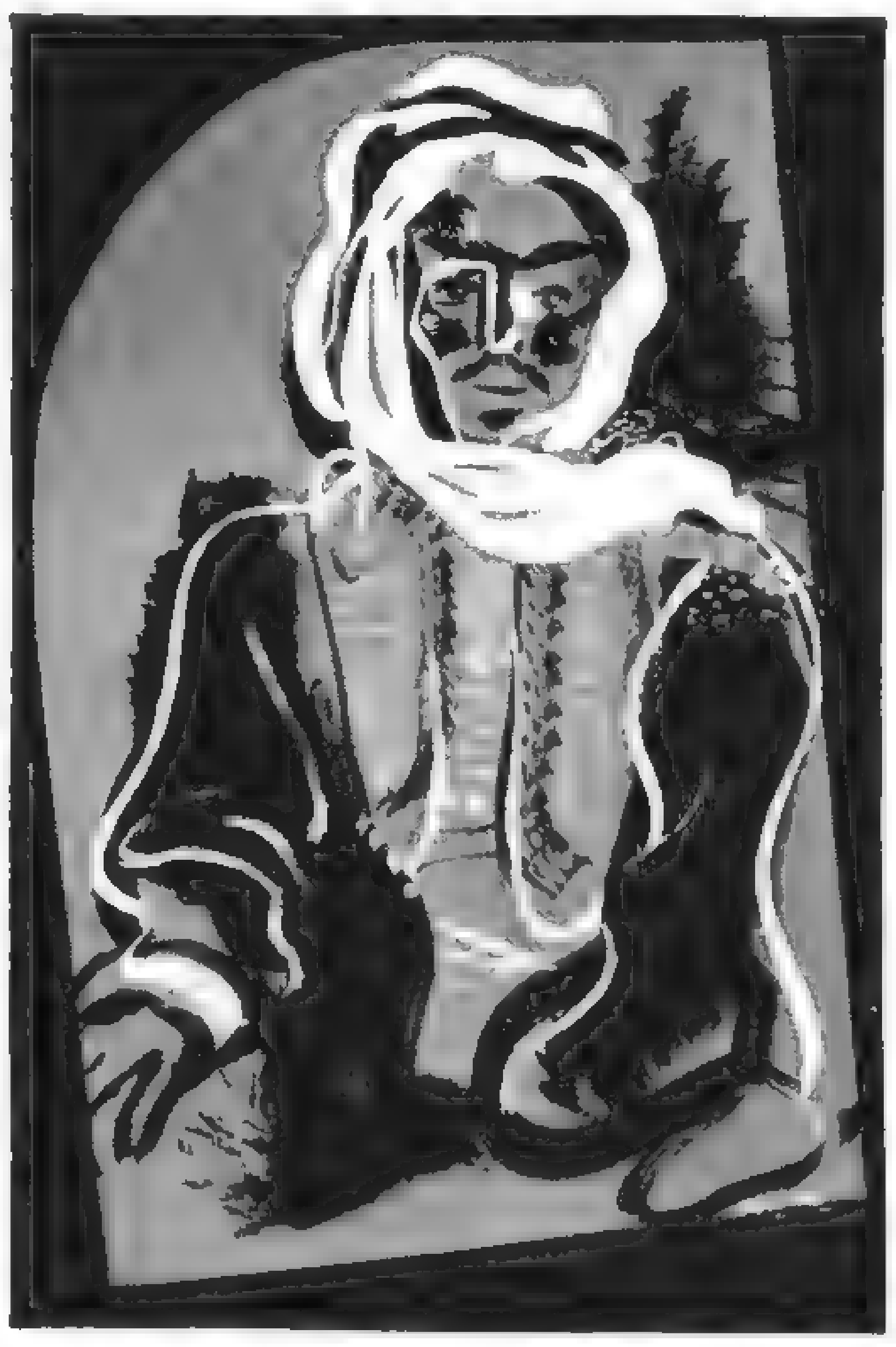
### The Bedouin prince embodied the decline of the desert that had come with western civilization

### by CARL R. RASWAN

• ARTICLE •

Author's Note: *The incidents in this story are all true, but the names of the characters are fictitious.*

Civilization has robbed me of my two best friends in Arabia. A modern machine gun killed Faris, noble chief of the Shammar tribe, whose spirit and ideals and stately mien belonged to that beautiful nomadic shepherd's life—the life that is slowly beginning to crumble away like the coals on last night's hearth fire.



And civilization has taken Jidran from me. He has given himself over to a riotous life of dissipation. Wholeheartedly he has turned his back on the person he was: the young and aristocratic sheykh with a birthright to uphold, a people to care for and fight for; the hard-riding, brave young warrior whose courage and impulsiveness have become a legend; the wise counselor who, steeped in the ways of the desert, let the spirit of the desert dictate his decisions.

You can find him any evening now in a café in Damascus or Beyrouth or Baghdad. With him will be two or three slaves as bodyguard, a touch of prestige. The European dancers sit with them until the small morning hours, their lips touching champagne while their hands reach for salted peanuts. To Jidran, still a child, this is a kind of heaven on earth, a heaven which does not include memories of life with his Bedouins in the desert. He enjoys the publicity which his presence attracts, and so does the management of the cafés and night clubs! They are quite willing to contribute a few heaping dishes of ice cream, several teas and lemonades, to the menu of the visiting prince and his retinue.

One evening when I was returning from one of my many trips to the desert, Jidran asked me to join his party in a cabaret in Damascus. The table was already covered with used glasses and cups. Jidran indignantly clapped his hands for the waiter and with a gesture of disgust ordered the soiled cover and dishes removed. I purposely retained one coffee cup and put it in front of Jidran.

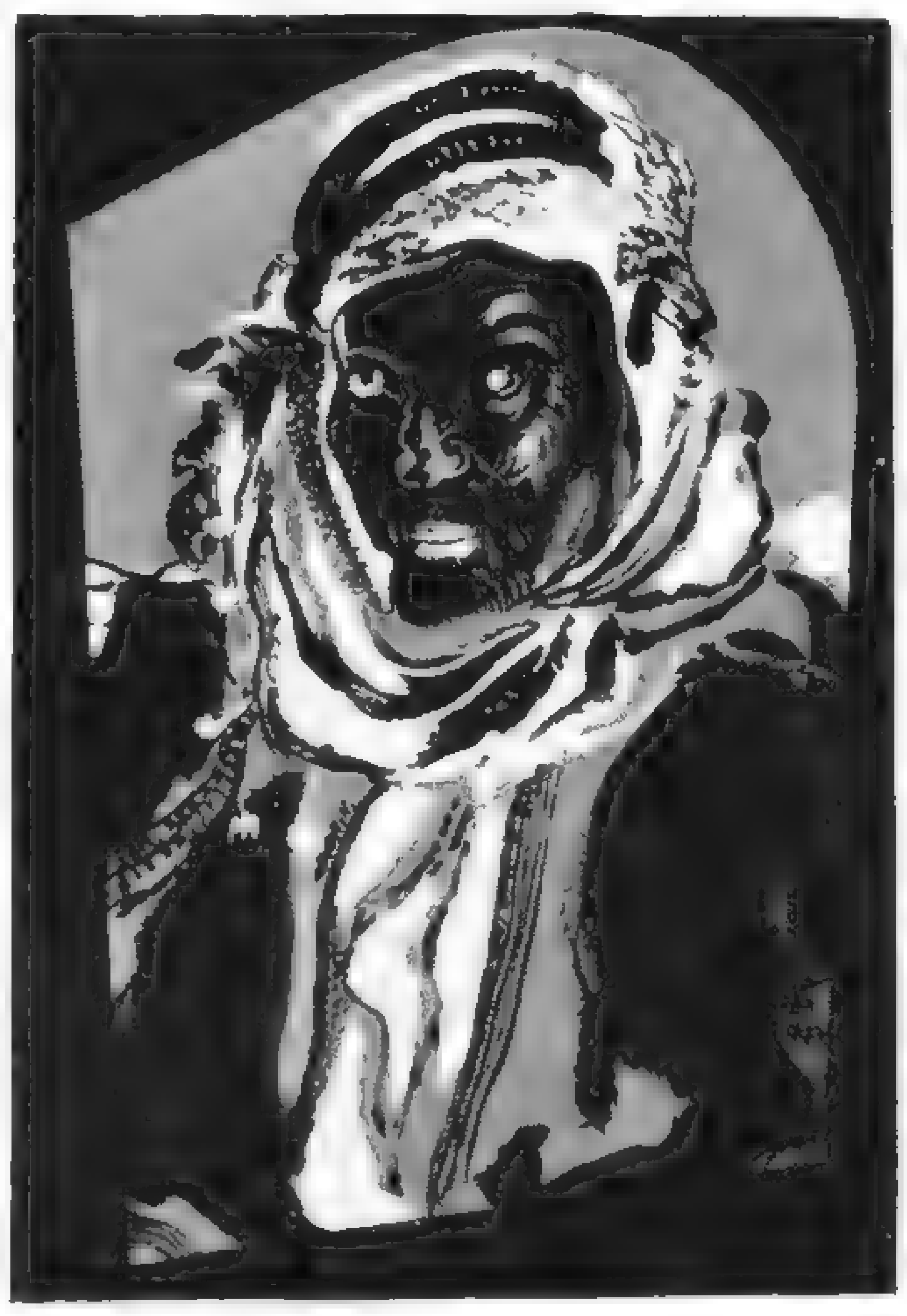
He tried to push it aside, but I told him to keep it.

"I, the prince, to drink from such a filthy cup?" he cried, insulted and ready to leave the place in anger.

I finally pacified him and he sat down. Then I said to him in Arabic, "Your life now is like this filthy cup!"

It had seemed so to me for a long time and suddenly I could restrain my feelings no longer. For some reason on that evening I continued to see pictures of Jidran as had been, the large-eyed boy with the princely mien even as a youngster; the leader in his early twenties, seated in the Council of Men in deep thought, his eyes darker than ever in his sun-tanned face, his rich shepherd's coat flung insolently about his shoulders.

Perhaps the reason I hated him so in this hour was that he spelled the slow death of that beautiful desert life to me. I had come to it as a European interested in horses. That was years ago when I gained the friendship not only of the noble and heroic youth and his family, tribe and friends, but also their enemies. I have gone back to them twelve times within the last twenty-five years, and I have been the unhappy witness of the disintegration that is coming to them all through the far-reaching arms of civilization.



They are discarding their race camels and mares for the high-powered automobile. Long range guns and pistols have usurped the place of the lance. They are casting off their handsome shepherd's coats and wearing sweaters; and tennis shoes on occasion replace the colorful gazelle-leather sandals.

So I found myself lecturing to Jidran in that crowded Damascus night club, painting pictures of him as he had been, challenging the remnants of his indifferent conscience.

The young man (then about twenty-eight years of age) actually seemed to be pondering over my words. "Maybe his soul is not dead after all," I thought hopefully.

But a voluptuous blonde Jugoslavian dancer came over to say hello to him, and he patted her hips affectionately. Without a word he put his arms around her, rose and waltzed to the middle of the parquet with her.

The katib (scribe) of the Prince asked me politely to follow him outside.

"You don't enjoy being in this place," he said to me. "Jidran asked me to accompany you home."

In truth, I was glad to escape that boring entertainment. With Jidran's scribe I crossed the bridge of the narrow, darkly gleaming Barada River to my hotel.

In the hallway Ralib forced me into a shadowy corner.

"Have you a present for our prince?" he asked.

I suspected the katib. "You mean a present for yourself?" I said coolly.

No, he did not. He insisted that it was a request for the chief. After further inquiry I discovered that the Prince owed over eight hundred Syrian pounds in the cabaret. Mimi, a Viennese girl, had taken his fancy to such an extent that he had made her leave the cabaret and had installed her in a small apartment in one of the modern buildings of Salhieh, a suburb of Damascus. The owner of the cabaret had asked him to pay a thousand Syrian pounds for this privilege. Two hundred had been paid down, but eight hundred were still owed, and the cabaret owner demanded this payment or the immediate return of the girl.

"Tonight," Ralib said.

I refused on various grounds, but without avail. The katib was well informed by a local banker how much money had been transferred to me from America. He was so insistent that I write out a cheque to save the prince that I took him by the collar of his shepherd coat and pushed him gently out of the hallway.

Just then we heard excited voices from the cabaret across the narrow river. A flood of people issued from the brightly lighted entrance. The crowd was screaming and pushing each other and helter skelter they began to run over the bridge. On top of all this noise and excitement shots rang out from the night club. Native policemen and soldiers forced their way into the entrance, and the katib and I who had run across the bridge managed to get inside behind the uniformed men.

The cabaret was emptied of its guests.

But Jidran stood near the bar, a crowd of waiters around him. One elbow resting on the rail and his head slightly lowered to survey the scene before him, he stood there quietly insolent. On the dance floor lay the prostrate form of a meharist (French camel corps) officer. His crimson colored hood was fallen from his shoulders and looked like a pool of blood beside him. A Syrian doctor who had been a guest in the cabaret was taking care of the apparently dead man.

The doctor motioned us to him and asked us to carry the officer to the dressing room which adjoined that of the dancing girls. We placed the man on a couch, where he finally regained consciousness. His face was wounded by a bullet which had torn away a great part of the cheek bone under his left eye, but the physician assured us it would heal in some weeks' time.

Tony Palazzo

When I left the dressing room to see Jidran, he and his scribe and slaves had gone. The manager grew confidential. He told me that Jidran had fallen in love with this officer's wife and that the husband had discovered the secret trysts and come to take revenge. He had sat down quietly beside Jidran's table and at an opportune moment walked over to the chief, politely introduced himself and suddenly slapped Jidran's face with his glove twice before the surprised sheykh could recover from the shock.

Jidran picked up a bottle and tried to hit the French officer who dodged the missile, pulled his gun and fired at Jidran. He missed the chief, but one of the slaves had fired at the officer, felling him at once. The Frenchman blindly emptied his gun at the group of men in front of him but miraculously did not injure anyone.

The outcome of this evening's events was the arrest and release of Jidran by the French authorities. The wounded officer refused to bring charges but asked instead to be transferred to North Africa. He evidently was eager to leave the scene of his unhappiness.

So Jidran again wriggled out of his difficulties. Day after the dismissal of the case Jidran asked me to take him in my car to the outskirts of Damascus. As we approached the end of a large walnut and apricot orchard, I saw at some distance a waiting automobile. Jidran asked me to stop. He got out of the car and before he had gone more than a few feet he called to me over his shoulder, "Come back in two hours."

I had seen a European woman in that waiting car, and when I returned two hours later the automobile, with her at the wheel, soon reappeared. Jidran introduced us. She was a trim young dark-haired woman with a troubled smile and in no time at all had told me that she was the wife of the French meharist officer. She begged me to help her find a solution to her difficulties. She had been ordered by the French authorities to leave Syria within two days, and her husband, of course, had started divorce proceedings against her.

"Jidran cannot think of any way," she said. "I want to stay in Syria to be near him. We thought I could assume Arabian dress and live in his palace, but the authorities are certain to find out."

She wept a little and, I think, fancied herself deeply in love with this young sheykh. He was in the prime of his young manhood and must have seemed a dream come true of the exotic aristocrat of the desert. Though not tall, he was very masculine, with a fine head and glowing skin and a smile which flashed charmingly now and again in his sullen face. She had no doubt been impressed, also, by his Negro bodyguard, his family's palace, and the silver-plated car with which he dashed noisily about the city.

Half an hour must have gone by while she and I discussed a possible solution to her difficulties. Meanwhile Jidran sat restively beside the slight Frenchwoman, whispering a word to her now and then and holding her hand.

Suddenly he turned away from her. I had been standing on the runningboard and I stepped aside when I saw that Jidran wanted to get out. He pulled me away from the car and said in Arabic, "Let us go. I got my ring off her finger, and that's what I came for."

Anxiously the woman called out to me, "Is Jidran leaving? Does he mean what he says?" (She understood some Arabic.)

"You will have to ask him, Madame," I told her.

She threw back her head and laughed cynically. "The price of love!"

Then with an effort she regained her poise and held out her hand to me. "Au revoir, Monsieur," she said quietly. "Jidran's words remind me that I am a white woman after all. The sentimental value I attached to the ring has vanished like a mirage. Tell him that for me—it has vanished like one of his desert mirages."

I could not linger to tell her I was glad she had come to her senses nor to explain that my own friendship for Jidran was based on sentimental memories having nothing to do with this spoiled child of the city. Jidran was already sitting in the driver's seat, honking the horn impatiently.

He thought it would be nice to have dinner with me at my hotel, the historic old Victoria. That evening we were introduced to an Englishwoman and her daughter. The mother seemed quite impressed by my friend in his gold embroidered silk robes. (True Bedouin chiefs disdain to wear such gaudy creations and prefer the soft, fine camel woolens and goat hair garments, sparingly embroidered. But Jidran was an exception and enjoyed being flashy.)

The Englishwoman continued to admire Jidran and said, "Your friend—such an aristocrat! So well bred!"

I told her I wished his behavior might be as aristocratic as his appearance, and I suggested that she keep a watchful eye on her eighteen-year-old Helen. The girl's milky skin and pale blonde hair were sure to attract the roving eye of Jidran.

The next evening we all had dinner together, and the day following I saw the two English women with Jidran in his Buick car. The young chief drove without scribe or bodyguard. After dinner the next night Helen's mother approached me diffidently and asked if I had seen Jidran that day. I had not. She was uneasy and at last admitted that Helen had disappeared in the morning against all promises and must have gone with Jidran on a lonely trip. The fourth day the mother and daughter checked out of the hotel without a further word to me. The manager told me that Helen had been returned to the hotel at midnight by Jidran.

To put the matter out of my mind, since nothing could be done about it anyway. I was busy negotiating for the purchase and shipment of some horses and did not want to be bothered with Jidran and his escapades. So it was some time before I saw him again and could ask him about the young Helen.

"She will come back," he said.

"She is in her own country?"

"Yes," Jidran answered, "but the longing in her heart is for me."

Conceited man, I thought.

Some months later as I came out of the Hamad desert to a Syrian wilderness several hundred miles from Damascus, I rode with my little caravan up to an encampment of

***Continued in center of page 188***

# Maternal Instinct

### A story about a nice girl who married a charming dypsomaniac, perhaps with the idea of reform

### by E. G. MORRIS

• SATIRE •

JOHN TRAVERS drank. I mean he really drank. He wasn't the sort of bird who'd go to a party and after a few drinks sing ribald songs, or talk too much. He was the sort of bird who'd begin to get ready on Friday night for the week end. Getting ready meant tapering on with a bottle of Scotch, a dozen beers and a few shots of cognac.

By Sunday afternoon his apartment on Commerce Street would be a litter for broken glasses, half-empties and stray couples picked up in sundry bars. By Monday evening he would be ready to begin the tapering off process, consisting of half a dozen beers, half a bottle of Scotch and a few shots of rum.

All of this drinking kept John pretty busy, and also he had a job with an advertising agency. Yet he managed to know a raft of good-looking dames, to engage vociferously in a continual exchange of garments picked up through error at various night spots and to ring numerous doorbells at four o'clock in the morning.

Now Mabel Dabin knew all of this when she married John, and knowing it she shouldn't have married him. But she did.

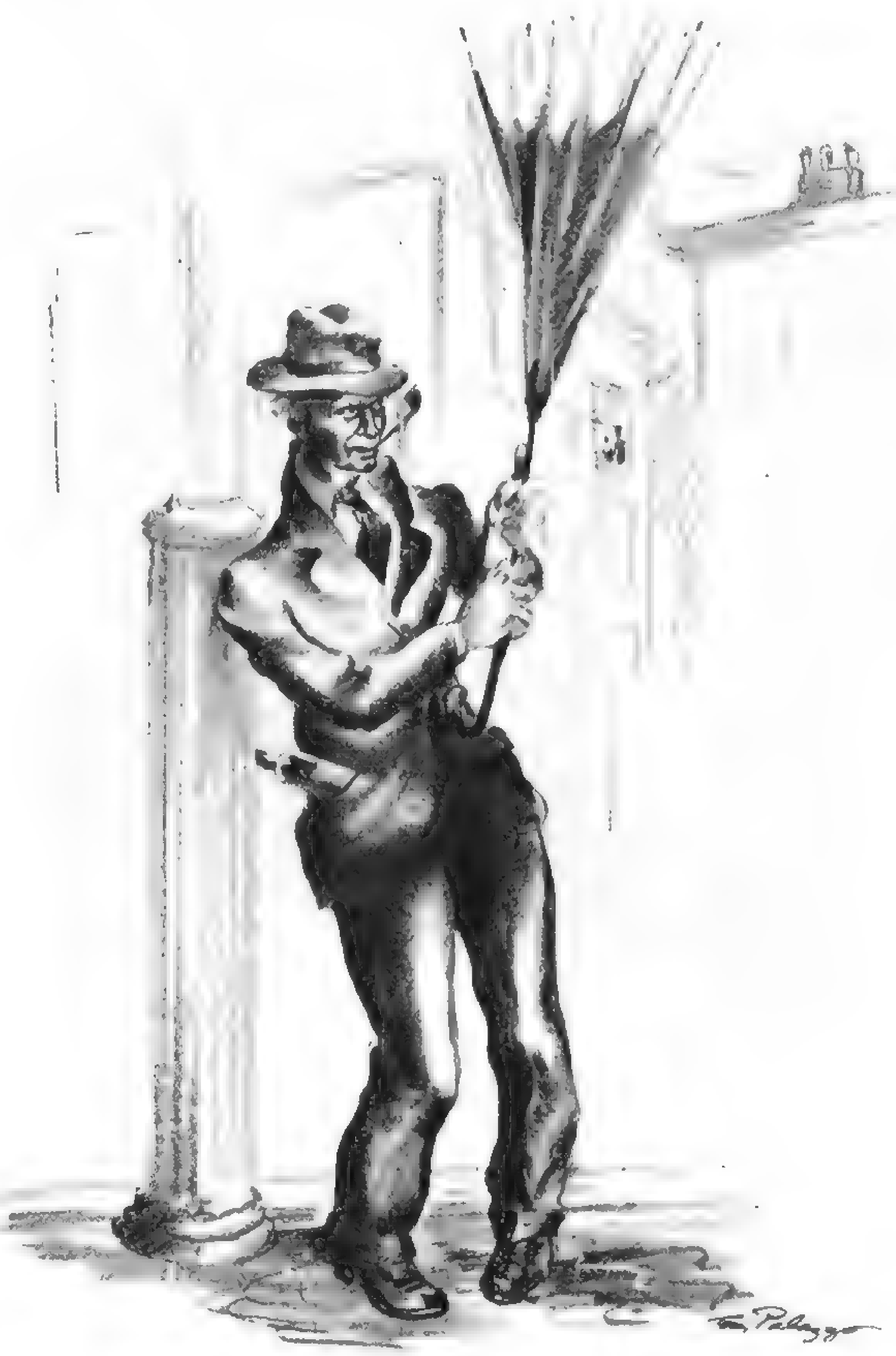
Possibly she married him because she thought he was such a "sweet, generous boy" (and he was), or possibly it was because she thought she could reform him (and she did think she could)—or maybe it was merely the way he quirked up one eyebrow and grinned before he said something cute.

For a few weeks after the marriage John scarcely took a drink. Then it began. Mabel never knew when she'd come home and find John in bed with several companions from Mike's on Charles Street—and most people who go to Mike's don't wash very often. Once he rode back and forth on the Staten Island Ferry all night, and another time he disappeared for a week and when he came back he was in an admiral's uniform—a real one.

Still, Mabel stuck by him. She cajoled—she threatened. She went home to Mother—but she came back invariably and stuck. Then came the day when her Uncle called on them—an unexpected but important call.

Now Mabel hadn't seen Uncle Charlie for years, but she was his favorite niece, and she was pretty sure that he was going to leave her all his money. He was old, too. She knew something else about him; he hated drinking—probably had never even touched near beer.

He came in the afternoon and Mabel spent a few hours praying. Praying that John would come home sober—or not at all. Her prayers weren't answered. It was raining a little bit and John turned the corner at six sharp. They could see him from the front window—and hear him too. He was having a vicious fight with an umbrella, making remarks about its parentage, and shadow boxing with it.



Before Mabel managed to get rid of Uncle Charlie, John had:

1. Tried to dance with the old gentleman.
2. Threatened to cut his liver out.
3. Offered to wrestle with him.
4. Kissed him full on the mouth.
5. Bitten the calf of his leg.
6. Tried to pull out his whiskers, claiming they were false.

The next day Mabel had a showdown with John. She pointed out the fact that he had behaved in such a fashion as to cut them off from security in old age—that he had permanently and irrevocably alienated the affections of Uncle Charlie. That unless he absolutely refrained from touching a drop of liquor she would finally and absolutely leave him.

Something must have snapped inside John, like the hook and eye of a corset suddenly coming together. Weeks passed and he didn't take a drink. They went to parties and John stayed away from the stuff. Months passed and he had got so he even refused to stop at a drug store and get a soda.

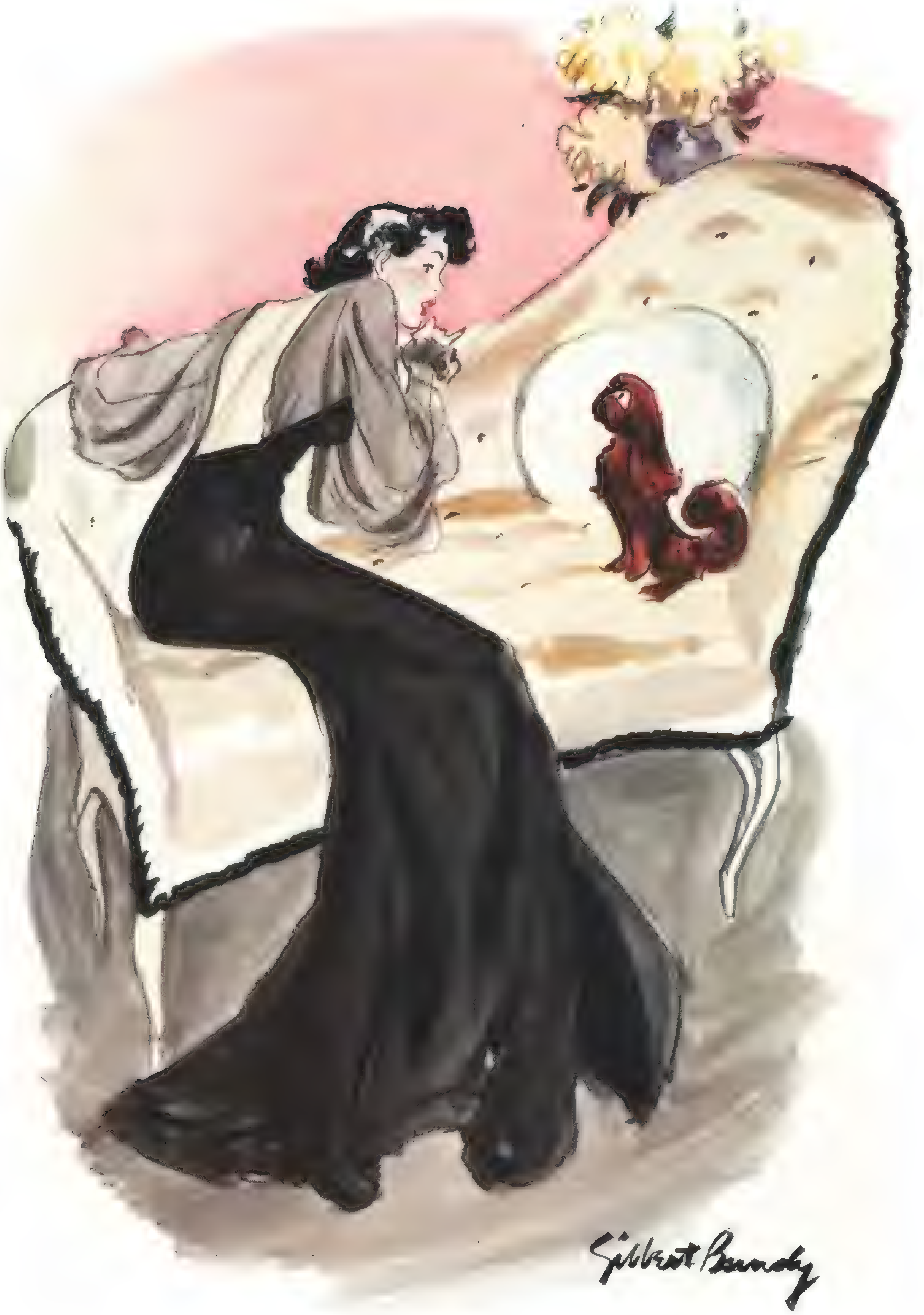
One night, about a year after Uncle Charlie's visit, Mabel was sitting in their very modern living room reading a magazine. This was a different living room from the old one on Commerce street—it faced east Fifty-fourth—for all the old copy book rules held true, and now John was an account executive, and his eyes were clearer, his handclasp firmer, his ideas brighter.

Mabel looked up from her magazine and saw John sitting there working out some special copy (he worked nearly every night now) and noticed how healthy he looked, and how self-sufficient.

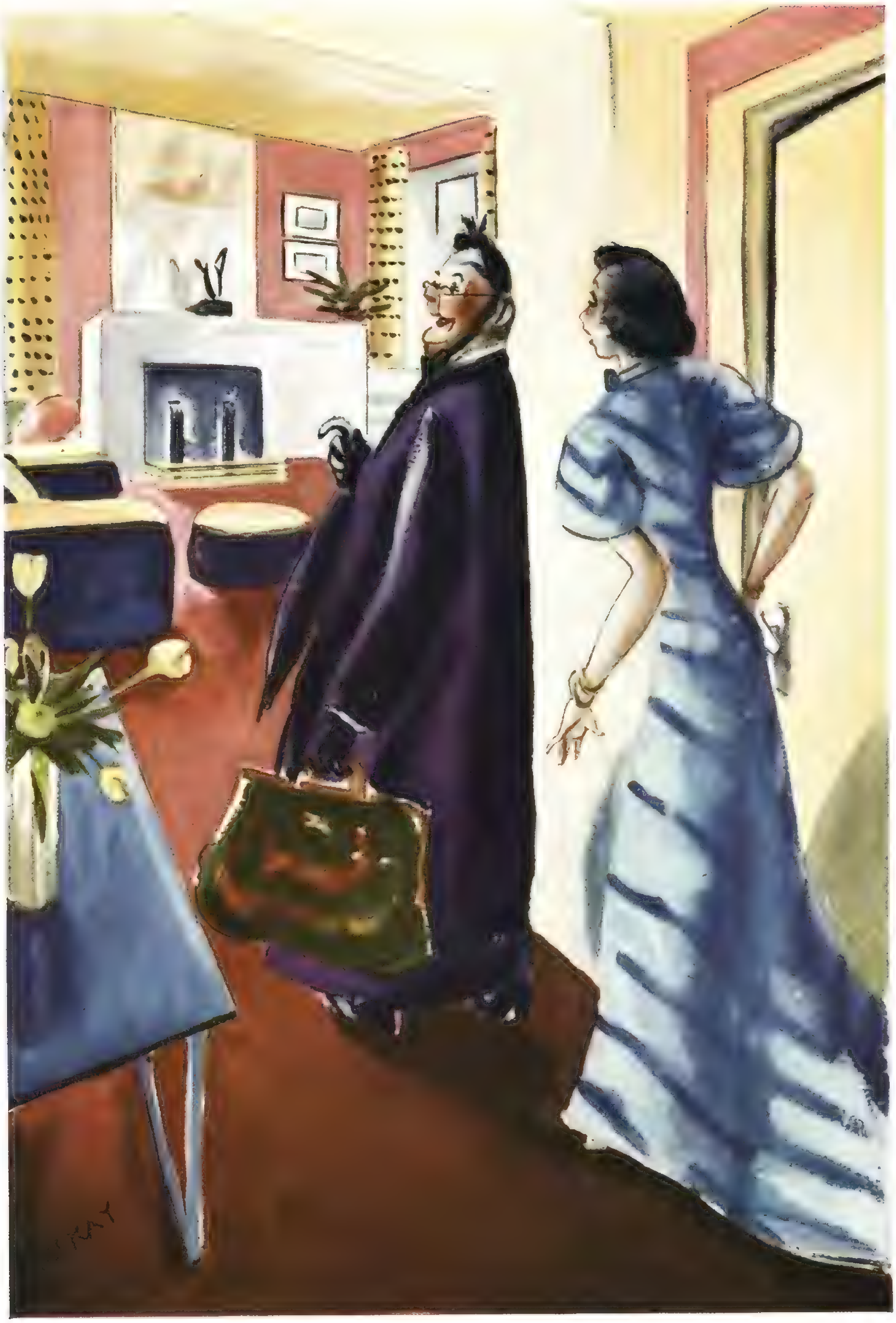
He really was self-sufficient too. No more did she come home to find the bed full of merely passing acquaintances. John always came home in his own clothes now—and he always came home.

So Mabel looked at him and she sighed—realizing that something had to be done. Like a kick in the face it had suddenly dawned on her that she hadn't been happy for at least six months. Carefully, lest she disturb her husband, Mabel tiptoed to the phone and ordered a case of Scotch.

That was a month ago. At the present time Mabel and John are the only couple in their clique which isn't separated or separating. Of course she still goes home to Mother at intervals and only last week John came home with two Chinese who were hiding from an immigration inspector—yet I've noticed that whenever John gets short of cash, Mabel manages to get some liquor into the house. I've thought and thought about their life together and I'm sure there's a moral in it somewhere—but somehow it escapes me. #



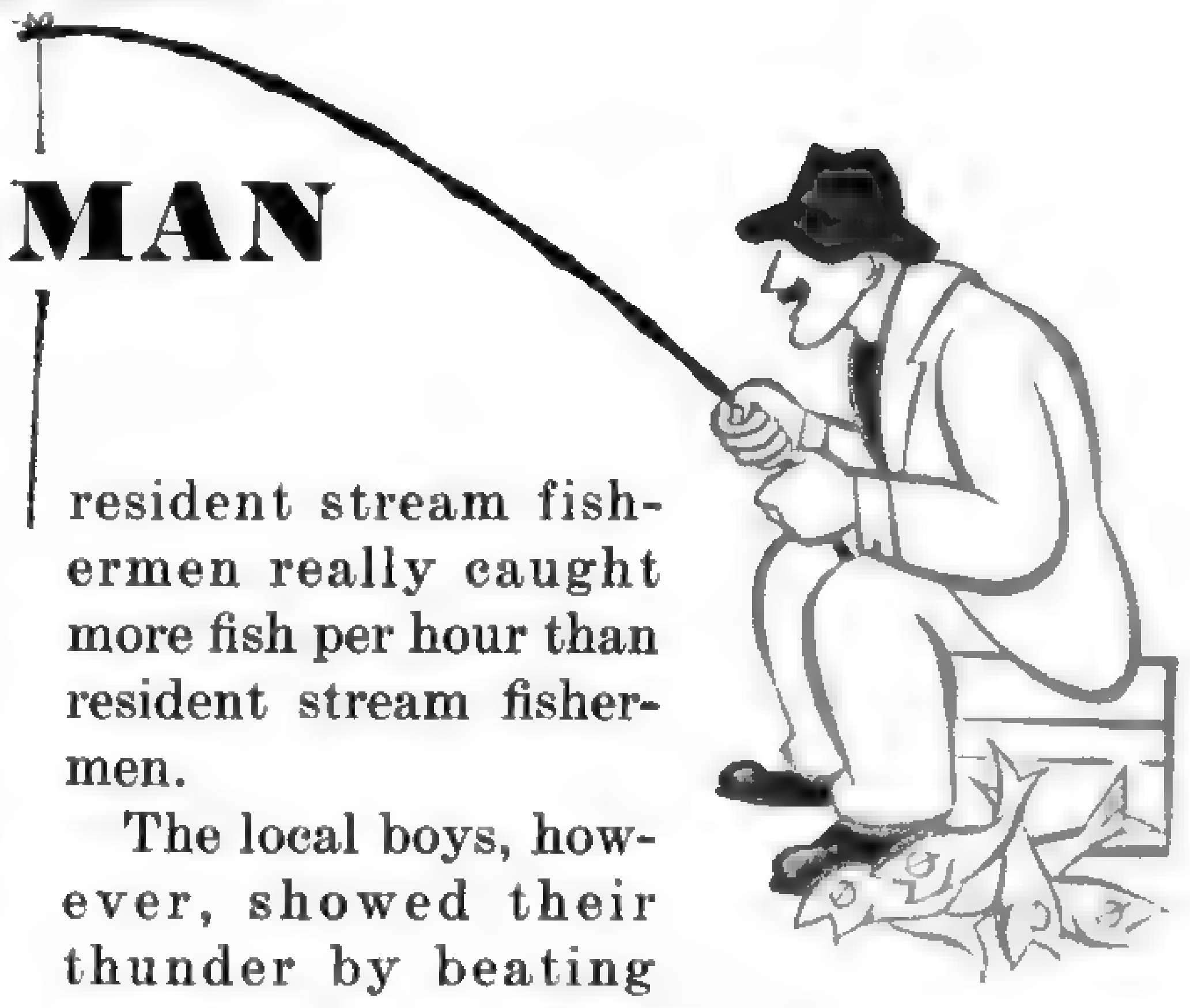
*"You don't think mama was a naughty girl tonight, do you?"*



*"—Sure beats all what $18 a week will do in the city!"*

# Fishing for Facts

### And you'll have to face the sobering fact that women, up at Fife lake anyhow, are better at fishing than men



### *by* ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

▪ SPORTS ▪

If you're the type of angler who shudders when the wind swings to the east and the moon grows full, if you believe that men are downright better fishermen than women, that residents can outshine non-residents any time in their own lakes and streams, pull up your "line," mister. We're going fishing for facts.

For the last couple summers, R. W. Eschmeyer of the Institute for Fisheries Research, Ann Arbor, Michigan, has been conducting a comprehensive survey of both fish and fishermen on a typical Wolverine lake. The check-up is apart from the general creel census which has been carried on for the last decade to show fishing trends throughout the state. In this particular instance, workers endeavored to obtain complete reports from each angler contacted on the kind, number and size of each catch, methods of fishing, bait used, weather conditions, actual hours fished and the best time for fishing.

Fife lake, an 800-acre, dollar-shaped body of water in north central Michigan, located on a national highway, was chosen for the experiment because its general layout was found typical of the average lake in the state. Men from a nearby CCC camp, under competent supervision, were stationed around the lake to contact quitting fishermen from daylight to dark, recording necessary data and measuring all catches. During the winter months, a portable shanty was erected in the snow to serve as headquarters near the most heavily fished part of the lake.

In 1934, it was found that 2,400 Fife lake fishermen caught 10,650 fish having an average length of 8 inches. The average daily catch per fisherman varied from 4 to 5 fish. In 1935, the latest year for which complete figures are available, 3,600 anglers tried the same lake, landed 11,375 fish of slightly smaller size, averaging little more than 3 fish per day's fishing.

One might assume that if 50 per cent more anglers fished Fife lake that the catch would be 50 per cent larger, but the above figures indicate that this is not true at all. As a matter of fact, fisheries experts point out that the lack of increase probably showed that the lake was being fished to capacity.

For every 10 fishermen on Fife lake, seven still-fished, two trolled, while only one resorted to casting. The still-fishing method which yielded the most fish also produced the smallest, while the method which fetched the fewest fish also produced the largest.

The old worm can proved more popular than all other baits combined, taking more fish per hour but of much smaller size. Minnows, plugs, spinners and artificial flies also were used. Largemouthed bass favored the plugs; smallmouths and perch took a fancy for minnows; while rock bass, sunfish and bluegills went great guns for worms.

Everybody else talks and writes about the weather, but it was left for the Institute to do something about it. As a sidelight to the survey, an effort was made to determine what relation, if any, good or bad weather actually had on fishing. Three sets of weather conditions were employed to show degrees of clearness, roughness and temperature.

Generally speaking, mild weather, clear skies and a light wind encouraged the best biting. Here is the low-down on the most ideal weather conditions, according to the Fife lake survey, and you can cut this out and past it in your fishing hat:

*Largemouthed bass:* mild, light wind, rain.

*Smallmouthed bass:* cold, little preference with respect to wind and cloudiness.

*Rock bass:* mild, calm, clear. Bite very poorly in cold weather.

*Bluegill:* mild, windy, clear. Bite least in cold weather.

*Perch:* mild, light wind, rain. Bite poorest when cold or calm.

*Walleyes:* mild or warm, calm, clear.

*Northern pike:* cold. Number taken were too few to show other preferences.

*Bullhead:* No apparent preferences. Number too few to permit comparison.

Rave all you want about your prowess as an angler, but it's the fair sex that really catches the fish, according to the Fife lake survey. One out of every five fishermen contacted was a woman. She fished for a slightly shorter average period than her male companions, yet caught more fish per fishing day! (Printer's note: Set small type!)

One out of every three persons fishing Fife lake was a non-resident angler, whose hourly fish catches and sizes compared very favorably with the showings of local anglers. According to general creel census figures for the entire state, non-resident stream fishermen really caught more fish per hour than resident stream fishermen.

The local boys, however, showed their thunder by beating the outsiders at lake angling.

Explained R. W. Eschmeyer of the Institute: "The reason for this apparent superiority of non-residents as stream fishermen cannot be given. It is believed, however, that those who come a long distance to fish are probably very much interested in the sport, and, as a rule, are relatively good fishermen."

Oddly enough, Fife lake anglers were either local folks or those who came in from 100 or more miles away. Those living at in-between distances rarely patronized the lake's fishing.

Arguments over the pros and cons of winter fishing have split anglers everywhere into almost constantly warring factions. Some contend that ice angling actually results in a serious drain on the population of the lakes and that the winter sport is spoiling summer fishing. What is the answer?

On typical, ice-covered Fife lake, 191 fishermen chopped holes during the 5-month period from December through April, spent slightly more than 1,000 hours fishing, and caught a season's total of 136 fish for their pains. The entire winter production was one fish for every six acres of lake.

Dr. A. S. Hazzard of the Institute, who recently completed an intensive study of some 30 inland lakes in northern and southern Michigan, has concluded that winter fishing, in general, is not injurious to summer fishing.

"On the basis of evidence now available, winter fishing in Michigan is not deleterious to summer fishing," Dr. Hazzard claims. "Those lakes in which winter fishing might adversely affect the summer fishing are the exception rather than the rule. Except for the possible curtailment of winter fishing on a few lakes where evidence may definitely indicate the need for greater restriction, winter fishing here is justified, not only because it has failed in general to prove objectionable to summer fishing, but because farmers, resort operators and other local residents whose work in summer is of such nature that it does not allow them to take time for fishing at that season are entitled to enjoy this form of recreation. It appears, on the basis of evidence now available, that in general those who strongly object to winter fishing in Michigan are prejudiced or misinformed."

This is not to be construed as a nation-

*Continued at top of page 140*

# Madison Avenue Episode

### After slaving thirty-five years for the Dixie-Land Corporation, Michael C. Krantz takes a stand

### by WERTHER FRIEDMAN

• FICTION •

Mrs. Krantz had always been aware of the importance of her station in life. Now, past fifty-five, she carried herself with the dignity of a society matron, in the Bronx apartment house where she had lived with her husband for fifteen years.

Although not a domineering woman, she had considerable influence over her spouse, who, throughout thirty years of married life, held one position with the same firm. He never brought home an opened pay envelope, and was satisfied to spend sixty cents for carfare each week, two and a half dollars for lunches, and perhaps another sixty cents for cigarettes. The wife assumed the household responsibilities—on Mr. Krantz's pay. Her ability was of the best, since the Krantz home was maintained on thirty-five dollars a week; not exactly a huge salary, but an income, as regular as the coming of Saturday.

Michael Krantz was employed by the Dixie-Land Undergarment Corporation, down on Madison Avenue. The factory was one of the largest in the ladies' underwear trade, employing over three hundred and fifty operators, and perhaps an additional hundred people in the cutting, finishing, shipping rooms, and offices.

The senior members of the firm, Mr. Rosen and Mr. Wolgast, trusted Mr. Krantz implicitly. So did Mr. Bornstein, the junior partner. Mr. Krantz supervised everything, from buying laces, sundries and materials, to the shipping of the finished product. His pitched voice was ever heard above the roaring machines, prodding workers, raising Cain with cutters, yelling at foreladies and examiners, bossing everybody, even the bosses. All took it good-naturedly, knowing that Mr. Krantz had been there long enough to fill that rôle. They hardly noticed Mr. Krantz, but they knew that he had the power to hire and fire, although these occasions were far apart, almost rare enough to be forgotten.

Mr. Krantz himself had a concrete conception of his high standing with the firm, and the indispensable importance of the same. His card read:

Michael C. Krantz
Superintendent

The Dixie-Land Undergarment Corp.
Factories

"*Factories*" included contractors in Brooklyn, and over in Jersey. *Superintendent* denotes, in Michael's case, a man who assumes the worries and responsibilities attached to details, routine, efficient systematizing, production costs, itemized labor and overhead, stocks, files, etc.

No one knew what all the style sketches, swatches of materials, trade magazines, etc., piled on Mr. Krantz's desk meant to the firm. But during the thirty-three years Mr. Krantz was in its employ, the Dixie-Land Undergarment Corp. grew from a small "two by four" down on Lispenard Street to one of the largest underwear firms on Madison Avenue. "Sure there must be something to 'Mr. Kay,' to last that long with one firm," was the comment in and out of the shop.

In each department you saw typewritten ordinances on the wall, over the signature of *Mr. M. C. Krantz, Superintendent.* "Beginning on such and such a date operators will so and so . . . etc. . . ." In the washrooms were "notices" for cleanliness, warnings against loafing or defacing the premises, with Mr. Krantz's signature confirming the authority this man exercised and was paid for.

It was hard to believe that the firm could get along without him. Michael Krantz was sure it could not. Mrs. Stella Krantz was positive.

Lace and piece goods people who knew Mr. Krantz were under the impression that he had a financial interest in the firm, or was receiving at least five thousand dollars a year. So were many employees in the firm. The only ones who knew the facts were the bosses, the bookkeeper, and last but not least, Mrs. Stella Krantz. He got just thirty-five smackers per week, no vacation, and as yet, no paid "sick" leave, because Mr. Krantz was never sick a day since he had the measles as a small baby, sixty-two years before.

Mr. Krantz had no complaint to make, but his wife kept razzing him of late. He had started with the firm at eight dollars a week. They gradually advanced his salary to its present size, and since business was poor the past five years, he couldn't expect more money. At his wife's insistence, however, he often asked for a raise.

Mr. Krantz thought it strange that before their boy and girl grew up, his wife never complained. They sent the kiddies through school. They always maintained a comfortable home, and at one time, Mrs. Krantz even had a modest bank account. And now, with both son and daughter married, they should be more content than ever. But his wife was always grumbling, at times placing him on a low level. Even if he belonged there, she shouldn't hurt him and annoy him.

One evening in February, Michael announced that two of the bosses and their wives were going to Florida for a vacation.

Mrs. Krantz's face twisted as he had never seen it, her voice bitter and rasping:

"Slave all your life the way you did—make them rich—shame, I tell you, shame! Your own wife has no money for vacations, even to Coney Island."

"But Stella dear, can I help it? I asked them for a raise several times. They say business can't afford it . . . they . . . "

"They what? Business can't afford it? Their wives go to Florida! While I struggle to make ends meet on your measly thirty-five dollars! I have no stockings to wear. Look at this coat! The bank balance is down to ten dollars, and the children's wedding presents aren't paid up yet. We're behind with the lodge dues. Why don't you buck up like a man? You're important in that firm. If they don't give you what's coming to you, force it from them, you fool! Leave Them—without notice!"

That night Mr. Krantz didn't sleep a wink. In the morning he decided that on Saturday of that week he would bid a silent good-by to the place, and never show up until he was called. Jack Bornstein, the junior partner, would wire to Florida the news that he left. They would phone him to find out the reason. The firm surely would give him the advance in salary and call him back to work.

Saturday Mr. Krantz handed the pay envelope to his wife, and told her the news. They had nothing to worry about. How could a place, managed successfully for thirty-three years by one man, get along without him? Where find a manager to work for thirty-five bucks? One hundred dollars a week is what they get, and it would take years for a new man to learn what Mr. Krantz knows about this business.

Sunday the married son and daughter came to dinner. They were all jubilant. That firm would learn how to treat their father! It was a shame the way they abused him all those years.

Monday morning Mr. Krantz got up an hour later than usual. He enjoyed an extra long shower, then kept his pajamas on the entire morning, reading newspapers, chatting with the parrot, Eaglebeak—yet with his eyes often on the telephone. Everybody at the shop must be talking. Did Krantz really leave? Why? He'd bet that the machines weren't even running. Production without him there would be cut in half.

How foolish these bosses are. Before they call him back, their losses will pile up into thousands, all for a measly five dollar raise.

The telephone rang! At last. Mrs. Krantz rushed in from the kitchen. "Yes, yes . . . what? Naw! Wrong number."

Their eyes met. However, it was only Monday morning. Just wait! "They'll learn, they'll learn."

By dinner-time Mr. and Mrs. Krantz weren't very talkative. Only Eaglebeak broke the monotony. Mrs. Krantz went to bed early. Mr. Krantz kept pacing the floor, up and down, cigarette after cigarette, until late.

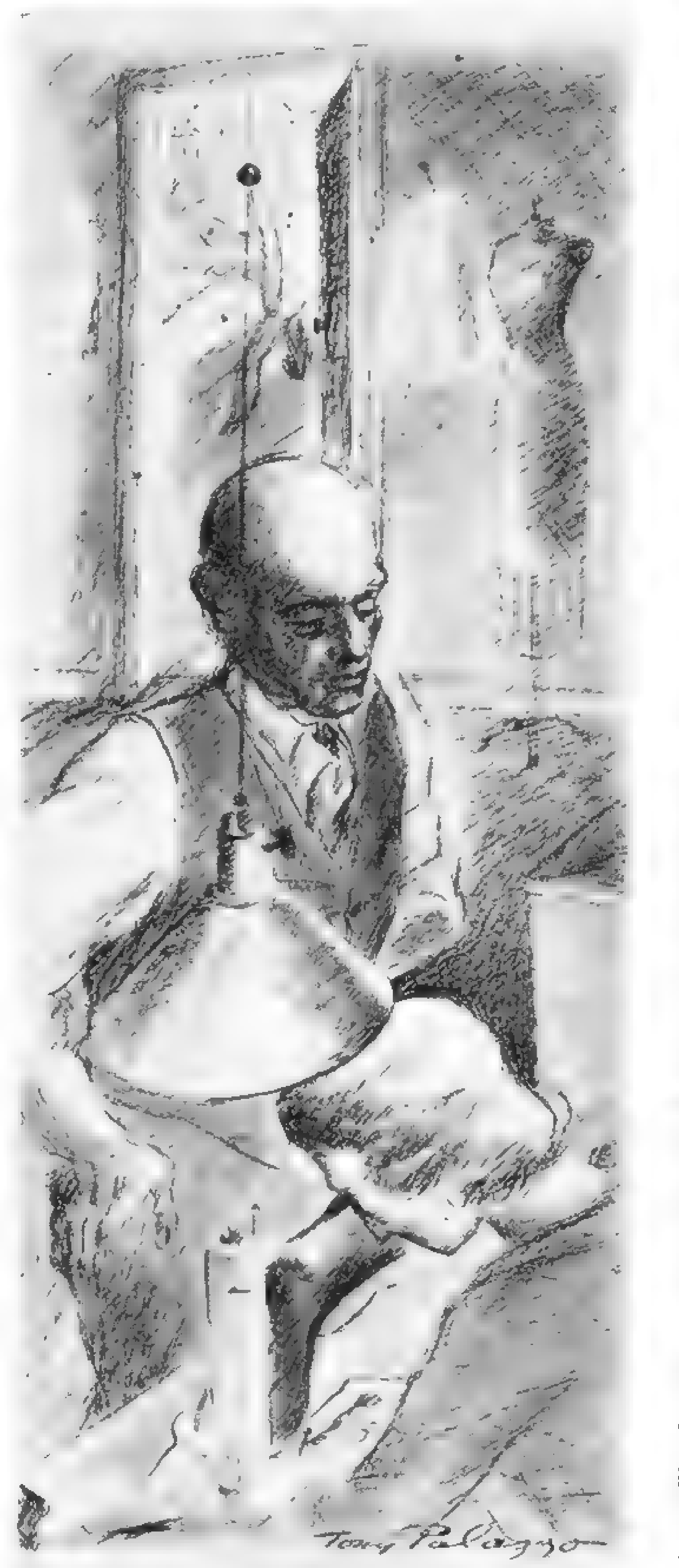
Tuesday afternoon he couldn't stand it any longer. Had they hired another manager? How could they? Managers with thirty-three years experience don't grow on trees. Besides, think of the expense, the loss, the mix-up, with a new man to be broken into the intricacies of a business like the Dixie-Land Undergarment Corp.

They were playing with him like a cat with a mouse. Perhaps they were sore because he left them in a "pickle" without notice. Whose fault was it? Why didn't they give him that measly raise?

That night it wasn't only Mr. Krantz pacing the floor nervously, but Mrs. Krantz was becoming frantic. How were they going to pay the rent, living expenses? Now, at this age, what would become of them?

Wednesday, towards noon, they hit upon an idea. Suppose he takes a trip downtown, and hangs around the corner, when everyone comes out to lunch. They'll certainly stop to talk to him, and he'll find out if another man has his place.

Mr. Krantz, freshly shaved, dressed himself in his best. At Thirty-Fourth Street, as he came out of the subway, before turning into Madison Avenue, he bought himself a five-cent cigar, tore off the label, and lit it nonchalantly. Then he walked towards the shop building, where any moment now, they would come out for lunch. Sure enough, there were the shipping clerks, the cutters, some operators, the office girls. He passed them all with a furtive glance.



"How do . . . Hello, Mr. Krantz. Things O. K.? See you later," flipped one of the house salesmen to him.

Funny! No one asks a question. They avoid the subject. There comes Bornstein himself. Hump! Mr. Krantz straightened himself, and puffed hard at the cigar!

"Hello there, Krantz. Since when did you take to cigars? They don't become you, really!"

That's all. Not a word about the job. Bornstein didn't seem to give a damn about his leaving. "Holy Gosh, what am I to do now?"

And he kept walking around in circles, from Fourth Avenue to Fifth; every street, east and west.

He met the machinist, a forelady, the errand boy. They nodded to him and walked by, as if Mr. Krantz's resignation had been a weekly occurrence during the past thirty-three years. A lace salesman asked him how he liked the sample he had submitted to him that morning. Before Mr. Krantz could shout that he must be crazy, the salesman waved good-by with: "See you again, Mr. Krantz! So long!"

Scared and furious, Mr. Krantz took the subway home to the Bronx. He could not explain the situation to Mrs. Krantz. Words failed.

Was it possible that the whole world was ridiculing him? Mr. M. C. Krantz, Superintendent of the Dixie-Land Undergarment Factories?

Mrs. Krantz moved mechanically, under some electric spell, in the nightmare of the situation. She served dinner. Soup and meat left over from the day before. Mr. Krantz noticed that his wife was putting the lights on and off, as she moved from kitchen to bedroom and back. The end of the rope. No money in the bank, no job, no pay envelope on Saturday. Poor Stella . . .

They might wind up on relief. He felt remorseful, ashamed. Later, as Stella served the coffee, he noticed that she put in half the usual measure of milk, and hardly any sugar. She reduced Eaglebeak's customary biscuit ration. The rent was due only two weeks ahead. The butcher, the grocer, and the milk man would require a lot of explaining when their bills were presented, and there wasn't any money.

His married son was hardly getting along, and his son-in-law depended on a meager job working for his father. No chance of help from them, from anybody.

Mrs. Krantz was pacing up and down in the bedroom, and her shadow, as she moved about, almost rendered him insane. He wished that she would light up the room, the whole house, make a celebration! Besides she was silent, swaying her head and wringing her hands. He wished she would talk, call him names, belittle his ability, and cry out the misery he was always providing for her, through years of slavery with the Dixie-Land! Why did she move about like a phantom?

It grew late. Eaglebeak dozed. Michael became restless. He too began walking up and down. His last cigarette was burning his lips. Stella had gone to bed.

He entered the bedroom meekly, undressed and curled close to his wife. She was crying. He placed his arm about her.

"Oh, Michael, what are we going to do now?"

"It's O.K., darling, everything is going to turn out all right. So far, so good. I still can't see how they dare to get along without me. Just wait another day or so. They'll come to their senses. We still have EIGHT DOLLARS and the rent isn't due for two weeks."

When morning came, Michael jumped to his feet. Then the realization that there was no job darkened the sunny morning.

He opened the door to fetch in the milk and the paper. Suddenly his eye caught this advertisement:

> PRODUCTION MANAGER—Silk Underwear. Must know business from A to Z, and have excellent references. COSMOPOLITAN B. & S. UND. CO., 105 Madison Ave.

Both his wife and Eaglebeak were shaken by Michael's yell. At last! Stella was right! He had no guts. There is a job waiting for him. Experience, excellent references? Where can they find a man who knows what M. C. Krantz knows? He'll bet the least salary they'll pay will be a hundred dollars a week.

"Oh, Stella darling, we're happy again, for keeps! A hundred dollars, a century ticket every week. Think of it, Stella!"

He dressed himself in a hurry, and waved good-by to his wife and Eaglebeak. He just had time to make it. There couldn't be any other applicants with his chances to get the job. He knew the firm. Big competitors of Dixie-Land. The two companies were a real "pain in the neck" to each other, when it came to selling goods at a close mark-up. His bosses often said the Cosmopolitan B. & S. is killing the business; they give goods away.

Wait until the Dixie-Land "bunch" heard about the change. They'd learn plenty.

At last he arrived. Mr. Krantz, out of the subway, turns into the avenue, and enters an elevator in 105. His lips are dry. He is pushed into a large vestibule, filled with people. It looks like a convention of silent musketeers, standing in line to be interviewed.

Mr. Krantz was given number 148, and still more were coming in. Newspapers under their arms, somber, they took their turns in line. Michael Krantz had never applied for a job as far as he remembered, never needed one. Were all those people production managers? Some of them must have been there for hours already. He felt faint. A sudden chill ran up his spine.

He fell on a bench, groaning. Nobody noticed him. Every eye was focused on the front door, where numbers were being called for interview.

Slowly he became composed. He heard words behind the partition.

"Who were you with before?"

"The Gigantic Lingerie Corporation."

"How long?"

"Six years . . ."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"What salary did you earn last?"

"Forty-five . . . Will start now for less."

"Why did you leave?"

"Slack season—no business."

"We need a man who is not afraid of hard work or late hours, who can attend to production, repair machines, design styles, calculate and record them in our books, cut and grade patterns, manage cutters and foreladies, and whenever necessary, cut at least a hundred dozen slips a day . . ."

"I can do all that!"

"O.K. Leave your name and address at the desk. We'll let you know—as soon as we're ready."

They were now calling number 86. Mr. Krantz's number was 148.

"Holy Gosh, what have I done!" He thought of his nice desk at the Dixie-Land. Was it possible for even one wheel to be running without him in that factory? Yet, everything seemed to be O.K. They were not phoning him or writing him for an explanation. Worse, they held him up to ridicule. They evidently had another manager up their sleeve right along. A firm does not find a substitute to take his job the day after a man leaves—unexpectedly.

*Continued in center of page 126*

# The Kansas Cupid

### Buddy Rogers' father has made a nice thing of his marriage parlor out in Olathe, Kansas

### by B. ROUECHE & C. KENT

• ARTICLE •

PROBATE Judge Bert Rogers, pink-cheeked proprietor of the Olathe, Kansas, Cupid's Parlor, will never, never, never marry couples who have the taint of liquor on their breath.

As far as he knows, only once did he come near violating this high moral standard. That was when a young man and woman from nearby Kansas City roused Bert from his warm bed one bitter January night. Bert was sleepy and in a hurry to return to his snug harbor beneath the blankets. He ushered the merry couple into the Parlor in his home near the courthouse square, produced a license and launched into his routine.

"I had just completed my ring service," he says sadly, "when I noticed that the young lady was swaying ever so slightly. I didn't say another word. Just ripped the license in two and threw it on the floor. I opened the front door for them and went right back to bed. But I was so mad I couldn't get to sleep . . . not for hours."

Nor will Bert unite couples who, to his experienced eye, are on the lean side of seventeen. Matrimony is a serious thing, and not to be undertaken lightly. Young people don't always realize that, Bert explains.

But in the last two and a half years more than four thousand couples have met Bert's rigid requirements and those of the State of Kansas, and have emerged from Cupid's Parlor after partaking of the Judge's one-stop matrimonial service. About five hundred of these, more fortunate than the rest, treasure marriage certificates witnessed and signed by Olathe's own movie star . . . Bert's pretty son, Buddy.

Tony Palazzo

In the last year Bert has tied the holy bonds on an average of eight couples a day. Saturday nights he averages almost twenty services. Bert doesn't get much sleep, because most of his business comes from young people who have reached their decision after a night club celebration in Kansas City, fifteen miles away. If any of them have been tainted with liquor, Bert hasn't known it. Except that one time.

When Buddy is in town the news spreads over Johnson County and into Kansas City like a prairie dust storm. Then business booms in Cupid's Parlor. On those days marriage licenses enfolded in be-ribboned little booklets decorated with rollicking cupids and extolling the civic wonders of Olathe (an Indian word meaning "beautiful") are passed out to couples at the rate of 25 or 30 every twenty-four hours. Buddy is always a witness at the ceremonies when he is in town. He squeezes the bride's hand ever so lightly. He bows gracefully in the glory of his movie clothes. And he smiles that famous Buddy Rogers smile. Fortunate is the bride who chooses such a day for her marriage. For the groom, Buddy has a firm, manly handshake which dispels all last-minute regrets. He grins his admirably controlled cinema grin which magically conveys the proper suggestion of well-bred envy. Couples who choose to marry during the holiday season find Bert more than willing to co-operate. Three weeks before Christmas he decorates the front of his attractive two-story house with a 5-foot scarlet heart pierced by a slender white arrow, and outlined with flashing lights. Hesitant couples have only to approach Olathe to observe the flickering symbol of true love that beckons until the new year dawns.

"That sign is worth a lot to me," Bert says seriously, "Most young couples hate to ask the way to my home. Young folks on the verge of matrimony are mighty sensitive, don't you think? Mighty sensitive."

Bert says he would probably leave the sign out the year around if Mrs. Rogers would let him. She doesn't think much of it at any time.

Bert is sixty years old. Despite the absence of one kidney, which was removed in 1932, he appears to be in excellent health. His trim, slightly paunchy figure is always immaculately clothed, many of his suits being Buddy's made-over movie clothes. His pink face turns red under his thatch of white hair when he laughs, and he laughs often. His blue eyes gleam benevolently behind his pince-nez spectacles, and his even teeth show signs of careful, costly dentistry. He is a real live wire in the Chamber of Commerce and most other Olathe civic bodies. But for three devices which any man could have used Bert would look like the average, well-thought-of, peppy small-town business man. He rose to fame in Kansas with the aid of a red necktie, a yellow pencil, and a handsome son. For forty years Bert has sported a screaming red necktie—at first because he liked it, and later because others began to look for it.

He buys the ties by the dozen, and doesn't like to have people give them to him as presents. It is hard to secure the exact shade and texture of the foulard he prefers. Bert wouldn't wear just any old red tie. Since he became probate judge a relentless campaign by Mrs. Rogers has toned down the shade of his cravats from cerise to maroon and to Bert's mortification.

The yellow pencil has perched over Bert's right ear during all his waking hours for twenty-eight years. It began as the hallmark of his trade as editor of the Olathe *Mirror*, the "oldest weekly in Kansas," which he ran for some twenty years. Primarily utilitarian, the pencil—always a long, new, sharply-pointed one—soon became no less decorative than the inevitable red necktie.

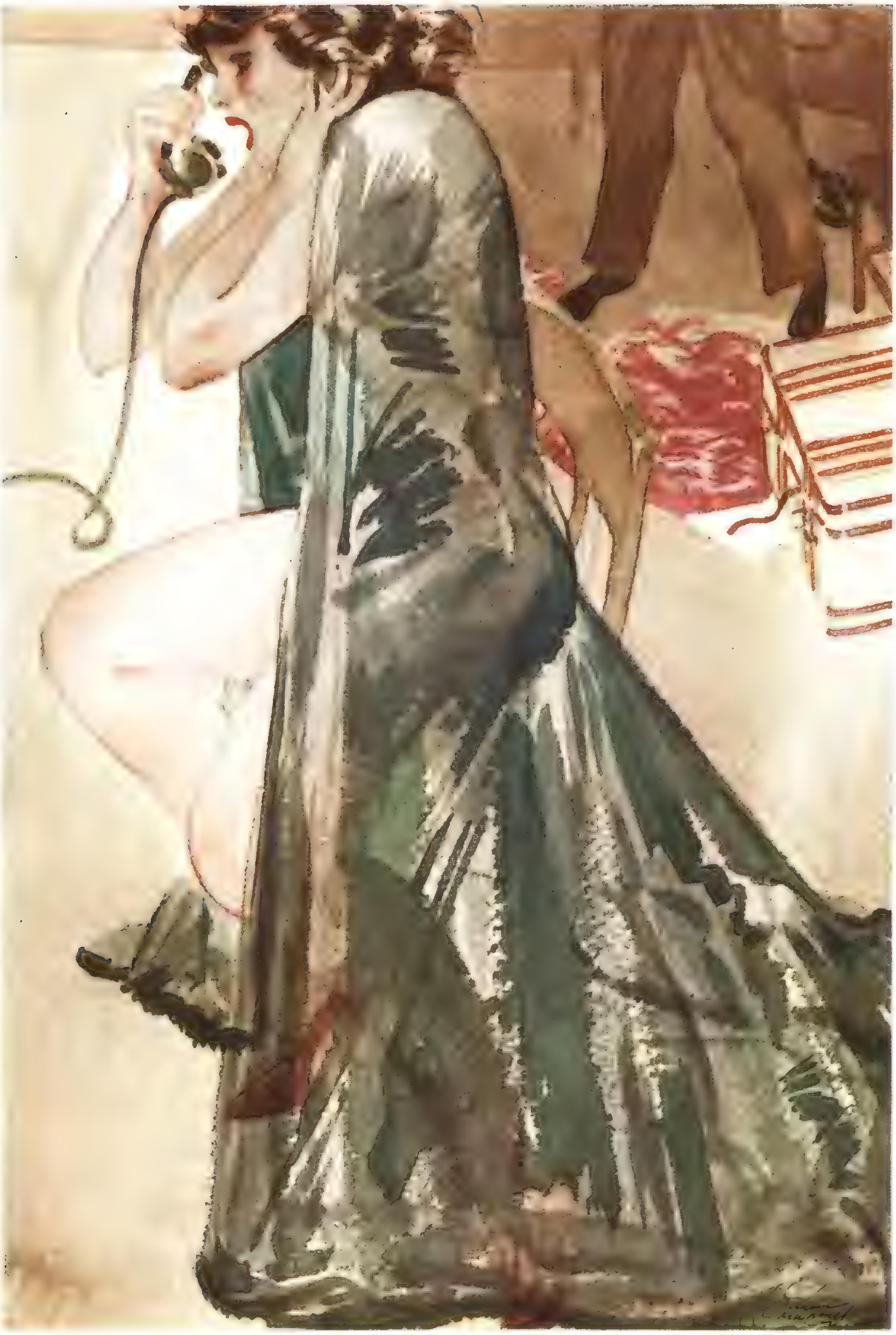
"There's never been a time when I'm out of bed that I don't wear my pencil," he says proudly. "No sir, a draft always hits me right behind my ear if I don't wear it. Never falls off."

In 1923 inspiration seized him. Although a loyal Methodist, he was attending a Lutheran church picnic near Olathe in his official capacity as editor of the *Mirror*. Acting on the flamboyant impulse he topped off the regulation Kansas picnic dinner by eating twenty-four chicken gizzards. Johnson County rang with the exploit, with Bert doing most of the editorial ringing. He's not particularly fond of chicken gizzards any more.

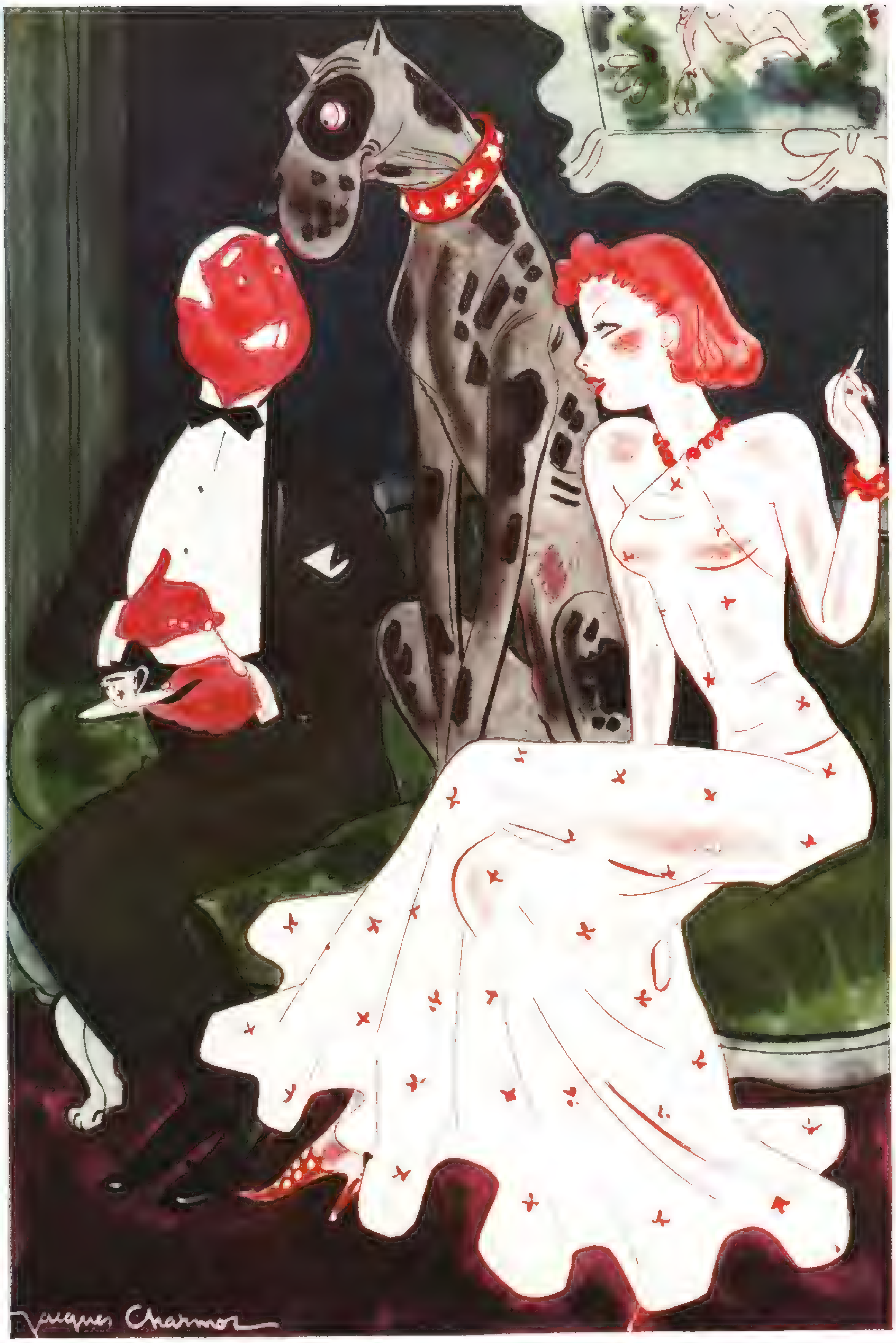
Nevertheless, Bert's fame stopped at Johnson County's borders until 1926, when his son Buddy left the University of Kansas in his junior year to become the barely suppressed desire of a million shop girls as the movies' latest glamor boy. Bert promptly blossomed into a newsworthy character in his own right.

Prior to that time Bert had merely been The Kansas City *Star's* Johnson County string correspondent, whose gossipy style of telephoning in items succeeding generations

*Continued on page 185*



*"Hello—Advice to the Lovelorn? I'm trapped on the 30th floor and my husband is pounding on the door!"*


Jacques Charmoz

*"He sorta looks after things while my husband is away"*

# Why I Hate Everybody

## By the time he's thirty, a really smart fellow from a "good" family can hardly stand anybody he knows

### *by* WALTER BROOKS

• ARTICLE •

For a good many centuries man has been trying to promote the millennium by means of brotherly love. Just how far has it got him? If you believe what you read in the papers—nowhere. What with murders, strikes, massacres, radio, wars and the income tax, the progress of civilization is less and less marked by the application of the love-thy-neighbor clause. It is my belief that from the start the advocates of applying love to human affairs have been on the wrong track. Hate is the moving force in civilization; and the degree of civilization is measurable directly by the amount of free hate circulating in it.

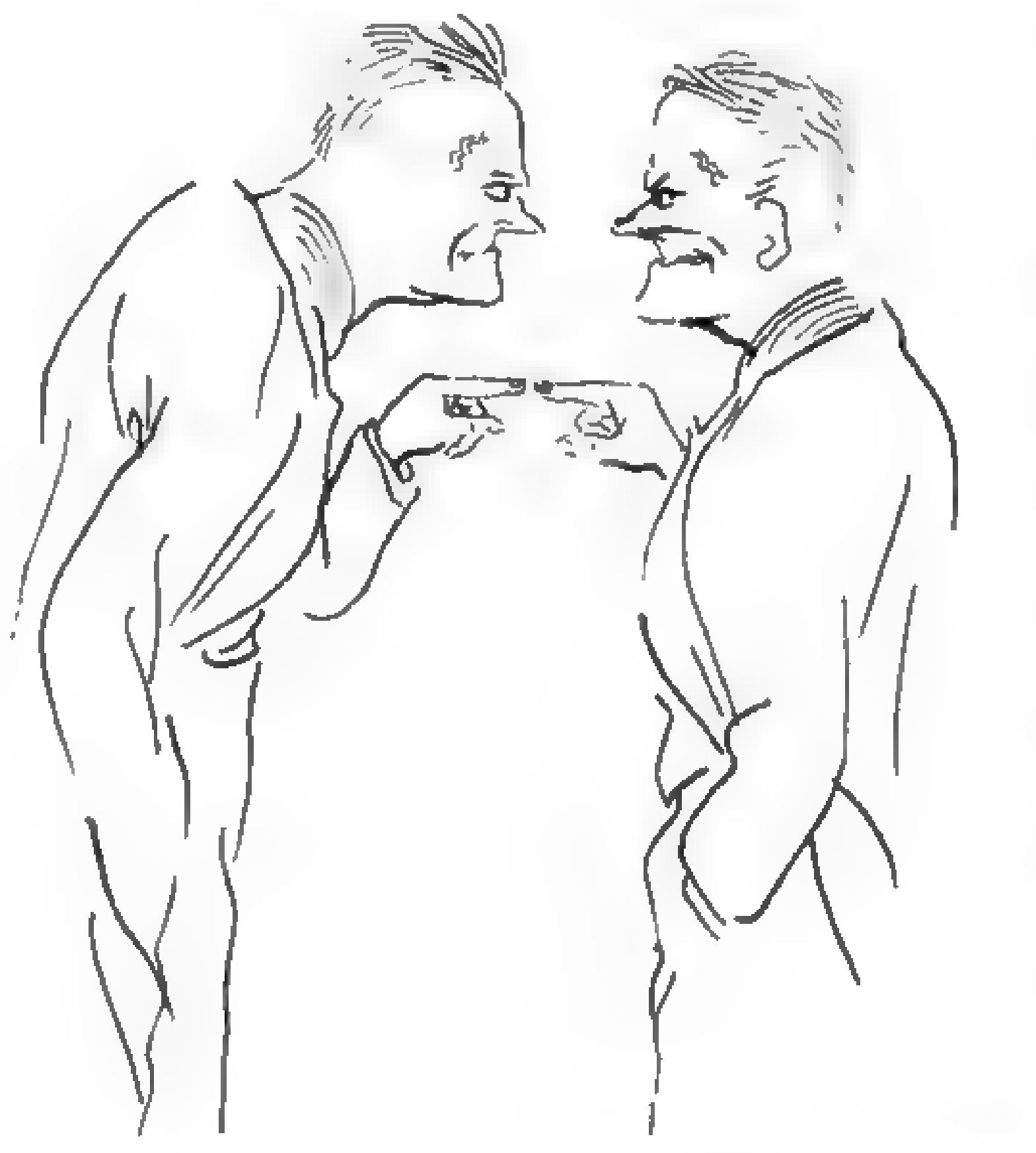
It is easy enough to prove this. What city has been considered for years the most conservative, the most behind the times? Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love. Whereas in New York and Chicago, those fine flowers of our Western culture, the politeness curve—always a good negative indication of amounts of free hate—is well below zero, and going down.

Or consider the thing historically. Animals, in a free state, don't hate one another. They eat one another sometimes, but quite without rancor. Watch two strange dogs meeting on the street, how pleasantly they wag their tails. Move up the scale to man, and what do we find? No tail wagging, certainly. Few joyous barks. A smile, probably. But there is good psychological evidence that the smile is merely a baring of the teeth in warning. Even man in a primitive state, say the anthropologists, wasn't pugnacious except when pushed. But as he emerges from the pleasant wallows of barbarism he begins hating more freely. And pretty soon we have civilization, where movements—wars and missionary work and political campaigns—founded on hate, prosper as those founded on love never do.

This theory has wide implications as will presently appear. I stumbled on it in the course of examining my own personal hates. I found that I hated practically everybody that I didn't know, and everybody without exception that I did know. I hated them singly, and as groups, and in classes. A queer state for a civilized man to be in, I thought. And then the idea came to me: queer, perhaps, but certainly not uncivilized. For the older and more civilized I grew, the more people I hated.

We begin as children by hating our parents. We don't hate them all the time, of course; we aren't mature enough for that yet. We hate the servants, we hate our teachers, we hate the doctor, the dentist, the policeman at the corner. All of these people exist for our benefit—but the children who love them are usually sissies. And so, if we are brought up in a cultured family, we have made a pretty good start. By the time we are thirty, unless we are hopelessly backward, we can hardly stand anybody we know.

Now I think it is a fair proposition that most Americans hate about as freely as that. After all we are a civilized nation. They may use a milder word for it—dislike, mistrust. They may put themselves in a class and say that they hate only the opposite class. As a pedestrian, for instance, you hate motorists. But then you get into your car and in two toots on the horn, as a motorist you hate pedestrians. Moreover, you hate all other motorists. Which leaves you just an individual, hating everybody else.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Superficially, one might conclude that we hate everybody who is different from us. And of course everybody is different. But the conclusion breaks down on examination of a few classes. Take women and children first. There used to be a lot written about the antagonism of the sexes, and it is true that most healthy American men hate women even when they love them. Women are different, as any high school boy can tell you, but nobody believes that the hatred is based on that difference. As for children: everybody hates them—and I include those who coo and talk kitchy kitchy, for they know that nothing so enrages a child. But we hate children in the degree to which they are articulate: that is, grown up, more like us.

Then, too, we often hate ourselves, and there is nothing less different from you than yourself.

A few of the more generally admitted hates will repay examination. Ask any of your friends how they feel about doctors, lawyers, policemen—to take groups which are generally supposed to exist for the protection of mankind. "O lord, don't start running to those robbers," they'll say. "The less you have to do with them the better." Those are the mildest answers you'll get.

Consider the cop. The idea in our town when I was a boy was to bait the gendarmes. The best method was to get behind a good high fence, stick up your head, call them something nasty, and then run like hell. I was only captured once. That was when a wire clothesline caught me across the chest, and the law caught me on the rebound. That cop was only partly civilized. Instead of running me in, he asked me if I was hurt and let me off with a mild warning.

So my hatred of the police is no vestige of a childhood fear. My obvious reasons are more recent. I have had a drunken cop who was splashing in a puddle with his night-stick threaten me with a beating when I pointed out that he was splashing my best suit. I have seen cops—under great provocation, I admit—beat defenseless men. I have sent for cops in an emergency and had them take an hour to get there. I once sent for a cop to stop a man beating his wife. When he got there, the wife had been knocked unconscious, recovered, reconciled, the blood had been mopped up, and husband and wife had had time to get thoroughly plastered.

On the other hand, I have known of cops doing admirable things. I have read—and believed—stories of coply heroism. I think that most of them are honest. I really shouldn't hate cops so much.

Or take lawyers, who in my experience always seem to be acting for the other side. Or doctors, who insist on talking about their hobbies instead of the particular twinge which I have brought them to investigate. Or dentists, who bring up controversial subjects when they have gagged me with both hands and a drill and a mirror.

Or tenants. God, how I hate tenants! I have a house in New York, the upper floors of which I offer for rent to desirable tenants. You can strike out the word "desirable" without hurting my feelings. Running such a house must be rather like running a home for the violently insane.

Indeed, my first tenant was insane. I inherited her from the previous owner who had allowed her to live on rent free in the attic because she was afraid of her. She was a middle-aged woman who wore tattered black garments and practically no shoes. I had supposed her gone, but a noise in the attic one night led to investigation, and I found her rolled up in a ragged quilt under the eaves. "Is this Mr. Brooks?" she said, blinking at the flashlight. "I thought you'd gone," I said. "I won't put you out tonight, but you must leave in the morning." "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't have time to find another place today. I was giving a big dinner at the Waldorf." We got rid of her eventually, but not the next day, and not

*Continued in center of page 154*

# The Boy and the Can

### The gravel road lead somewheres where folks bathed every day and did things beside chop and plow

### by M. WALTHALL JACKSON

• FICTION •

"Flour barrel's empty. Winter lard's gone." The voice of the boy's mother held of querulousness. It did not whine, nor grieve, nor question, nor desire, nor rebel. It was just a sound—flat like the cotton fields, colorless as the crawfishy land, so lacking in any nuance of tone or emotion that it scarcely conceived meaning.

The boy walked all of two miles before he remembered what she said when she handed him the scrawled piece of torn paper sack.

After the plowed land, hot and uneven to his bare feet, he was glad to strike the dank smooth swamp path. He shifted the tan shoes dangling across his shoulder so that the string cut less. Then he remembered what his mother said.

"Flour barrel's empty. Winter lard's gone. Take yore shoes, Dee Boy. They'd think we-uns was pore, and you barefoot."

He saw a gray squirrel flirt up a cypress tree and wished he had a slingshot, or a gun. The smell of the leather shoes reminded him that he was hungry. All his life he had been hungry. He had never eaten enough at one time to feel plumb good and full.

That morning: cornmeal cakes made with water and salt. Sorghum molasses. But Maw from the stove saying, "Cain't hog it all, Dee. Kids is got to eat yet."

And Paw hollering from the west field where he was running the single plow, "Hump yoreself, now. Tell Peck Cato I said for God's sake."

Then the mule's harness rattling, and his tall ears nodding off down the long, green bloom-spangled rows.

The boy reached the swamp's outer edge. He shifted the shoes on his shoulder again and stepped into the glaring heat of the turn-row lane across Bay Ditch field. He noticed Gordon Craft had a pretty good stand, but scrawny in spots. Sand seeping in, likely.

Then he was at the graveled highway which he hated. The sun hit it and bounced back up into your face like a hog-killing fire. Cars zoomed behind you and whooshed past, smothering you with dust. Gravel tore hot holes in your feet. No wonder mules kept to the sloping side-lane. He took their path, the searing chat of the highway shoulder biting at his tough soles.

A huge red truck lumbered above him, spewing dust. He clamped his eyes shut and said all the cuss words he knew.

When he opened them, the truck was stopped a hundred yards down the highway, glittering in the heat-shimmer, its driver with a black cap over his eyes yelling, "Wanta ride, kid?"

It was the second time he'd ever ridden in an automobile. He hung onto the door handle, scared.

The truck driver was a big easy red man smoking a cigarette.

"Where you going, bub?"

"Lester's Landing."

"What's that? Them two stores down the road apiece?"

"Yeah."

"Whyn't you go on with me?"

"Where you going?"

"Smithtown. Pardew in Paragould went busted. Stack in Smithtown bought him out. I'm moving the stuff. Enough groceries in that trailer back there to feed an army till they couldn't holler 'calf rope' for choking."

The boy hung onto the door handle. Shining cars swished by the truck every minute or so. People in them wore clothes like in the catalogues. Seem like they shone like the cars. The boy looked at his patched overalls. He leaned down and put on his shoes.

"Let me out to Lester's Landing."

Cautiously he discovered that he rode safely without gripping the door. The wind blew cool against his sallow, expressionless face, lifting his mouse hair under the straw "Cotton Chopper's Special—25c plus 1c Sales Tax." The mile-and-a-half of familiar fields along the highway to Lester's Landing rushed queerly past. The sense of moving, of going some place, of thrusting speed seeped into him. His peaked hazel eyes thawed to light in their deep-turned sockets.

He glanced at the driver's hands on the wheel—strong, big hands padded with fat. Man was joking. He knew that. But just suppose, now—Suppose he did go on in the truck? Suppose he sat up straight like this, forgetting to hold the handle, and just went on, not getting out to Lester's Landing?

The yellow gravel led to somewheres. He'd never thought of it before. He'd known he had to go down it a mile-and-a-half from Bay Ditch field lane to Lester's Landing. But he knew now it went on somewheres. The swooping cars went on to somewheres. They didn't just disappear in dust around the bend other side of Cato's store. The people in them lived some place. They had to, he guessed.

What was that place like? Miss Taylor, teacher to Lester School, last fall when Paw let him go a few times, come from there. She said folks there bathed ever day and got education. She said they did things beside chop and plow. She read books about—he could not remember exactly, but it sounded like a right nice place. Shows, and stores, and—he just never had thought about the gravel leading to it before, leading to some place out of this place.

Suppose— Well, suppose he went on to that place? Would he get catalogue clothes? Would he eat right soon after he got there? Cain't eat less you raise crops, Paw said, more's the pity. What crops were there in that other place? Could he raise their crops and eat?

His stomach reached at the thought. He could eat right now, if he had something. He was hungry. He was fifteen years old, and had never known the time he wasn't hungry. Paw said it hadn't been squirrel season time he was borned, he'd of had to drowned him shore.

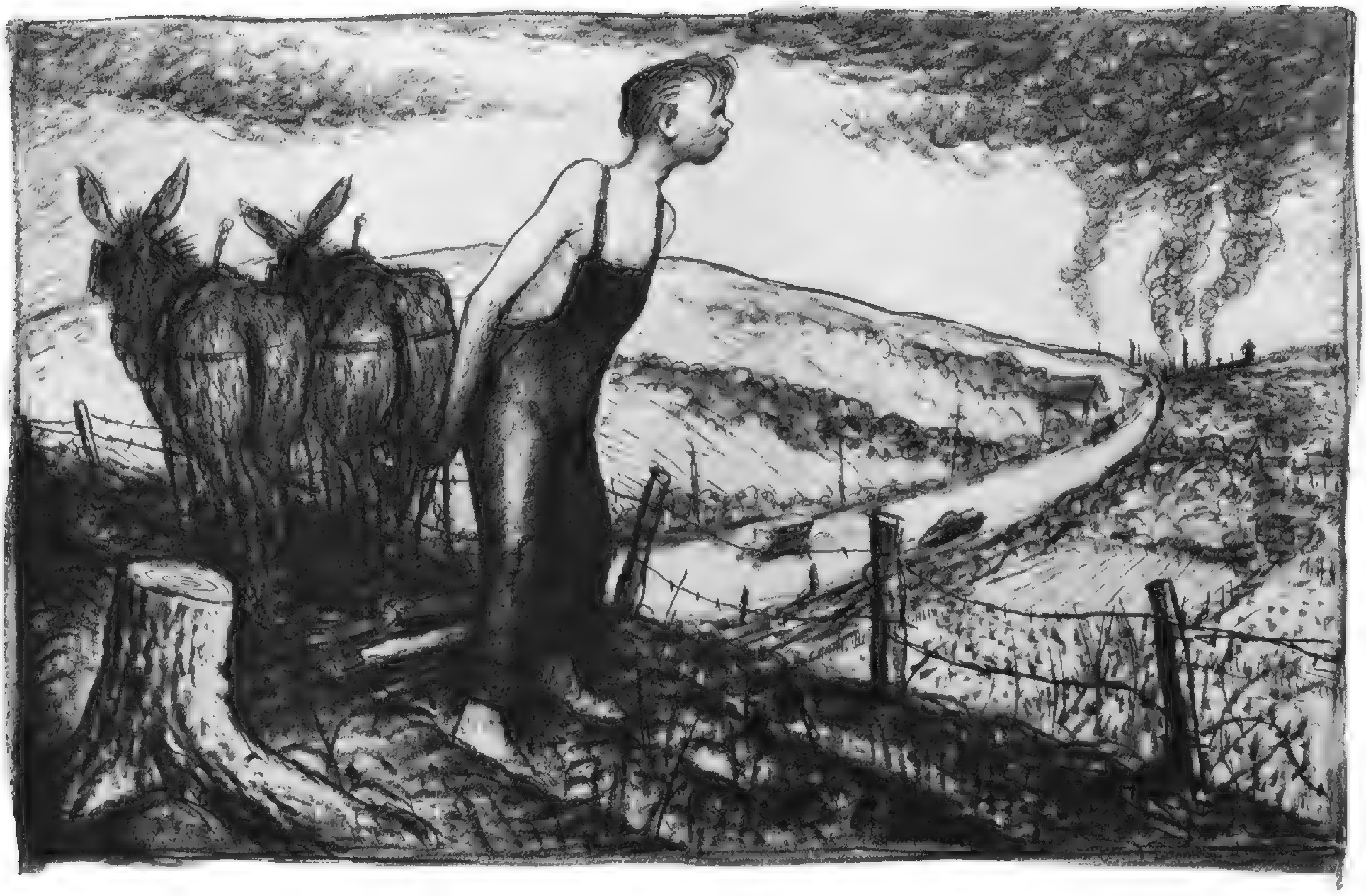
Salt-meat and dried beans. You come from the field with the burn of a mule's tail across your blistered face and ate salt-meat, dried beans, cornbread. Sometimes biscuits. Sometimes they caught a hog out of the woods. Sometimes they could buy shells for the single-barrel and had squirrel. Once, in a good year, they bought a cow. Milk was shore tasty. Paw swapped her for first payment on the baby-before-last's coffin that died. Furnish money this year put away the last one. They didn't have the cow no more, and seem like Maw had got so she couldn't drag around to tend her garden stuff. Come fall they'd have turnips, turnip greens, maybe. But mostly it was dried beans and salt-meat. Funny how you'd fill your belly to busting and still be hungry, still crave after—something.

His mind arrived slowly at the truck driver's words about groceries on the tarpaulin-covered trailer lurching behind them. He looked through the back-pane of the cab, caught glimpses of boxes, cans, and bottles when the tarpaulin swayed open.

Spit oozed in his mouth. Bet that was fancy stuff back there—fancy stuff what the fancy folks in the fancy cars ate. Candy—red-striped peppermint, marshmallows, gum drops. Bananas! He'd eaten a banana once. He still remembered how smooth and sweet and filling it was. And those cans with pictures on them! He'd always wondered what was in them. Just the pictures watered your mouth.

Some day—Suppose they had a good piece of land, rain was right, price was right. He'd walk into Peck Cato's store and buy him one of every kind of those picture cans. And bless God! he'd eat! He'd eat till his sides swelled, until he couldn't walk. He'd say, "Wrap me up that hoop of cheese, and that string of bologney. Yeah, and some apples for the kids. Hell, man! Here's yore money. Plenty of money—"

"All out for Lester's Landing, son," the driver was saying. The boy stumbled awkwardly into the noon-sun blaze. Gas fumes stung his nose. He wondered why his legs were so stiff. The big red truck ground off down the yellow gravel. The driver stuck his head around the cab-window.



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"See you in the funny papers," he waved.

The boy did not wave. Without expression, he watched the truck disappear in dust around the bend beyond which he had never been. Smithtown, the man said. His hands were fat. Even his hands were fat and soft-like. And he was taking a houseful of groceries, good things to eat—bananas, candy, cheese, cans with pictures on them—to that place beyond the bend. The boy felt dizzy in the sun.

He fumbled in his jumper pocket. The piece of brown paper-sack was damp with sweat. Maw's list of things she needed:

5 ponds salt meat
10 pond sak meal
5 pond lard
box Oats
1 gal coal-oil
Snuff
5 ponds beens
10 pond sak flower
1 pond coffee
Cardui
Chewing terbacco
Box matches

("And eggs. I'd like some eggs. But he won't let you have none, I reckon.")

The boy crossed the store porch, unaccustomed shoes squealing, and went in, his pinched nose quivering at the rich smell of the place.

Peck Cato, the store owner, scanned the list. A little man, not much taller than the boy, his body twisted and hunched as if with continually hefting loads onto his scales, his wrinkled face with its dusty hair had the air of a red fox when it listens, but was not so pretty.

"Paw said 'For God's sake,' Peck."

The storekeeper squinted over his glasses.

"Yore Paw already owes a big bill," he said, puckering his lips. "We're in debt ourselves what with the flood and everything. Tell yore Paw he don't git his rot gut on no credit, I reckon. I reckon he pays Mack Irvin cash money for that."

"Naw. He gits that shares on corn he sells Mack. He don't give Mack no cash money."

"Well, he gits furnishing money, I guess. All sharecroppers I ever heard on does. But he ain't paid me one cent out this year's furnish."

"Owed on them last two coffins. Undertaker won't take the other mule."

"Starve the living to bury the dead." The storekeeper shook his head slowly.

"Maw *will* have them put away right."

"Well, it's his look-out, I guess. How many of you all?"

"Seven living. Three dead."

"'Pears yore Maw could of sent chickens, or eggs, for trading."

The boy hung his head. "We ate 'em, time of the flood," he mumbled.

"You got groceries till yore crop comes in, I reckon."

"Naw. Flour barrel's empty. Winter lard's gone. Paw said, 'For God's sake.'"

"Yeah?—Well, you tell him I said the same thing! . . . Gimme that list."

The storekeeper saw the claw hands that gave him the brown paper. Once his hands were like that. He knew the things that made a boy's hands like that—gray-brown, skinny. He knew the gray, slumping two-room shack back in the gray mosquito-ridden wilderness of swamp, the crawfishy fields with stumps, the mule and the plow had to be jerked around.

He turned, got a box that had held dried peaches, and began gathering together the list of things the boy's Maw needed.

The boy watched the storekeeper fill the box. The gloom of the shot-gun store was good after the sun. He hoped the loafers around the rusty stove had not heard. His eyes came to steady rest on the crowded shelves. Lordy! Just to walk in once with pockets full of money. And eat. Just once.

There was a shout. The store screen banged open. Tobe Rogers, who trapped the river winters and pearled summers, exploded through it.

"Hey!" he panted. "That grocery truck just jumped the railing on the dredge-ditch bridge."

The men around the stove took down their feet. They stopped spitting. The store shook with running and yells. They ran the way Tobe had come from. The screen door slammed open, slammed shut, its spring quivering.

"Durn 'em!" winced the storekeeper. "Whoever's expecting that shipment'll expect a long time. Here boy! Here's yore trading. Git home with it. Don't go mixing in that fracas."

The boy shouldered the dried-peach box.

"Paw'll be obliged," he said.

"He'd ought," snapped the storekeeper. "Git home like I tell you. Yore Maw'll be needing the stuff."

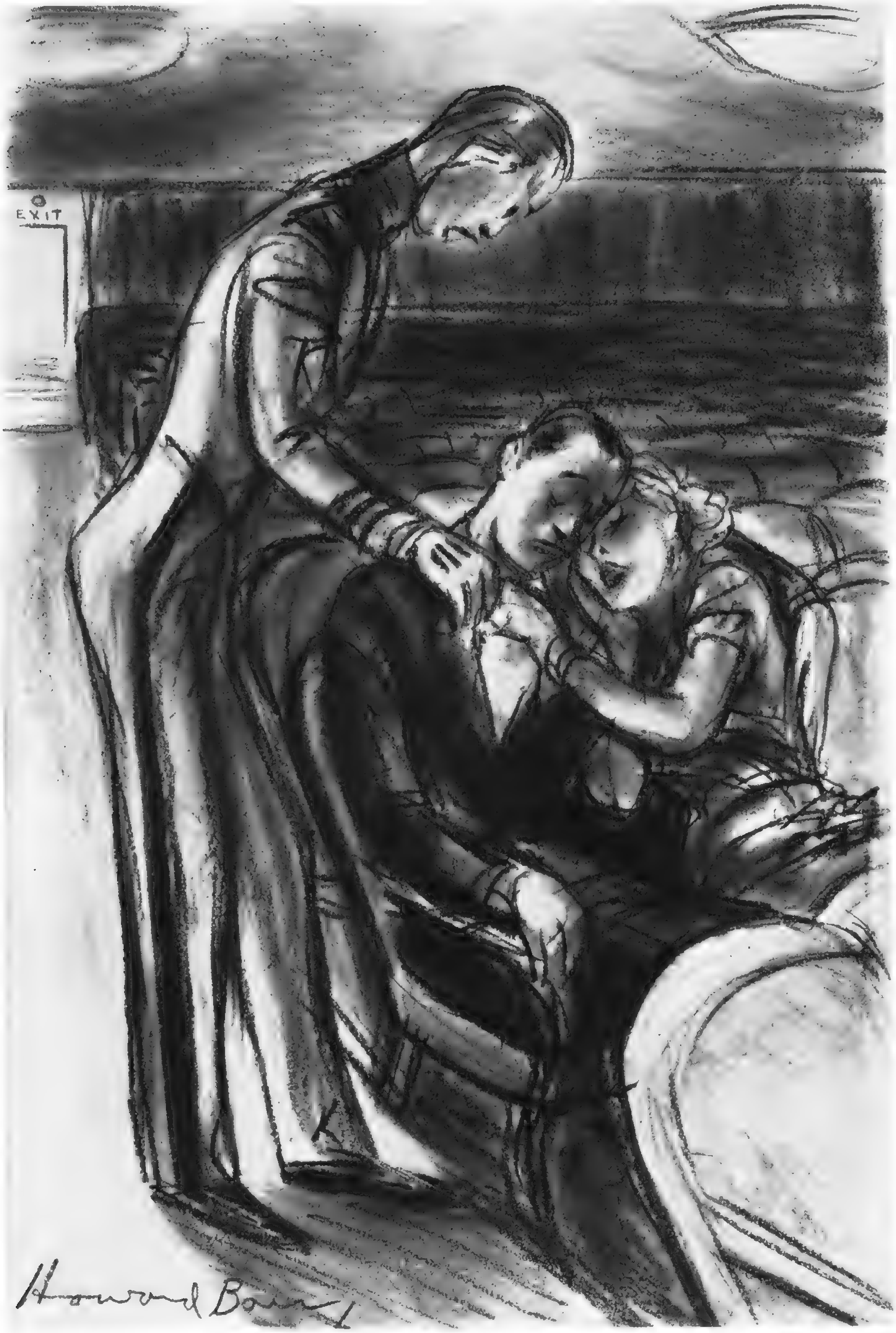
The boy went out. Men were streaking past the store. Women, children, and dogs loped after them. Cows, pigs, chickens chased with them, scattered before them. Everything alive in Lester's Landing was yelling, making tracks, hitting dust around the bend beyond which the boy had never been. Almost without knowing, he was sucked into the rushing wake of that going.

The box was heavy on his shoulder. It pushed his straw hat down so he couldn't see. Sweat ran into his eyes, and he couldn't sling it off because the box took both hands. He held to it, and ran.

He passed a white-painted church with a steeple by a slough. He passed some houses. He came to a wooden bridge across a dredge-ditch.

And sure enough, just like Tobe Rogers said, there it was—the big red truck with tarpaulin-covered trailer on its side like a bogged cow in the shallow water at the

*Continued on page 120*



*"You left a call for twelve thirty, sir"*

# That Open Tournament

## In the International Lawn Tennis Federation, as in the League of Nations, America loses its shirt

### by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

You know who the open champion is in golf, but can you name the open champion in tennis? If so you're good, because there isn't any.

There is no player in lawn tennis who stands as the acknowledged peer of his fellows, amateur or professional. No one who has conquered the best in the world in competition as Bobby Jones used to beat everyone in golf. Is Perry the professional better than von Cramm the amateur? No one knows exactly. Without a meeting of amateurs and professionals, as there is in golf, it is impossible to find out.

The Open Tournament in lawn tennis is just another one of those lost causes. Many followers of the game in the United States wanted and still want an Open. Even some members of the inner councils of the United States Lawn Tennis Association favor it, and several years ago this body actually approved the holding of such a tournament. Nothing came of it, however, and today the Open in tennis is further away than ever.

Now behind this struggle for an apparently unimportant athletic event, is an interesting lesson in world affairs. If you wonder from time to time why some of the gentlemen in Washington are so unco-operative and so reluctant to allow us to get mixed up in Europe and the politics of the Old World, you might observe what happens when we start mixing up in athletic problems with the sporting politicians of the Continent.

Tennis the world over is governed by the rules of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, hereinafter to be called the party of the first part, of which the U. S. Tennis Association is a member in good standing. This first-named outfit with the long name might well be termed the holding company of international tennis. It consists of the tennis associations of over fifty nations, is founded on the highest principles, and exists, among other things "to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the existing associations," and also to "promote the Professional Lawn Tennis Championship of the World." Gather round, brothers, and notice what it has done to accomplish these ends.

Now this holding company of tennis has no corporate existence; it consists of those national tennis associations who, having paid the annual dues of five dollars, are in good standing. It meets each year on the third Friday or Saturday in March, in Paris where the food is good. As a delegate remarked: "If the Federation does nothing else for its members, at least it feeds them well." Occasionally there is a supplementary meeting held in London in July when the weather is good. As a member of this society with the long name, our own tennis association is bound by any and all rules this body may choose to make.

If you play tennis, the U. S. Tennis Association is you. Subject to the approval of the Federation, it makes your rules, fixes the size and weight of the tennis ball, as well as the dimensions of the court on which you play. You may never see it, but the U. S. Tennis Association runs your game.

Now the Federation had been in existence for thirteen years before the boys finally convinced us we ought to join. At that time there was no question of an Open Tournament and no one had suggested it. But it is plain that by 1928 the U. S. Tennis Association had envisaged such an eventuality as matches between amateurs and professionals, for when it recognized the Professional Tennis Association of this country, it resolved that any club wishing to hold a tournament open to both amateurs and professionals should first obtain a sanction from the amateur association. This was obviously done to prevent Open Tournaments being held all over the country.

In 1930 the question was brought up, and a committee of the Association was formed under Louis J. Carruthers to make a study of the problem. Came hard times. Tournament revenues fell off. Clubs that had been depending on big gates to make up their yearly deficit found themselves holding an empty bag. At the annual meeting of the U. S. Tennis Association in February of 1933, Paul Gibbons of Philadelphia moved that an Open Tournament be held. It was approved, but later in the year given up because no suitable date could be found. That spring the Federation meeting in Paris saw the challenge and declared that the holding of an Open with amateurs and professionals competing was against their rules.

The next season, 1934, the U. S. Tennis Association made another attempt to promote an Open by sending Mr. Carruthers, an able New York attorney and a former president, to represent it at the annual meeting of the Federation in Paris. He argued in favor of home rule, that is, each nation deciding on the question for itself. His eloquence was useless, however, because the Federation tightened the rules, so that today no amateur can compete in a tennis tournament with or against any person other than an amateur.

Lately the professional side of the game has been growing increasingly stronger. Since 1933 Vines, Stoefen, Lott, Bell, and Perry have all become professionals, and others are likely to do so. An Open Tournament with these men plus Tilden, Barnes, Richards, Cochet, Nusslein and the pros, would be a first-class sporting affair. But our association is less enthusiastic than formerly, and whether we wanted one or not, the Federation would try to prevent it.

How could they prevent it? Easily. The International Lawn Tennis Federation, as before stated, is composed of the tennis associations of the various nations, each with a number of votes bestowed upon them by the council of the body. Thus the principal tennis-playing nations, Great Britain, Australia, France and the United States, had originally five votes each. This was raised to seven, then to twelve as more nations were admitted. France had twelve votes! Germany demanded twelve; got them, too. Gradually two blocs were formed in the League of Nations—I mean the International Tennis Federation—first an Anglo-Saxon bloc composed of England and her colonies who usually lined up with the Motherland. The French saw how things were working out, and being politicians of no mean order, they proceeded to get their colonies in to form their group.

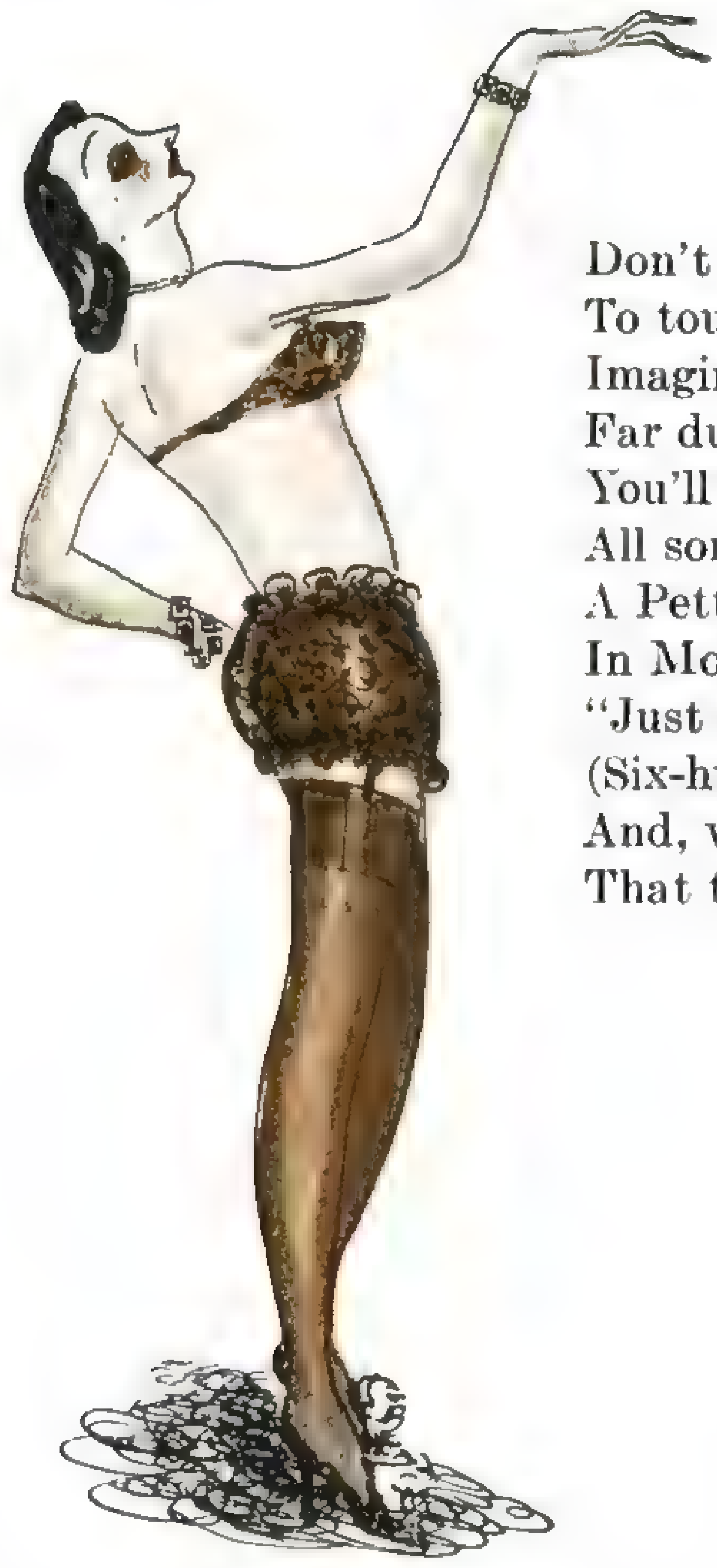
All sorts of weird little countries you never heard of, all kinds of funny islands in the South Seas where the tennis association consists of a couple of colonial officers and the club is a weed-covered court kept by a native coolie, applied for admission. The British dragged in Egypt, the French countered with Monaco. The British hauled in Kenya colony and Uganda, and the French made Tunis a voting member. Then the British brought along Mauritius, Trinidad and Tobago, while the French tried to round up Morocco, Liechtenstein, Luxemburg and Somaliland. This year Latvia and Siam were admitted, and the British, after running in Jamaica and Malaya (try and find Malaya on your atlas), began calling on their mandated territories, and after some wangling managed to get Palestine a member in good

Continued on page 153

# Those Who Toil and Spin

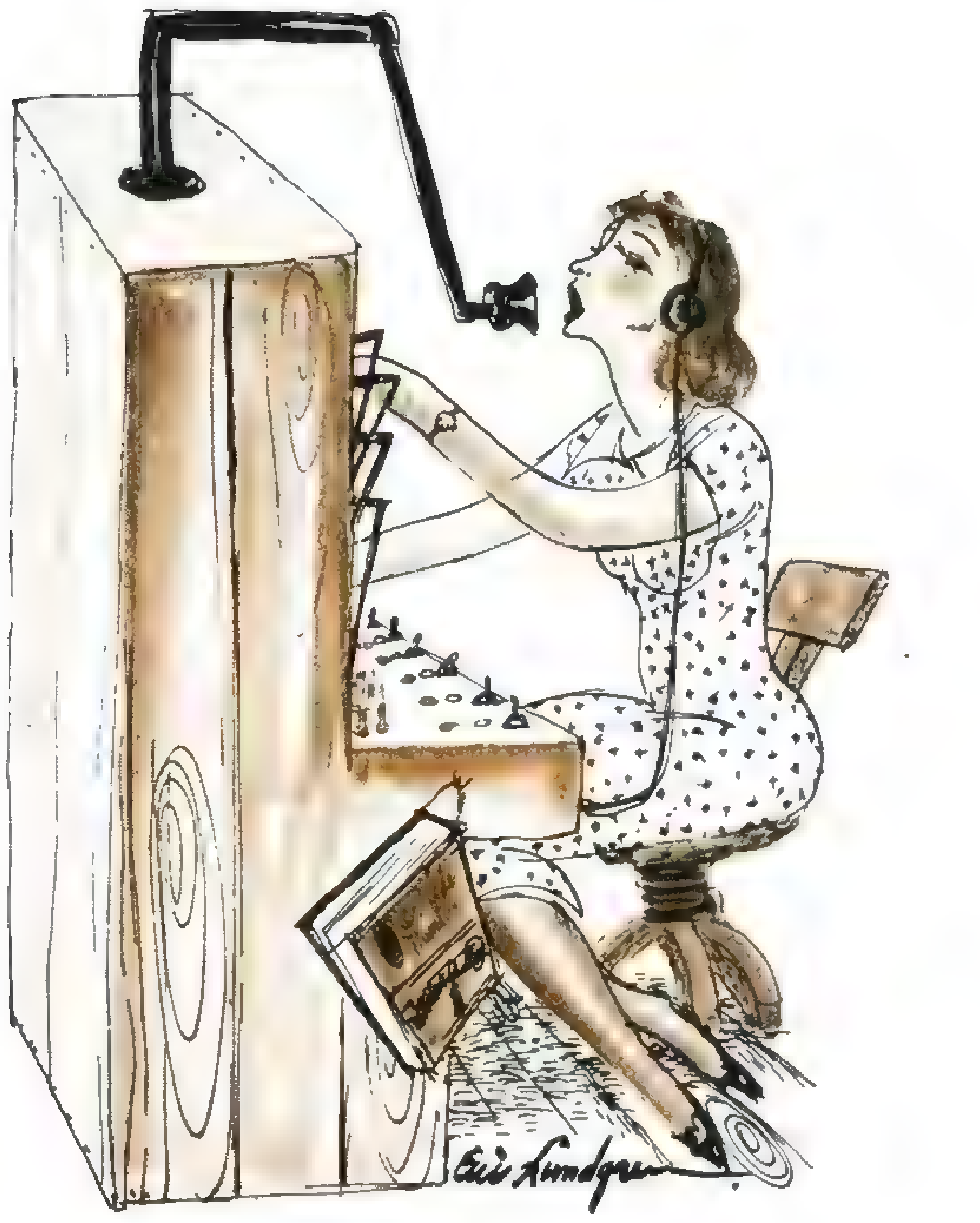
*by* **DALE FISHER**

DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN



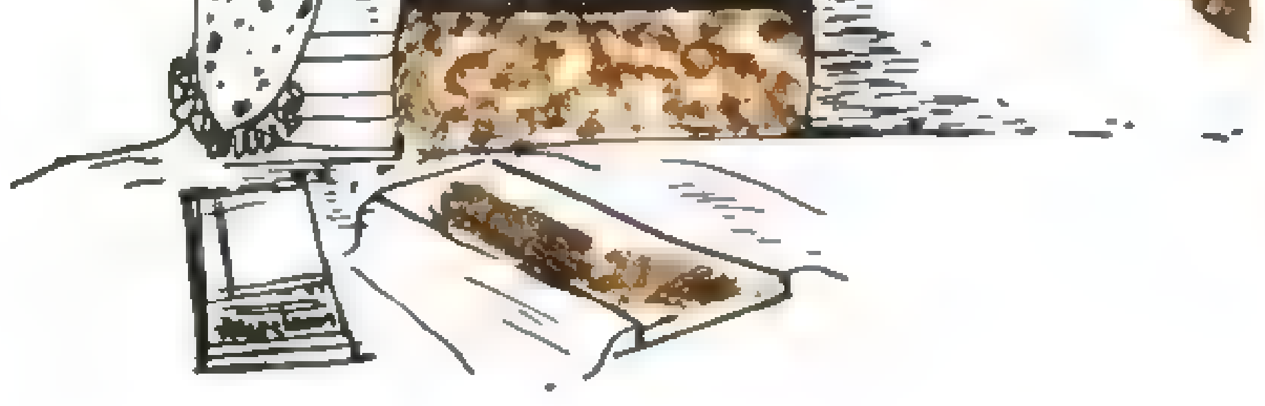
### MANNEQUIN

Don't ever refuse if a lady should ask you
To tour a few shops, for it's not half the task you
Imagine. You've paid scalpers' prices for shows
Far duller than places where women buy clothes.
You'll find that the honey who models will waken
All sorts of ideas—unless I'm mistaken.
A Petty, incarnate, she'll pivot in scanties,
In Molyneux nighties and Mainbocher panties.
"Just six-eighty-five, for this little Patou."
(Six-hundred-and-eighty-five *dollars*, to you!)
And, writing the cheque, it's your innocent guess
That the mannequin probably comes with the dress.



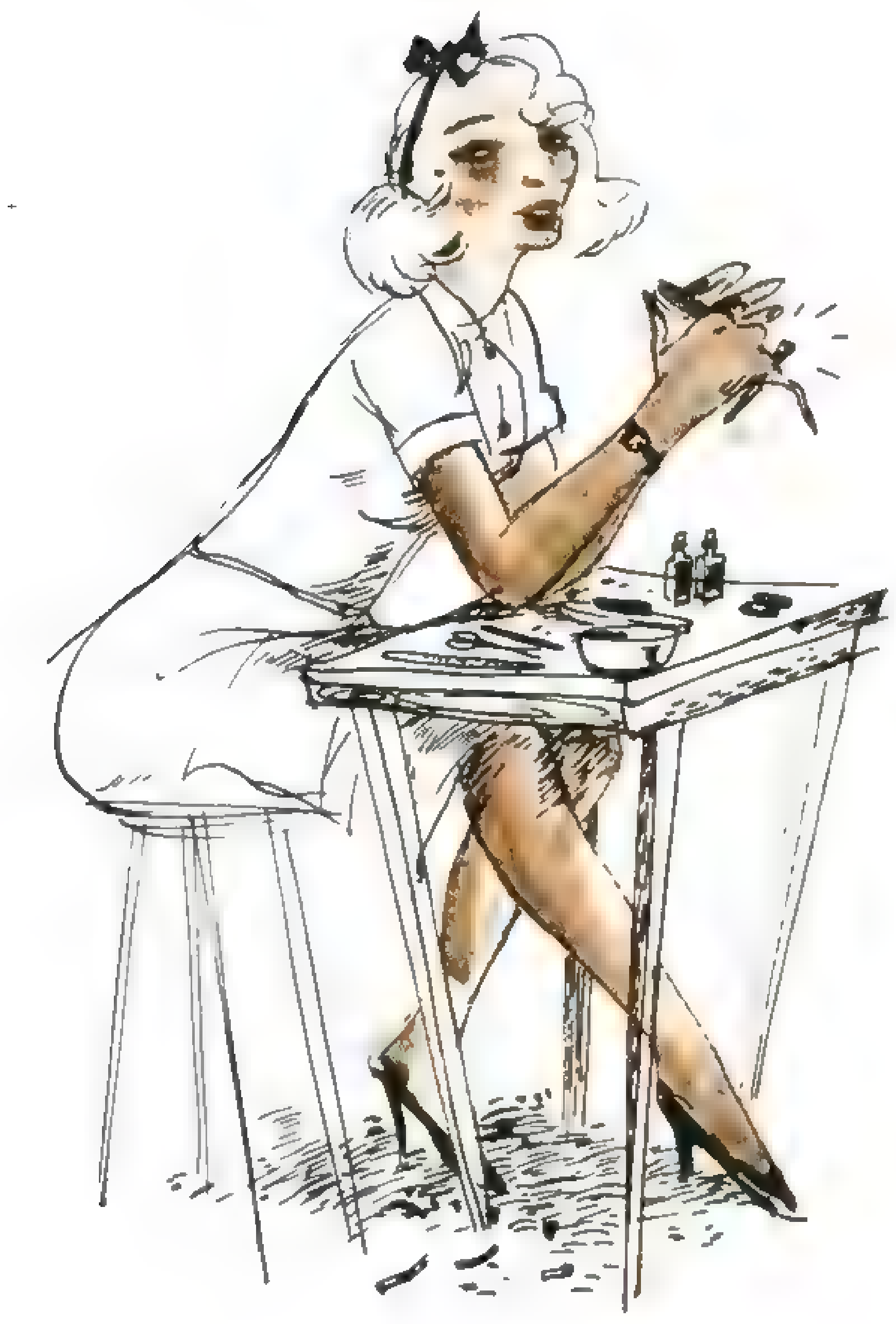
### TELEPHONE OPERATOR

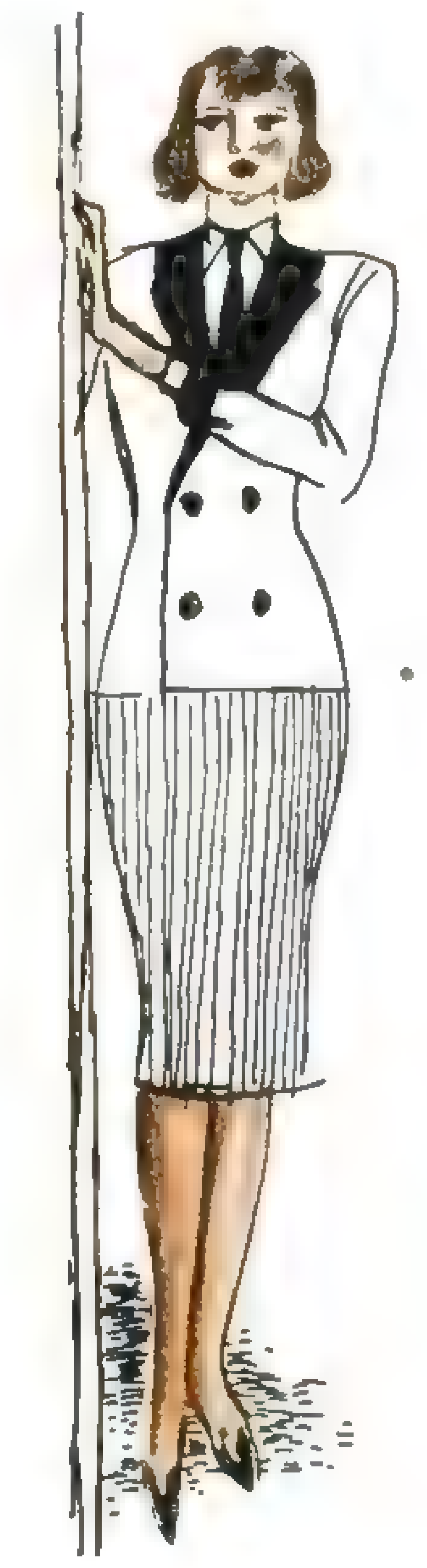
"The voice with a smile" is an endless enigma,
But Mr. Bell seems to have fastened a stigma
On dialing a date with a Voice. A "hello girl"
Is much more aloof than the snootiest show girl.
When calling a number, there's always the chance
That maybe her "number, please" preludes Romance.
The lilt of her larynx, efficient and cheerful,
May even inspire you to give her an ear-full
Of "why must a bachelor dine all alone
With walls full of etchings that ought to be shown?"
You may even mention Rolls Royces and furs,
But all that you get is *your* number—not hers!



### SALESGIRL

Behind a glass counter, she's safe as all hell.
A gent with a glint in his eye might as well
Expect a response from a statue or mummy
As think that he's clever enough to get chummy
With *her*. She's invulnerable even to floormen;
To managers, stock boys; to buyers and doormen.
She'll sell you a Notion (and has one or two
Of her own). At the moment, she's kicked off a shoe.
Why not? She was dancing till dawn—what is more,
She was out with the guy who is Head of the store!





### MANICURIST

She's little and luscious, and thoroughly able
To keep *both* your hands on the top of the table.
She'll parry your foot-work, and probably be
Completely adept at avoiding your knee.
Relying on sly innuendoes, you're met with
Defeat, and you wonder how far you can get with
The technique which, prior to now, never fails.
She listens, wide-eyed, while she's filing your nails.
And when she has finished with buffer and clipper,
She wonders how much you are going to tip her.

### ELEVATOR OPERATOR

She travels the distance from London to Paris
Each day of her life, but what gets in her hair is
The fact that the mileage is all in one spot.
The car that she rides in goes UP when it's not
Going DOWN. As the passengers bicker and battle,
She sums up her private opinion in "Cattle"—
But thinks an occasional pinch or a pat
Can break the monotony nicely, at that.
She dreams of a job where the work is out*side*, days,
And wishes to God that her car would go sideways.

# One Man's Guess

### Prophecies of wholesale destruction sound silly when you think how long our civilization has muddled through

### by LYNN MONTROSS

• ARTICLE •

It is now the open season for prophecy, and we may soon expect a revival of the ancient favorite showing how easily New York could be captured. You know the one. Ten thousand enemies of a vaguely Hunnish or Oriental origin are to be smuggled into the Bronx in cleverly camouflaged banana crates; they will promptly seize the keys to the country and reduce us to serfs in no time at all. It screens well, that old number, especially in those scenes dealing with the fate of women in war.

Or, if you prefer, there is a more snappy and up-to-date version. Instead of traveling in banana crates our mysterious enemies descend from parachutes this time. But their professional visit scarcely seems worth the bother, since the country has already been reduced to corpses and ashes by bombs more terrible than anything yet imagined. The whole thing will have taken place since last Wednesday noon, of course, without a preliminary declaration of war. Before half-past three, in fact, all of our main industrial centers will have been destroyed.

At first glance this calamity seems more frightful even than the banana crate invasion; but there is one sombre consolation—our women, having all been gassed to death at the outset, won't have to suffer a fate worse than death. Indeed, after thinking it over, one begins to question the mental age of foes so lacking in vision as to blow up the whole works. . . . What profit glory!

In all versions it is customary for the seer to quote exalted even if somewhat recondite authorities. Usually he has just been chatting with "a well-informed European diplomatist whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be revealed." Or perhaps he has recently had a tête-à-tête with "a high-ranking European staff officer whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be revealed." The reader can only infer that the diplomatist or staff officer would catch hell if the boss discovered that he had let out military secrets of such importance.

For it is one of the oddities of human nature that the most absurd nonsense about the next war will be swallowed whole at a time when the sanest pacifists are meeting with ridicule. Any writer suggesting a bare possibility of permanent world peace would be awarded a rousing Bronx cheer; yet only let him foretell the complete destruction of civilization come next November and the erstwhile cynics will listen with awed respect.

Incidentally the one about the destruction of civilization, with all Europe a heap of smoking ruins, might be called the Old Faithful of next-war auguries. You may count on seeing it spout periodically from now until the outbreak of a new conflict. In fact, there is only one thing on earth more persistent—and that is a civilization (such as it is) which has managed to muddle through somehow since the decline of the Roman Empire.

The latest novelty in next-war forecasts is a charming portrait of future strategy in which opposing military forces will no longer be so old-fashioned as to fight each other. Instead it seems that they will apply themselves to the wholesale slaughter of enemy civilians, particularly women and children. The usual talkative but anonymous ambassadors, soldiers and war ministers are quoted as authorities; the usual predictions are made as to improved killing-tools which will put previous weapons into the class of mild rebukes.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Or is there anything new in this preview? Allowing for changes in tactics and weapons, the theme has always followed essentially the same pattern. . . . The last war, as every school-child knows, was a dull and stupid affair wearily decided in the end by famine, fear and exhaustion plus the incredible blunders of generals or statesmen. But watch out for the coming war! Then history will no longer repeat itself: the generals will prove both talented and terrible; the tactics will be frightfully swift and cruel; the weapons will be so effective that nobody can hope for much defense against them.

One cannot help wondering why the prophets of such despair always have a virtuous air as if they were conferring a favor! At best their predictions have no possible value as warnings, since the military future of every country is in the hands of specialists who are usually pretty much in the dark themselves. Supposedly, of course, there is some merit in depicting frightfulness so that the public may hate and dread war. But the victim may hate and dread cancer as much as he pleases: he won't stand a chance of being cured until he becomes rational and co-operates in the best-known methods of treatment.

Likewise the man who doesn't want to lose his shirt in a coming great war will do well to keep his shirt on right now. There is little enough reason for optimism; but there is even less reason for swallowing guesses which can only lead to mass-fear—or, after enough reiterations, to mass-indifference.

Fear and indifference, it may be recalled, were among the emotional causes of the last war. The crowds of 1914 which gathered before bulletin boards in every European capital were probably more worried than valiant as they shouted "On to Paris!" or "On to Berlin!" During the past twenty years they had been so prodded with alarms that they were psychologically prepared for the slaughter rather than deterred. Their seeming enthusiasm was more often the exaltation of despair; the worst had come at last, after so many warnings, and it was a relief to have action substituted for dread.

Few enough of the survivors recalled in 1918 that their oracles had achieved an almost magnificent record of wrong guesses. . . . Instead of displaying a super-modernity of weapons and tactics such as was never known before, the armies of 1914 revealed that they hadn't caught up with the military lessons of 1865, let alone the four wars within their own decade. The much-touted machine

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# Answering Your Questions

### A writer never sells a story to a magazine unless he has a drag—preferably a relative on the staff

### by PARKE CUMMINGS

SATIRE

WRITERS get a good many questions asked them by their friends and the general public about their trade—their methods of working, their rewards, their philosophy, and the general tricks of their craft. In order to clear up a few matters that seem to puzzle people, I'm going to state a few of the most common questions put up to us scribblers, and give the answers. Of course these answers are more or less personal—fitting my own particular system and outlook—but I can only hope that in the long run they'll even up, and give a comprehensive picture of the most fascinating of all professions. All right, here we go:

1. Do you write when the mood seizes you, or do you have regular hours when you force yourself to work?

Answer: The latter decidedly. I have a regular schedule which I adhere to under all conditions. It runs as follows: Monday: 10 A.M.—10:30. Tuesday: 9:30 A.M.—10:30. Wednesday: Rest. Thursday: 11 A.M.—12 M. Friday: 11:30 A.M.—12 M. Saturday: Rest. Sunday: 6 A.M.—11 P.M.—finishing up odds and ends left over from the rest of the week. Of course there is a reasonable amount of flexibility to our week-day schedule. (I think I can speak for all writers here.) If we find that the old brain isn't clicking very well, we ease off a bit to keep from going stale. On the other hand if we seem to be hitting on all six why naturally we don't have to work quite so long. That's reasonable, isn't it?

MANUSCRIPT
deSARRO

2. If you once get in a certain magazine, it's a cinch to sell them anything you write in the future, isn't it?

Answer: And how! My system is to work like a dog to get into a new magazine, even going to the extent of lifting pieces bodily from Mark Twain, Tarkington, Benchley, Cobb, Voltaire or whoever I'm trying to imitate. Afterwards I just copy pages out of the telephone book or send in old themes I wrote for my freshman English course. The editors never seem to notice the difference.

3. Do you wait for an idea or do you just sit down and write anyhow?

Answer: I just sit down and write anyhow. Nothing so demoralizes a writer and gets him into bad habits as sitting down and waiting for ideas. If they don't come, he takes to sulking, using foul language and eventually going out on the street and throwing stones at people. My system is to sit down at my desk and start in writing as fast as I can. When my time is up—as per my schedule—I simply read over what I've written. If it seems to have lots of action, I claim it's a story, and put a story title over it like *The Death Duel*. If it seems contentious, I label it an article, and if it's full of dialogue, I decide it's a play, and send it to a producer. If I can't make anything out of it, I figure it's probably a humorous article.

4. No kidding, do you actually get paid for the stuff you write?

Answer: Aw, go climb a tree.

5. Has a writer any chance unless he has a drag with the editors and publishers he's trying to land with?

Answer: No. Absolutely not. Everything in the writing business is decided on favoritism. If you don't know an editor or he doesn't happen to like the way you dress, you haven't got a chance, even if you're a second Shakespeare. Homer, Dickens, Dante, and Anatole France would never have been heard of if their dads hadn't known the right people. In my own case I've worked things simply by being related to the editors I send my things to. For instance, the editor of ESQUIRE is my father, I have cousins running five or six magazines, and ex-wives who are the big shots on three other ones. In cases where I haven't any relatives I fix things by buying the editors an occasional glass of beer. They say that Sinclair Lewis has never sold a story in his life without first presenting his publisher with a new automobile.

On the other hand, some writers resort to threats instead of bribery. It is now probably safe to reveal the inside story on how *Gone With the Wind* came to be published. Margaret Mitchell simply hired a dozen Hell's Kitchen gunmen, had them loll around the ante-room of her prospective publisher's office, and then went in and told them they'd better print her novel, or else—

6. Do you have any general section of the reading public in mind when you write a piece?

Answer: This, of course, is one of those questions which writers would answer differently, but speaking for myself, the answer is: yes, I have. As a matter of fact it is a very small section of the reading public, being my Uncle Wilbur who has just turned eighty-four. I showed him the first piece I wrote, and he said: "That's terrible." I also showed him the first piece that was published, and he said: "You're getting lousier every day." He has seen everything I've written, and hasn't liked anything yet. He also doesn't like Keats, Balzac, Hemingway, Rousseau, Thackeray, Artemus Ward, Saroyan or anybody else who ever wrote except a man name Scatterby who wrote a letter to the local paper my uncle reads complaining of the high water rates in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. My theory is that if I can ever write anything my Uncle Wilbur likes, I'll be all set for life.

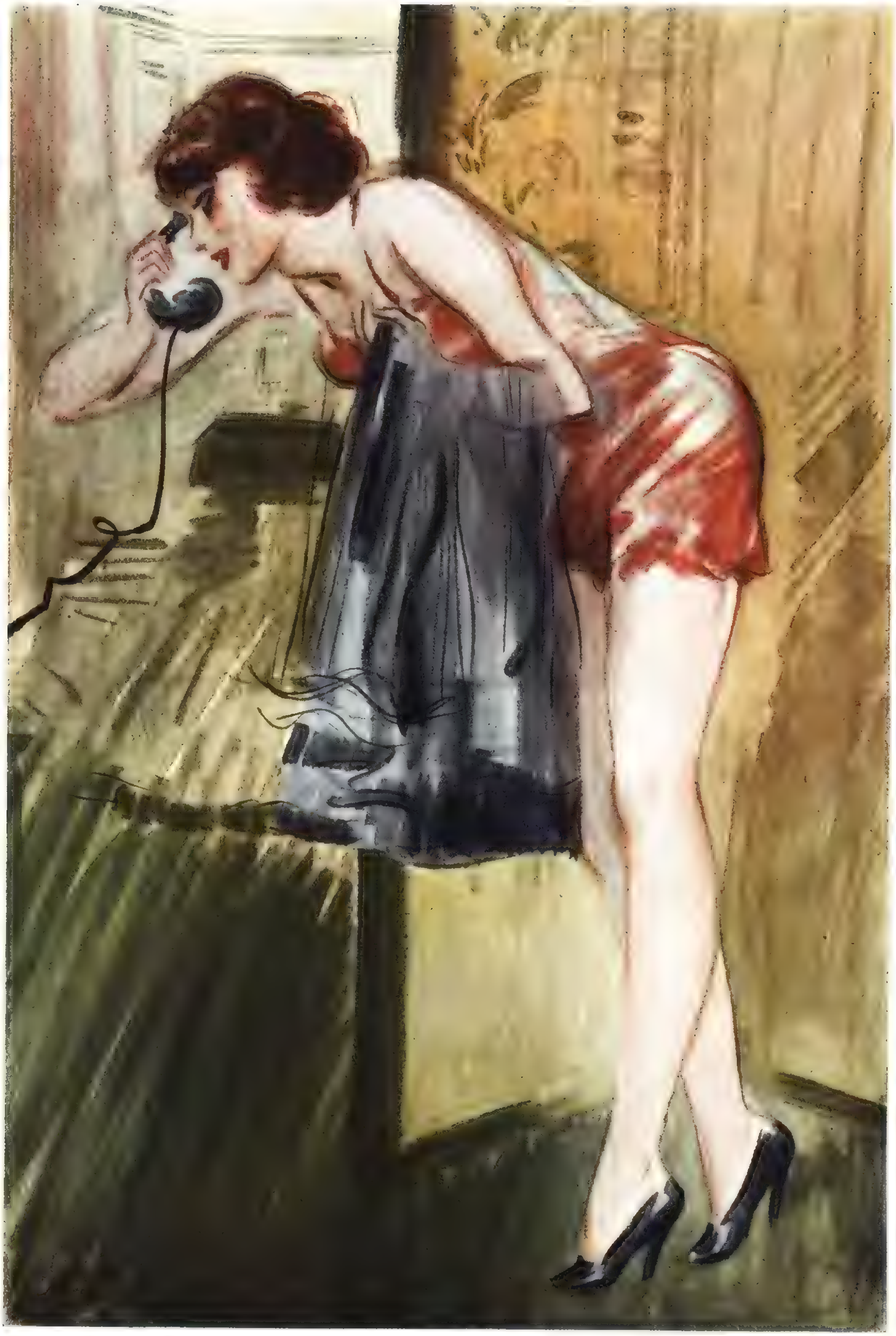
7. Here's a poem I dashed off the other day. Suppose you look it over, and tell me what magazines might be interested in it.

Answer: Sure. I'm in a hurry right now, but I'll take it with me, and let you know after I look it over.

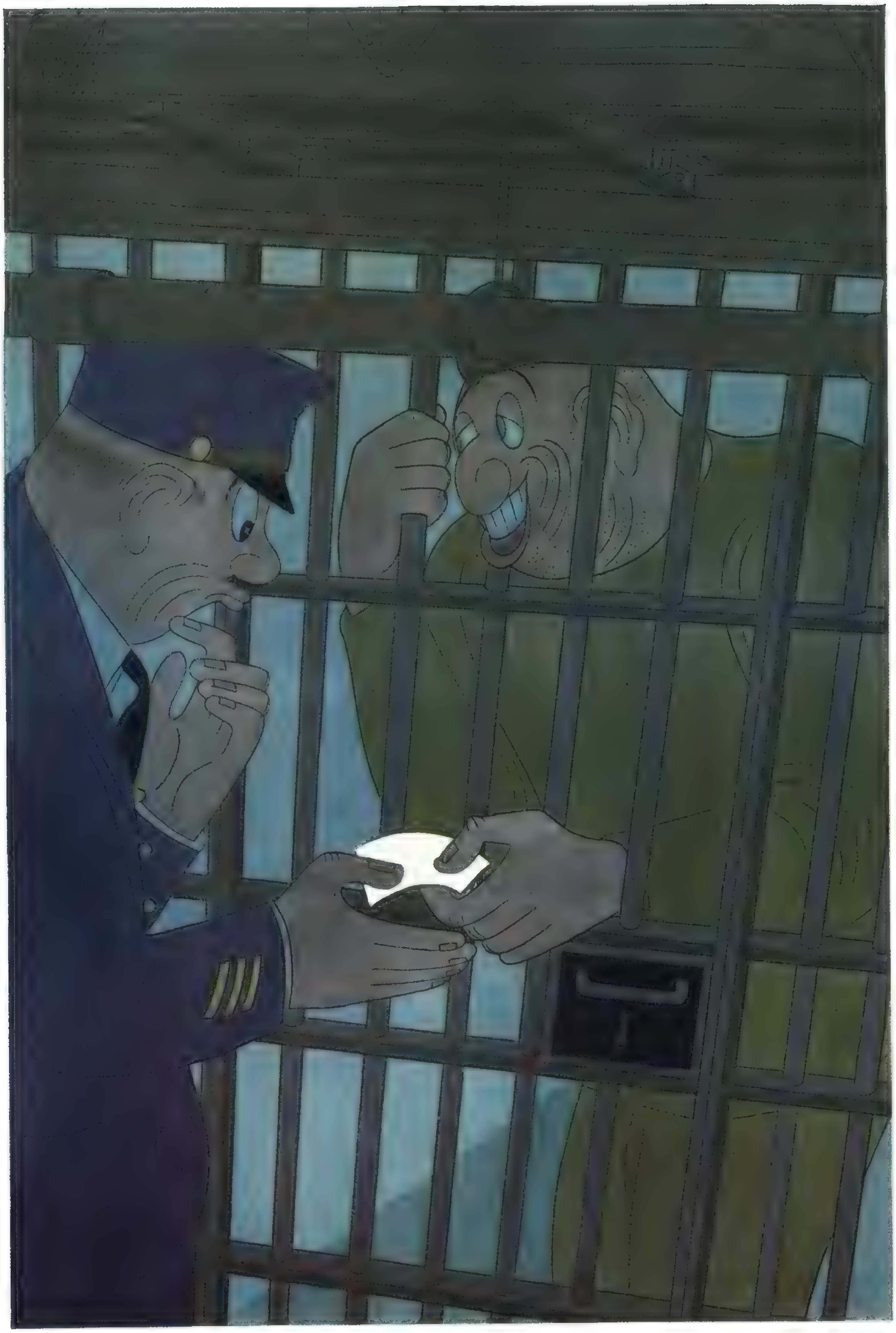
8. Why don't you write a novel?

Answer: This also, naturally, can't apply to the people who actually *have* written them. But, speaking for myself again, there are several reasons: 1. I am a victim of an occupational disease known as typewriter finger tips, which, as one might deduce, renders the subject's fingers too tender to bang a typewriter for more than a limited period every day. The length of a successful novel being what it is these days, I'd be too old to reap any benefit when I got it finished. Unfortunately I can't dictate it because whenever I talk for a period of five minutes I get on to the subject of the 1926 Harvard-Yale football game and how we'd have won it sure if our fullback hadn't fumbled on Yale's one-yard line. 2. The room I work in

Continued at top of page 171



*"I'll meet you there in half an hour — who is this calling?"*



*"Will you deliver this to my lawyer — he's in cell 15"*

# Making a Note of It

## The little governor has a busy day administering the wants of his body politic

### by W. L. WHITE

• FICTION •

JACOB TRANFORSE was a Mason and a member of the American Legion and that was all he belonged to. He was forty-three and this was young to be Governor of the State of Oklarada. He was a little absent-minded, but never about important things. His secretary was smart, and very good-looking. His secretary was even a little smoother than Jake. The secretary's name was Ed.

Jake had only been in office a month, and he and Ed handled patronage in this way: there was a big easy chair in the private office for Jake, next to it a straight-back for Ed, and opposite these another straight-back which the county managers sat in. Ed would bring them, one by one, into the private office.

"Hi, Linnie!" Jake would say to the county manager.

"Hi, Jake."

"Sit down, Linnie."

"Boy, we put it over, didn't we?"

"Yep."

"Got you a nice majority in our county. Notice you came out of there twelve hundred ahead?"

"That's fine."

"We sure had to work, Jake. We got a dandy little bunch of workers."

"Don't suppose any of them want jobs, do they, Linnie?" asked Ed, the secretary.

"Now look, Ed, there's some of our fellows just *got* to be taken care of. Here's the list." He offered it to Jake, who did not move. He just sat, sprawled in the easy chair, with half-closed eyes. Ed reached out and took it. Linnie rose to lean over Ed's shoulder.

"You got 'bout twenty. 'Fraid that's a good many, Linnie," said Ed.

"By God they all worked!" Linnie insisted.

"I know. But we can't take care of everyone. You know that."

"You just got to, Ed. I've promised these fellows. Hell, I bet there's two hundred in our county ought to get jobs, for what they did."

"Who's this first fellow?" asked Ed

"That's Tom Leitell. By God you got to give him something. Tom's my cousin. 'Member, Jake, that fellow who drove you around the day you campaigned our county—'member my telling you he was my cousin? Well that's him. 'Member Tom Leitell?"

"Uh-huh," said Governor Tranforse.

"We'll sure take care of him," said Ed. "What can he do?"

"Hell, Tom's qualified. Anything, Tom can. Thirty, thirty-five, forty dollars a week—Tom could handle it fine."

"That's pretty high, Linnie. Twenty-five's about top now."

"Ed, we gotta have *some* good jobs or it'll hurt us. Tom's qualified."

"What can he do?"

"Inside work, it'd ought to be. He's got rheumatism bad. But Ed, if you got any outside jobs that pays better, why Tom's qualified—you needn't worry about that."

"What's he done?"

"Everything, Tom has. He run a grocery for two years, farmed a while, worked in a filling station, then was deputy sheriff a year. Tom's qualified—he's done 'bout everything. He's studied embalming, too."

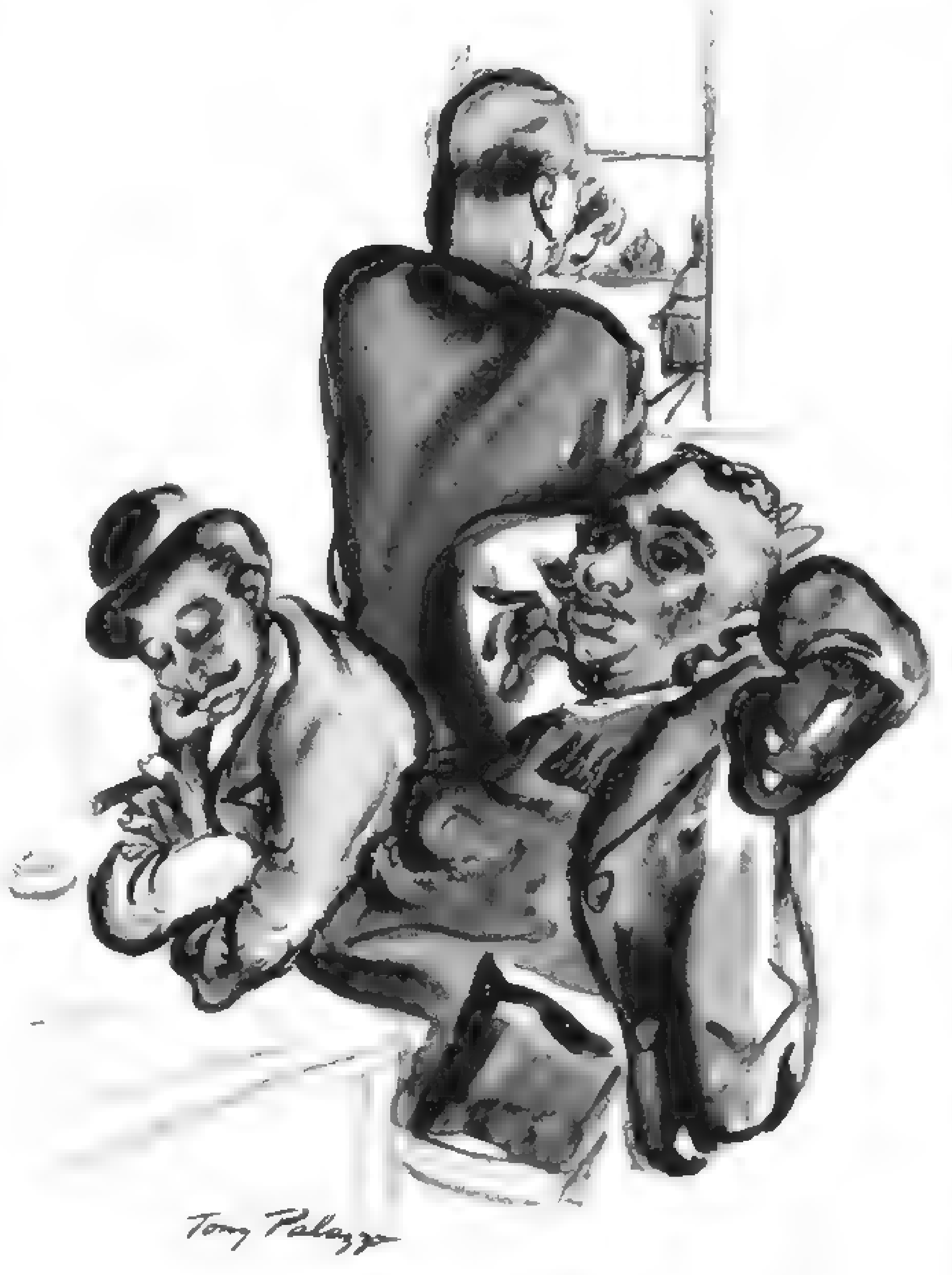
"What kind of a job do you figure he'd be best at?"

"Well Tom says this—he's had this course in embalming, see?—Tom figures if he could get a little more practice he could set up for himself, and *this* time he'd make a go of it. Tom's had a lot of hard luck. Say, Jake, how 'bout making Tom embalmer at the Old Soldiers Home?" Jake was looking out of the window.

Ed shook his head. "They always give that business to the local undertakers there, Linnie. Those fellows kind of count on it. It might make a little situation for Jake there, taking it away."

"You'd save money," insisted Linnie. "I bet them fellows are charging the state $50.00 a job. Tom could do that work and handle something else, too. You could make him assistant supervisor at $35.00 a week. And Tom could do the embalming, too. 'Member, Jake, how you told our folks about economy? Well, this would do it!"

Jake shook his head. "That'd make a situation for us." He was staring dully out of the window.



"Linnie, how about a checker's job for Tom, at the reform school?" asked Ed.

"What do them jobs pay?" asked Linnie. Linnie was very serious. His blue eyes were popping wide.

"Fifteen a week and your keep."

"Hell, you'd ought to do better than that for Tom. Tom's qualified. He's first on my list. And it ain't because he's my cousin."

"Checker's a good job, Linnie," said Ed smoothly. "He'd get his uniforms, too. It's the same as twenty-five, six dollars a week. I'll put him down for that. If something better opens up, we'll move him. Now who's your next name here?"

"That's Bradlaw. He's a big Mason."

"What can he do?"

"Oh he's qualified. They're all qualified, Ed. Bradlaw can do about anything."

"How 'bout a guard's job at the Penitentiary for Bradlaw? I've got your county down for six guards, Linnie—saved 'em for you."

"What else do we get?"

"Three inspectors' jobs—one in the Grain Department and two in the Highway."

"Hell, Ed, that's only ten, counting Tom."

"I know, but—"

"God damn it we gave Jake twelve hundred majority, didn't we, Jake?—and five hundred in the primary. Every man on this list worked both times."

"Sure," said Ed, "but they usually only figure eight jobs for your county. We got others to consider, too."

"Look, Ed, I know one other job you'd ought to give me anyway."

"Which one's that?"

"Old Man Koinzal's. He's a doorkeeper right here in the statehouse. Been there for years. Everybody must of forgot him. He's credited to our county but hell, he isn't doing *us* any good. He can't hardly drag around. I bet this time he didn't even vote."

"Isn't he from your county?"

"Not any more, he isn't. His daughter used to live there, but last year they moved away. Koinzal isn't doing *us* any good, Ed."

"But look, Linnie, Doorkeeper is a kind of an old man's job. It wouldn't make any real difference with your fellows if we kept Koinzal on, would it?"

"Hell yes, it would. If you give us only ten jobs, it would. All the years he's been there, eating his head off of taxes, is enough for anyone. His daughter can take care of him. You'd ought to kick his old butt off of there, Ed, and give us another guard's job,

Continued on page 110

# Paul Bunyan's Boys Go Modern

## Loggers don't sleep in trees any more, or wear beards, and few of them ever handled an ax or peavey

### by STEWART H. HOLBROOK

• ARTICLE •

THERE was a slight accident, not long ago, in an Oregon logging camp, and an injured lumberjack was brought into a Portland hospital. When the jack had been properly bandaged and bedded, the nurse, wise in the ways of pleasing patients, showed curiosity as to the nature of the accident. "Won't you tell me," she cooed, "just how it all happened?"

"Well, miss," said the big logger, out of his bandages, "it was like this: I was throwing chokers for the Deep Creek layout. We'd just put a steel necktie on a big blue butt. I wasn't in the clear, but the hooker give the highball. The punk, he jerked her once. She snorted mean when the puncher opened her up. The main line siwashed a stump, and—well, here I am."

"Yes, but," replied the nurse, "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Neither do I, miss," the logger agreed, shaking his head in perplexity. "Unless that goddam fool hooker is plumb nuts."

That minor incident tells, in authentic logger language, pretty much what has been happening in the logging woods of the Pacific Northwest in recent years. Not an ax, nor an ox, nor a horse, nor a peavey, nor a pike-pole—every last one of which is a part of the loggers' traditional equipment—had anything to do with that accident. It was an all-machine mishap. . . . The horse-and-haywire days of the logging woods are past.

Prevailing fiction about loggers hasn't kept up with the facts. Loggers don't sleep in trees any more, nor will they eat hay if you sprinkle whisky on it. They don't wear beards, and few of them ever handled an ax or a peavey. The rivers down which they once drove logs are free from floating timber. The oxen went long ago, and so did most of the horses. As for booze, the logger simply can't handle much of that and perform the tasks that the machine has imposed upon him. Paul Bunyan's boys were slow in coming to it, but when they went modern, they went modern in a big way.

The fiction-reading public may not believe it, but the modern logging camp is filled with more machinery than you could shake a pole-ax at. It is nothing less than a small industrial city, a city of machinery so vast, so powerful and so complicated that the wildest tales of Paul's mythical woods operations pale beside the actual fact of modern logging. A single outfit that can put one million feet of logs into a mill pond in eight hours time, without little more than half trying, is something that would stagger the imagination of an old-time lumberjack. You'll find such camps today in the Pacific Northwest and in northern California.

The machine was a long time getting into the timber. For more than two hundred fifty years after logging began near Berwick, Maine, in 1631, the ax was the prime tool of the logger, and oxen and horses were the rest of his equipment. An ax, an ox, and bearded men who wore, and slept, in red woolen underwear—those were the actors in the epic drama of the receding timber line from Maine to Oregon, a drama done against a vast background of deep green that crackled like gunfire from biting frost, then crashed to silence in deep snow when the chopper's undercut went home.

As late as the nineties, when the horde of lumberjacks had swept all before them and now came swarming down the Columbia River with a great clanking of peavies, they still relied on the bulls, as oxen were called, to move the timber.

And, dying old mackinaw, what timber! Never had the like of it been seen, or imagined. It took, so the first amazed loggers on the West Coast said, two men and a boy even to look up to the top of the cloud-crashing firs. The redwood was even larger, only not so much of it; and the pines of the Lake States had been pygmies compared to this Western species. Horses couldn't handle such big stuff; and it was too big to be driven down any but the deepest and swiftest streams. So the boys hooked on the bulls—four, five, even six yokes of them to a single butt log. The butt, where the timber is best, was the only part of the log the early operators bothered with. The rest they left in the woods to rot.

This bull-whacking era wasn't to last very long, but it was a noble one in the eyes of lumberjacks. The log might be a "small" one, only six feet in diameter, or it might be ten feet thick. They hooked on the bulls, and the teamster, with some of the most gorgeous profanity ever conceived by man, urged them into the pull. First, you heard the loud, clear call of the bull-whacker's voice echoing down the forest road that was like a deep canyon, so tall and thick was the fir; and the clank of chains and the wailing of oxbows as the big animals "leaned on her." And then the powerful line of red and black and spotted white would swing past with measured tread, the teamster, with sacred goad-stick over his shoulder, walking beside the team, petting and cursing them to high heaven by turns, the huge log coming along behind with a dignified roll. Back of the oxen, but ahead of the log, walked the skid-greaser, daubing thick oil on the skid poles that smoked from friction.

Grey old men, sitting around bunkhouse stoves, still cackle in their high voices that it was the noblest sight they ever saw; and they curse the steam that relegated bull teams to the murals of hotels and barrooms.

Noble or not, the bulls couldn't keep up with the demand for logs from the sawmills that had grown larger and hungrier all the time. By 1904 the mills of Washington alone needed close to four billion feet of logs a year to keep them running. Those sawdust factories had been keeping abreast of the machine age, constantly improving, enlarging and refining their cut, but logging was dragging along pretty much as it had been done in Maine two centuries before. Logging camps remained, as the loggers themselves admitted, in the Age of Haywire.

This haywire epoch, which has since given a useful word to the American language, came into fullest flower in the Northwest. Hay in the form of pressed and wired bales was toted into the remote camps to feed the bulls; and when the hay had been shaken out, careful loggers took to saving the thin strands of wire. It would do to mend an oxbow, to link a broken chain, or to wrap the split helve of an ax. Logger ingenuity didn't stop here, for there is record of a camp dentist who fashioned a neat upper bridge from the noble strands, which did very well, and lasted ten years. And in the zither era, when a logging camp instrument broke a string, there was ready aid handy. There are men alive today who vow that never was sweeter nor more resonant G plucked.

But the haywire and the oxen had to go. The animals were made hamburger when some unnamed genius moved a donkey engine into the woods, strung a line of cable out over the stumps, and yanked his logs into the landing in less time than it would take for a team of bulls to turn around. This was the "ground-lead," so called because the logs were "led" over the ground.

For a decade or more this did very well. Then, some other unknown genius climbed up into a tall tree and there hung a block and tackle. The line from the donkey ran up through the block, then out into the timber where the logs lay. This was the high-lead. The action of the high-lead was to lift the noses of moving logs above the stumps and underbrush, thus avoiding obstacles to fast logging.

This high-lead was the real McCoy, and it brought into being a new job, that of the high-climber or high-rigger, probably the most spectacular fellow in all American industry. With sharp steel spurs strapped to his legs, a safety belt around his waist, and a saw and an ax dangling beneath him, this steeplejack of the woods hitches himself, with a rope, up a tall fir, limbing it as he goes. Anywhere from one hundred fifty to two hundred feet from the ground, he straps himself loosely to the tree and saws off its top. Hanging there against the sky, he must work carefully, lest he cut his safety rope, for death, on the stumps and ground far below, yawns at him on all sides.

And when, after highly-skilled and hard work in a cramped position, the great top of the tree starts to lean, then to fall, the high-climber must hug the trunk for his very life. It vibrates wickedly in great arcs, and top and man are for an instant little more than a blur. Down, down goes the tree-top, crashing its tons of weight on the forest floor to send echoes up the canyon and over the hump to the next camp.

The tree is now a "spar" and it is first guyed all around with steel cables. At its top, by an elaborate process, is hung a pulley-block such as you are not likely to see elsewhere. These high-lead blocks weigh up to a ton and a quarter, and few of them less than eighteen hundred pounds.

From the donkey engine a monstrous steel cable—the main line—runs up through this block and out into the woods. Logs, around which a steel "choker" has been wrapped, are attached to the main line and "yarded" into the foot of the spar. A haul-back line returns the main line to the woods after each turn has been pulled in.

This yarding operation is worked by a crew of men whose occupations you never heard of, unless you have lived in the timber or have seen strange words chalked on employment boards in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and smaller cities of the Northwest. There's the *hooker*, who bosses the crew; the *rigging-slinger*, who hooks the chokers to the main line; the *chokermen* who wrap the chokers around the logs; the *chaser*, who unhooks the logs from the chokers; and the *whistle-punk*, the lad who, with a jerk-line or an electric device, blows the starting, stopping and backing-up signals for the *donkey-puncher* at the engine's levers.

It isn't exactly an assembly line, but it's all routine. Over and over again, all day, it is the same process. The chokermen put a choker around the log, the rigging-slinger attaches it to the main line, the hooker yells "Hi!" to the punk, the punk jerks his whistle cord, and some two thousand feet away and usually out of sight, the whistle on the donkey toots once. The donkey engineer opens her up. There is a great singing of taut cables as the powerful machine goes into the pull, while the log, thick as a man is high, churns and groans in an upheaval that could be likened to a whale thrashing about in shallow water. Once in motion, it is a veritable juggernaut, crushing all before it, including, only too often, men who, like the logger in the hospital, were not in the clear.

Once at the foot of the spar tree, the logs are slapped onto railroad cars, by a "McLean" loading boom or other tackle, so quickly that one scarcely realizes what is happening. The long train of big sticks—twenty, fifty, even a hundred cars—is made up, and away they go down the mountain, around curves and over high and long trestles, so rough is the terrain, to the waiting log pond.

But the high-lead, even though it is still widely in use, isn't the latest word. If one tree is good, somebody figured, why not two trees? So the tight-line system was born. A taut cable is run between two spars, two hundred feet above the ground, and over this cable, on a device called a bicycle, the logs come zinging in to the landing, traveling through the air and never once touching ground, stumps, or snags. Logs are moved thus up-mountain, down-mountain, and across wide canyons, and the speed of operation is terrific.

Often, of later years, not even growing trees are used for spars. Steel towers, called skidders, which can be moved about at will, take the place of the natural spar trees.

The donkey engines which run these prodigious logging rigs have outgrown the name. They are great hulks of steam, or diesel, or electric operation, many of them sixty feet long. Imaginative loggers tell of their power, that they could straighten out the Round River and move the Temperate Zone, just as Babe, The Big Blue Ox, did for Paul, time of the Winter of The Blue Snow when the temperature went to twenty-four feet below zero.

The whole effect on the eye of a modern logging operation is a somewhat disconcerting maze of large and small cables running through the air in every direction, and the ground covered with stationary engines, pumps, wood-bucking saws, steel rails, switches, locomotives, cars, telephones, humidity gauges, movable power plants, and traveling machine shops. It is, in short a gigantic factory without a roof.

This, too, may pass on, as did the bulls, for in the past few years yarding (assembling) by tractor and hauling by truck is finding favor.

The actual falling and bucking (cutting into lengths) of timber is just about the only process still done by hand, and even here the endless-chain power saw, operated by electricity, is moving in.

Meanwhile, things have been happening to the loggers themselves and the camps in which they live. The old muzzle-loading bunks, where you crawled into bed over the foot and sixteen men slept in a single bunk, were thrown out and iron cots installed. White sheets and pillow slips were put on the cots, and the "Bindle-carrying" logger discouraged from his ancient practice of lugging his bedding with him. The camp, once nothing more than a huge shack of logs or of tar-paper-covered boards, in which one hundred fifty men lived, ate and slept in two rooms, went out, and in its place came rows of small, neat bunkhouses, built for eight men or less, with a separate kitchen and a dining room for the crew. Some of them have steam heat. All of them have shower baths and a recreation room with books, magazines and card tables.

Pork and beans, with cream-of-tartar biscuit and black tea—the diet that cut a swath of timber from Maine to Oregon—gave way to food that even a member of the I. W. W. could praise. It was, and is, cooked in spotless kitchens by cooks, and not by *boilers*, *sizzler* or *stew-builders*. It is set upon the table, served in *white* crockery, by personable and well-mannered young women who, more often than not, marry loggers.

All this has done something to the logger and one effect has been to make him a settled and responsible man, a "home-guard" rather than a "short-staker" who bragged of the number of camps he had worked in. With increasing regularity he took to getting married and bringing his wife to live in camp. Operators naturally welcomed such a change in his habits, and they were quick to build schoolhouses when children appeared.

During all these social and industrial changes, which were probably greater in the logging camps, by comparison, than in most industries, the art of making logs into boards at the sawmills was growing both in size and refinement. The circular saw gave way to the band-saw, a long, curling ribbon of hungry steel that could eat up more logs than two circular saws. Presently, some sawmill tinker filed *both* edges of the saw into sharp, glittering teeth, and Whissh! it cut a slab from the log as it moved forward on the carriage, and Whissh! it cut another slab as the carriage moved back.

The carriages were speeded up by "shotgun feed" and other devices until the moving log could hardly be followed with the eye. Electricity came in. So did the automatic trimmer, which worked a score of saws in a row and was operated by a single man who sat proudly on a platform above and played upon his levers as though they were organ keys. The huge waste that had ever gone with sawmills was checked in a hundred ways. The sawdust is used or sold for fuel. Great machines called hogs have been installed to grind the left-over pieces of wood into hog fuel, which is sold to industrial plants and home owners. Today, the sawmill operator can boast, like the meat packer, that he is utilizing "everything but the squeal."

The mills kept growing in size until there are in Oregon and Washington today a number of plants which can, but don't often, cut one million board feet of lumber in eight hours. That's a lot of lumber. One million feet of it will serve to build fifty good-sized houses. Two such mills, working six days a

*Continued on page 150*

# Surprise for the Boys

## There wasn't much of a wallop in burning a lug like this Kosky who was already dead from the neck up

### by HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS

• FICTION •

WHAT do you mean you don't want it, Brady? Am I State Prison correspondent or ain't I? The Day City Desk tells me to give it to you at night, and now you tell me to give it to them tomorrow morning. It won't be news tomorrow. The guy's dyin' right now.

Looks like the Old Army Game to me, Brady. I been your State Prison man for twenty-three years and I never once missed phonin' in a burnin'. I *know* A.P's covering. *I'm* A.P. up here. I'm A.P., U.P., I.N.S., U.S., N.A.N.A., Jewish Telegraphic Agency. I'm even Nippon Dempo when there's a good Jap angle. But what difference does that make? If you don't gimme a break on burnings, Brady, I abdicate. There are lotsa other sheets around lookin' for a live wire State Prison man. How do you expect me to make both ends meet if you don't take burnings? I got a wife and three kids to support. I don't expect to phone in a Damon Runyon story. I just wanna make my usual five slugs. What the hell's the newspaper business comin' to if I can't make five slugs outa a burning any more?

It *ain't* a piece o' cheese. The guy's a human being, ain't he? Is that a nice way to talk about a human being? Oh, come now, Mr. Brady; he got *more* than two paragraphs the day he killed that landlord in Chemicville. It was a *big* story up there.

That hurts, Brady. You talk like I'm tryin' to sell you a stinkbomb. Everybody who knows me knows Pete Fallow don't do business that way. This story's got a lot o' swell angles. Frinstince the guy—

What's that? Oh, sure the charges are reversed. What do you think I am, a millionaire? I got a wife and—

O.K., O.K.! I'll give it in to Stewart on the rewrite desk. And I'll make it snappy, too; don't worry about that, Mr. Brady. Gimme the head office boy to switch the call . . .

Hello, Biff? That you? This is Fallow. Hi. Say, Biff, Old Sock, why don't you come up here sometime and I'll get you in on a burning. Well, not the four guys all at once next month; too many bids to see them go. But I can fix you up for one o' the *smaller* burnings. It'll be just as good, Biff; I guarantee it. Just give me a ring the day before. Fine. I'll be expectin' you. Say, Biff, sneak me a typewriter ribbon, will you like a good feller? All-black. Mail it up to me. *Thanks.* And a dozen zipper pencils, too. I'll reciprocate, Biff.

What's gettin' into Brady these days anyway? Hey, be careful, maybe he can hear.

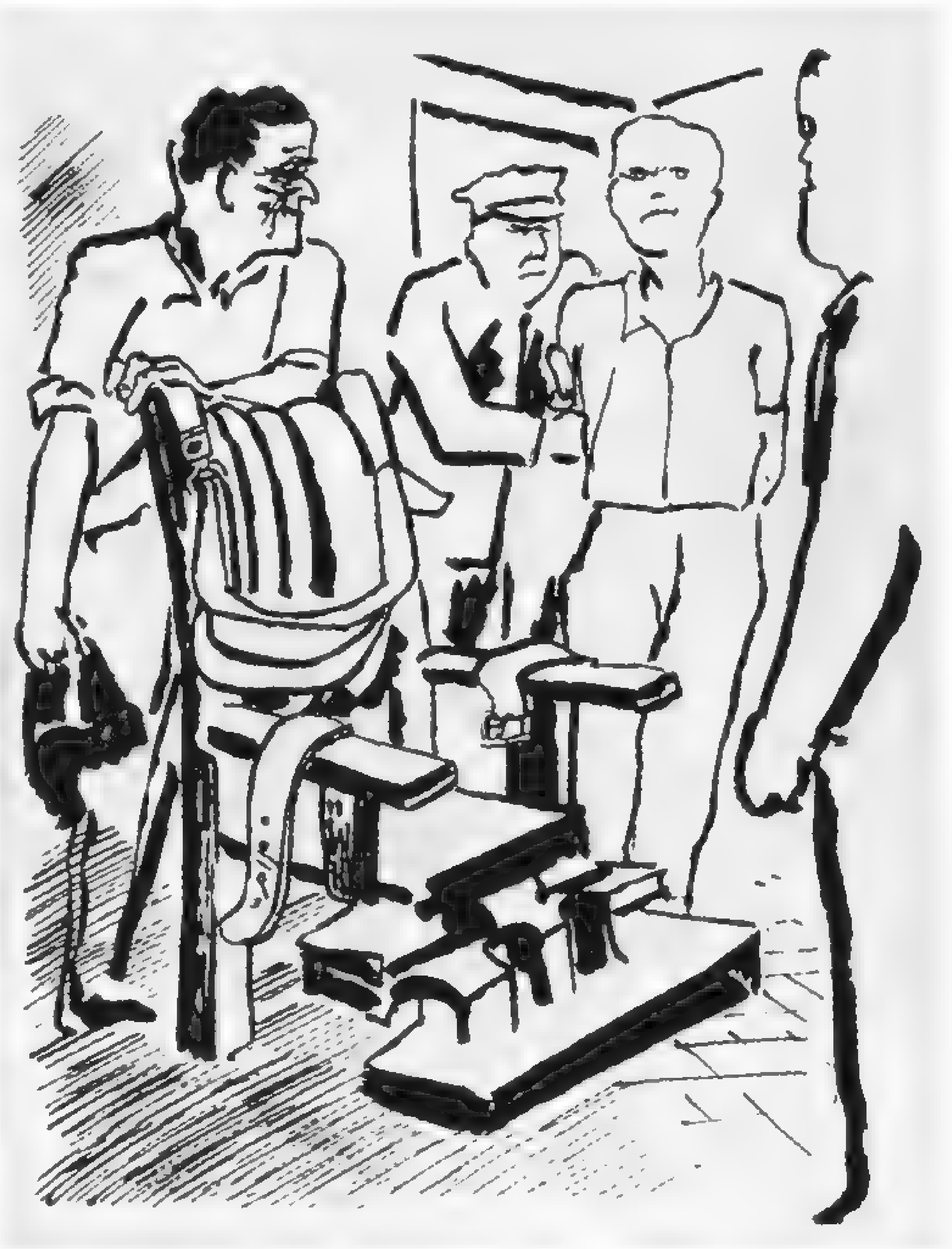
Gimme Stewart on the rewrite desk.

Stew? Fallow. Hi. How's the wives and kids? I'm callin' from State Prison. Execution. Ready? . . .

Say, Stew, don't tell Brady, but just between you and me this is the biggest chunk o' limburger I ever phoned in in my twenty-three years as State Prison correspondent. All I want is a stick, Stew, so I can make my Fin.

Honest, I don't know what the execution business's comin' to when they burn guys like this.

I have wrecked my brain but cannot find a spot o' color in this, and if you know me you know this is the first time *that* happened.


DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

Well, here goes.

The guy's name is Waldemar Kosciuhowicz. Whoa! I *know* I gotta spell it out. What a name! You can't even get a good American name in the papers any more these days. Why don't these guys go back where they came from?

Kosciuhowicz. It's pronounced just like I'm sayin' it—Koss-kee-hoe-itz—with the accent on the *hoe*. The Waldemar is with a doubleyou, and then comes the Kosciuhowicz —K for Karpis, O for Ossining, double S for Sing Sing, C for Capone . . .

All right, Stew; all right. I *ain't* tryin' to build this up.

Spell it any way you like; what the hell; it don't make no difference. Anyway, everybody up here calls him Kosky; it makes things a lot easier.

His age is twenty-nine. First degree murder, Chemicville, last September. What do you mean where is Chemicville? Why, Chemicville is the biggest village in the State. Killed his landlord with an icepick. Kosky claimed the landlord dispossessed his old lady and as a result she froze to death. No defense. Unmarried. No women in the case at all; not even a wife. No appeal. And so help me, Stew, Kosky didn't even ask for executive clemency.

You oughta see Kosky. A big lump of a man who ain't said two words since they shoved him into the Death House last Winter. In all my three decays up here I never saw a mug with less interest. Why, I bet you ain't even got his murder in the clips! Think o' *that!*

The only visitor he ever had was his sister. She came here this mornin' to say goodbye, but the guards tell me they didn't even talk; only held hands for a couple o' minutes and that's all.

That shows what a State Prison man you got in me, Stew. Tell this to Brady. Another reporter would o' tried to build this story up—frinstince Kosky worked in a chemical factory and there could be an angle in that; you know, killin' the landlord with chemicals, maybe—but with me the truth is the truth. I got a reputation to hold up, Stew.

Why, they din't even have to shave Kosky's head for the hot seat electrode, 'cause he turns out to be bald in just the right place.

I'll tell you something you won't believe; but it's true, take my word for it. Kosky didn't even have a last supper!

That shows what I'm up against these days. A couple o' years ago a last supper was good for five slugs with any sheet in the country. But today not only don't some sheets not want last suppers no more, but guys like Kosky come along who don't even eat 'em. What a man!

The guard asks him what he wants for last supper. "You can have everything and anything," he tells Kosky, "but I recommend the roast turkey with chestnut dressing and cranberry sauce, 'cause that's what the others usually take." And do you know what Kosky's answer is? He just shakes his head from ear to ear.

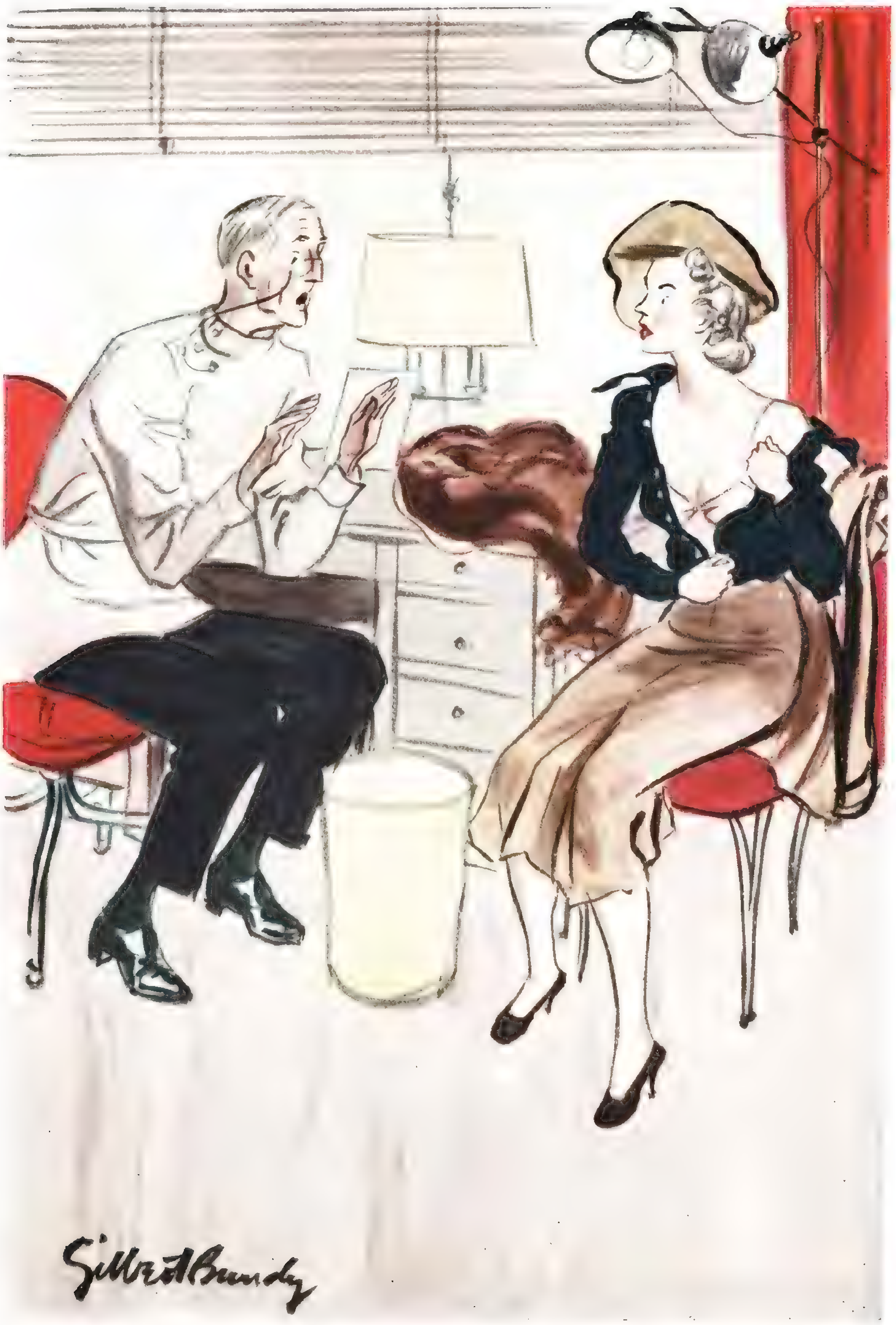
They ask him if he wants to see the Chaplain in private and he shakes his head again.

Well, Stew, in just about three minutes Kosky will be put on the hot seat.

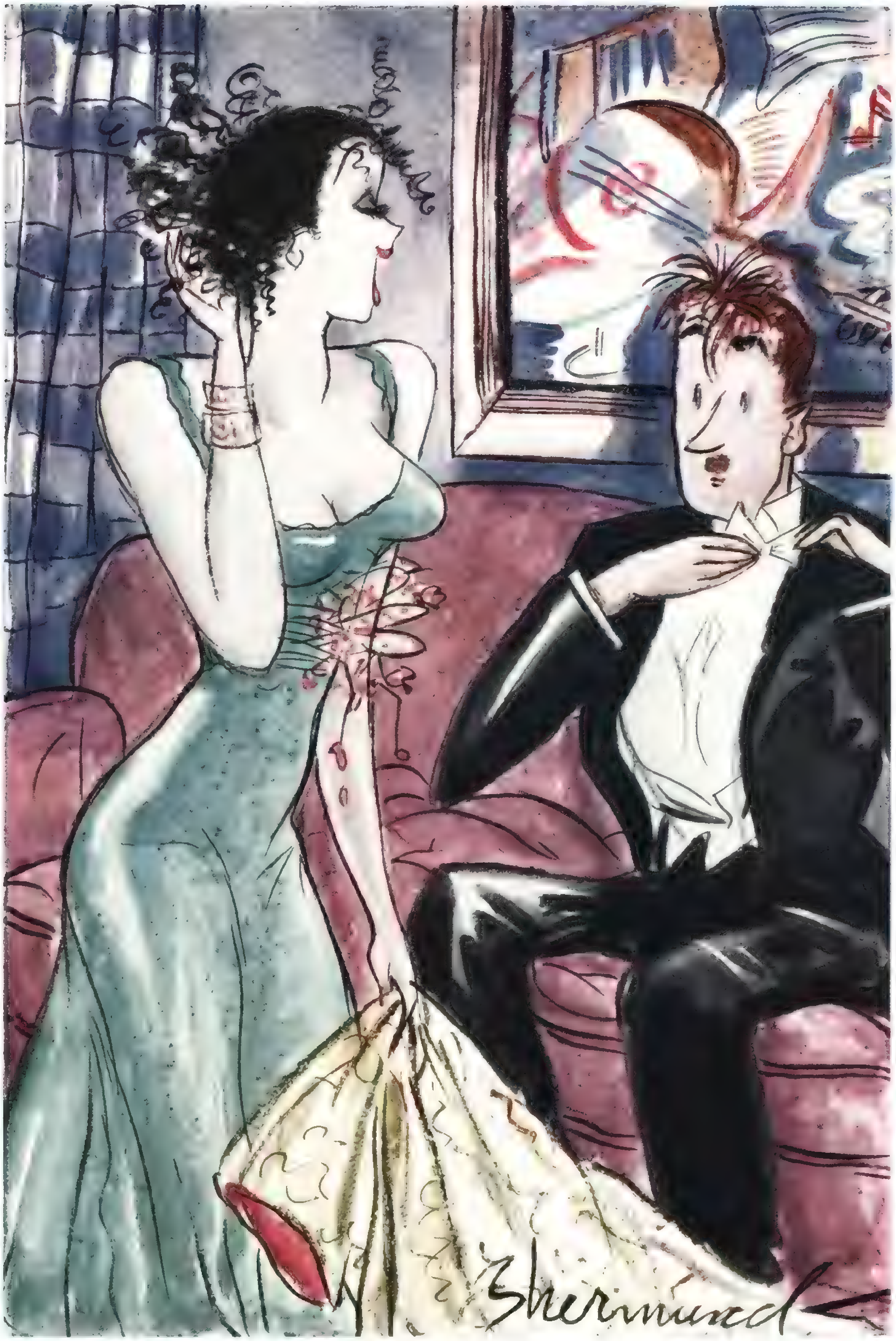
I guess it won't make no difference to him and the rest of us, 'cause the guy's been dead from the neck up for a long, long time.

I'll hang up now, Stew, and call back with the flash when he burns.

*Continued on page 131*


Gilbert Bundy

"Madam! I'm an optician!"



*"And now I've got to go back to the party — I promised Roger and Mr. Whipple that they could take me home, too"*

# Speedboat Mania

## Many regattas this year will attract larger crowds than a world series baseball game

### by FRANK C. TRUE

• SPORTS •

You are driving along a secluded shore road with the family some week-end afternoon when, suddenly, a thundering report of a cannon echoes in the hills; there is an ear-splitting roar of unmuffled motors as a score of speedboats streaks past the judges' stand; a lawyer pursues a banker, followed by a doctor, and an undertaker trails in the wake of the trio. An allegory? No. Another motorboat regatta is under way. The cannon you heard was the starting gun.

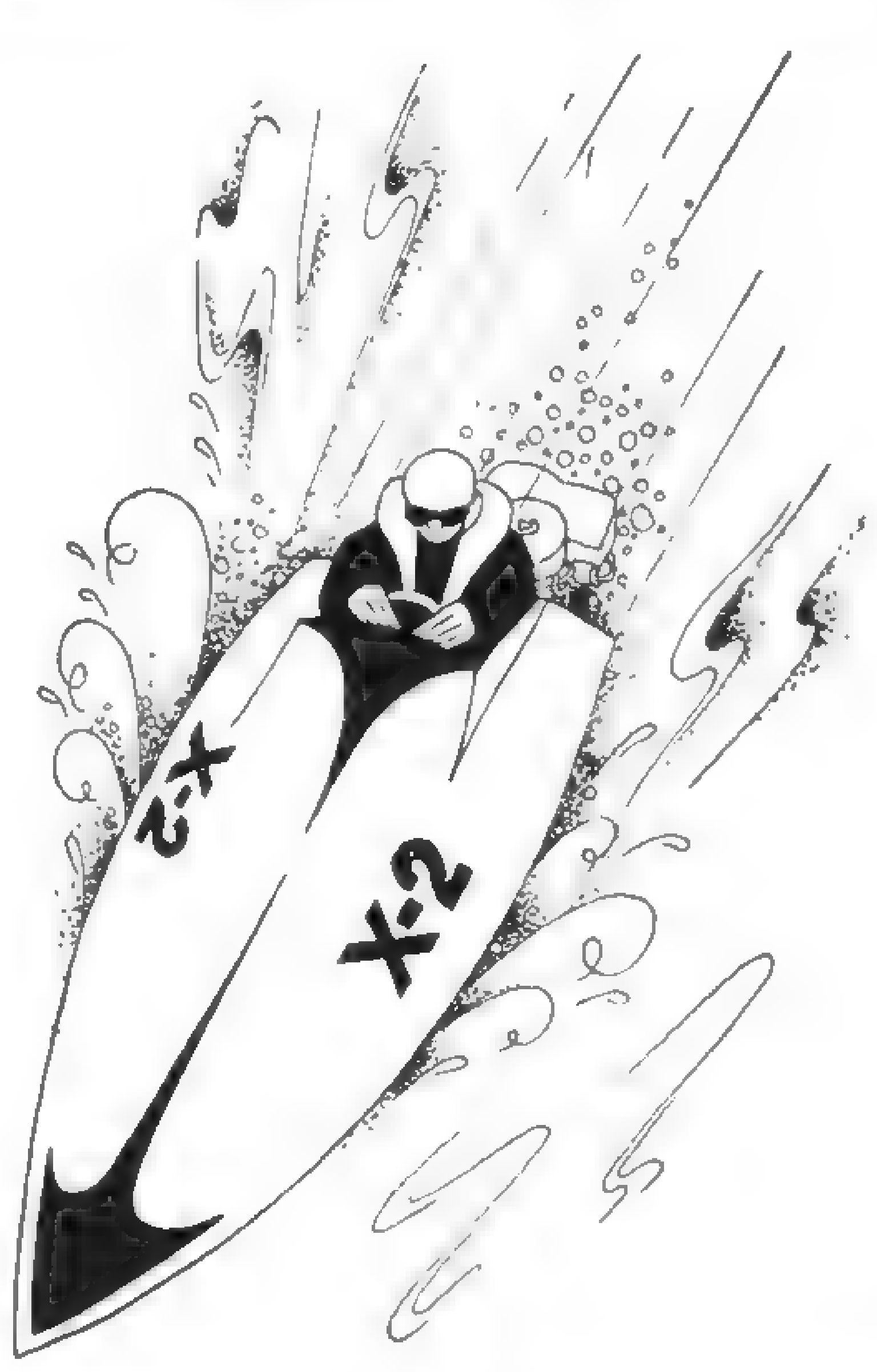
A gallery of thousands on shore trains, binoculars on a screen of foaming spray as phantom-like drivers, crouching low, disappear toward the first turning buoy. What manner of lure is this? What has caused motorboat racing to become the most rapidly growing sport in America? And why have hundreds of college students foregone summer vacations in Europe to spend the season in greasy racing clothes, jolting, hammering, over rough water at a high rate of speed?

Picture a comely young society girl inviting her spotless beau out to the garage to watch her, dressed in overalls, overhaul an outboard motor for the next regatta. Yes, a large slice of America has succumbed to the attractions of speedboat racing. More than four hundred regattas will be held throughout the country this year, many of which will attract crowds larger than a baseball world series.

Gaily decorated yachts are anchored about a two and one-half mile race course; loud speakers blare forth the most minute details of the race as an official in charge of the broadcasting follows every move of the drivers from his lofty perch atop the committee boat; six or seven speedy patrol boats, manned by experts, wait patiently with motors idling, ready to dash out and rescure some overturned driver from the path of onrushing boats.

Speedboat racing, make no mistake, is a rough sport, but sum up all its tragic possibilities, then consider the fact that during its entire history in America only one man has lost his life—and it still is held that he, William Freitag of Philadelphia, died of heart disease. Quite obviously, the goddess of fortune rides with those who take death in their teeth on choppy waters. And what an ideal way to banish the monotony of business worries!

A powerful speedboat, traveling at seventy miles an hour, accidently hits a buoy at a turn; flames flare up as the boat lunges into the air like a swordfish on a line; screams of distress rise from the multitude on shore. Surely death has claimed a victim! But no! Floundering about in the water, kept afloat by his life jacket, the driver has suffered nothing more than a ducking. Being thrown clear of his boat—as practically all drivers are—and landing twenty feet away in the water is far more convenient than plowing a furrow with one's nose in a concrete highway, as most automobilists are forced to do. And it makes a great difference in fatality statistics at the end of the year. With mushroom rapidity, regatta associations and boating clubs have multiplied, spreading to the most remote sections of the country. Few are the college campuses in the East which do not boast of representation in regattas. More than forty colleges and preparatory schools will be represented in the National Intercollegiate Outboard Regatta at Saratoga Springs, New York, this year.



You cannot find a more democratic sport than motorboat racing. In the outboard classes, millionaire and clerk compete side by side, lend each other spark plugs, borrow money until street clothes are donned and go arm in arm to the yacht club's regatta ball that night. Of course, if you should aspire to win a national championship, based upon point scores throughout the season, you'll need a minimum of $15,000. But if it's pleasure only you're after, a few hundred dollars will suffice—and you'll probably have more fun than the chap who has to worry about paid mechanics and a large fleet of racing boats.

From a few scattered outboards in the country ten years ago, plugging along at less than 20 miles an hour, this phase of motorboat racing has increased to a point where the record now is 74.34 miles an hour, held by Jean Dupuy, young French newspaper publisher. From crude two-cylinder affairs, motors have developed into highly perfected four-cylinder power plants of more than sixty horsepower. Back of each driver who has distinguished himself to any degree in outboard racing is a colorful story. Take Fred Jacoby, Jr., of North Bergen, New Jersey, for instance. He shattered all rules of financial requirements in winning the American Outboard High Point Championship Trophy for the second successive time last summer. But that was not all he shattered. He won more victories in a single season during 1936 than any driver in the history of racing. For first place in a race, 400 points are awarded; 300 for second, 225 for third, etc.

Jacoby, a 36-year-old scenic artist, has broken record after record during the last two years. He had two things other drivers didn't have—exceedingly fast boats and a clever mechanic for a brother. Together they toured the regatta circuits of the East, South and Middle West, spending long and weary hours on highways at night, their boats and motors being carried in a trailer attached to their car. One has to watch the roads ultra closely under such circumstances. A collision with thousands of dollars worth of boat racing equipment aft means more than a bent fender. But they reached their goal. Spectators have never heard of Emile Jacoby, the brother. No medals or prizes were awarded to him. But Fred knows what made those boats go fast.

Each sport, of course, has its towering personality; the pinnacle around which other names revolve. On the water the gray-haired Gar Wood, the "Silver Fox" of Detroit, is supreme. He was supreme when speedboat racing virtually was unheard of by the general public. Since 1920 he has successfully defended the Harmsworth Trophy, symbolical of the world's unlimited speedboat championship. His *Miss America X*, or *Hell's Calliope*, as she appears to spectators, with her forty-eight powerful cylinders belching flames skyward, has traveled 124.915 miles an hour—faster than anything else has ever been propelled on water.

Racing boats may come and go, but when this queen of the water comes forth with her

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# A Dollar and a Quarter Too Much

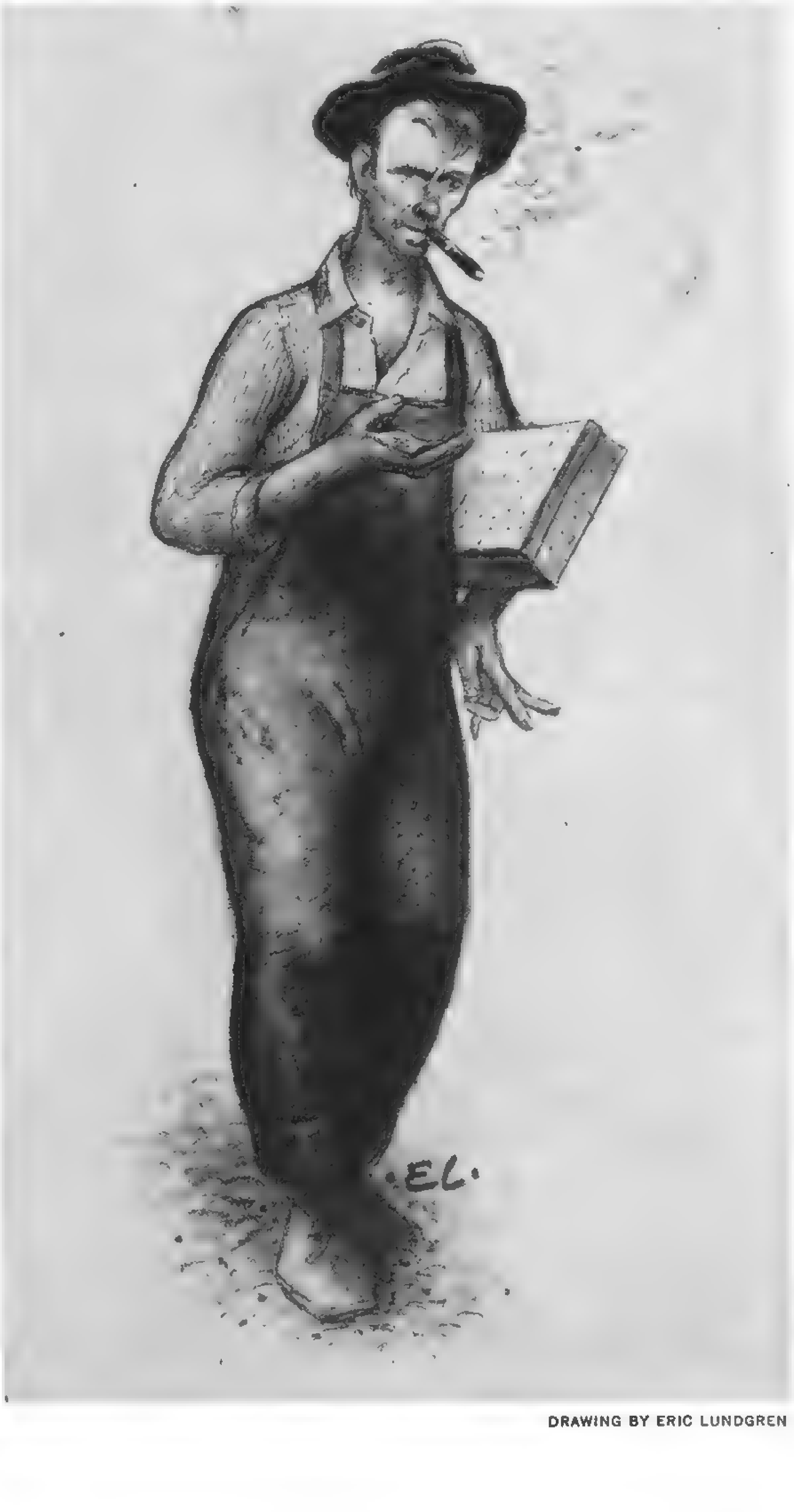
### He had planned to buy himself two cigars and maybe, if enough money was left, some candy for his wife

### by MICHAEL FESSIER

• FICTION •

He was picking beans down on his hands and knees crawling slowly down the row, picking beans from stunted vines and putting them in a sack he wore over his shoulder. It was hot and he was sweating and the sun blazed down and his neck was getting sunburned where the collar was loose in back. Once in a while a dried bean leaf would get on the sunburned place and the sweat would hold it in place like glue. It would irritate him and he would twist his arms behind him in an attempt to dislodge the leaf. When this failed he took a stick and poked it down his back. This hurt the sunburned place and he swore.

Sweat and dirt ran into his eyes and the hard clods between the rows hurt his knees. His back ached and his neck ached from bending. He had picked five hours and it was almost noon. He was hungry but he didn't have any appetite for the lunch that was in the shoebox at the end of one of the rows. He knew it contained a cup of cold beans and an onion and two fried egg sandwiches. He wished his wife could fix a better lunch but he didn't blame her much. They didn't have money for sandwich meats and it wasn't her fault if all she had for him was fried eggs and beans. He didn't like beans even when they were hot and when they were cold they choked him and he ate them and was still hungry.



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

He had been picking beans for five hours and he guessed in another two hours he would have about three dollars worth in the bag. Before he got the three dollars he would have to drive in to Bakersfield and sell them and maybe it wouldn't be three dollars but two and a half. When he took out what it cost for gasoline and oil he wouldn't have much left. Anyway he would buy himself a couple of nickel cigars. Maybe he'd buy his wife some candy, too, although he wasn't sure of that. Anyway he would get himself two cigars. A man has to have some pleasure out of life.

He kept on picking and when he figured it was noon he got up and picked up the bag and carried it to the end of the row and emptied it in a large box there. He sat down and ate the sandwiches and beans and the onion and when he got through he was hungry. If there had been a piece of pie or cake or even an orange it might have taken the edge off his appetite. But the beans and the onion and the fried egg sandwiches only made him hungrier. He put his hat over his eyes and tried to take a nap but it was too hot and he gave up. He took the empty sack and walked down the row to where he had left off and went to work again. The dried bean leaves kept getting down his back and irritating him and he poked with a stick once too often and skinned the sunburned place. The sweat and dirt got into the skinned place and hurt like hell and he couldn't do anything about it. He picked a half hour longer and quit. He emptied his sack and went over to the house and got a dipper of water and drank some and poured the rest down his back. He went into the house and it smelled hot. His wife was sitting by a window sewing and she was sweating and wet patches showed through the dress on her back.

"Guess I'll quit," he said.

"Uh huh," she said.

"It's hot," he said.

"Guess you think I don't know it," she said. "Guess you think it's cool in here. I've been canning."

"Looks like you'd do your canning at night or early in the morning," he said.

She sniffed and didn't answer him. He pulled off his shirt and got a basin of water and washed his face and hands and soaped under his arms and cupped his hands and sloshed water until the soap had rinsed off. He dried himself and looked at his wife. She was still sitting by the window.

He remembered when they were first married and he used to come in from work how he would always kiss her and pinch her arms and she would laugh and finally they would make love. But that was a long time ago. That was four years ago and she wasn't that way any more. She was apt to get cross and make him feel ashamed of himself so he didn't pinch her arms or try to kiss her any more. He didn't think he wanted to very much anyway. It seemed she could try to look a little better. God knows she didn't have many clothes but she could at least keep what she had fresh and clean and ironed and she could fix her hair so it didn't straggle damply over her face and down her neck.

And she looked at him and remembered when he would come in from the field and pinch her arm and kiss her and she would be embarrassed and laugh and finally they would make love. But that was a long time ago. That was four years ago and he didn't feel that way any more. He was more apt to complain about something when he came in now. Anyway she guessed she didn't care very much. God knows he couldn't keep himself looking like a banker all the time but he might at least change his overalls once in a while and dig the dirt out from under his fingernails and clean some of the dirt off his shoes.

He put on his hat and went outside in the yard where there were a lot of old boxes and oil drums and wornout tires and things. It looked like hell and he decided he would do something about it but he didn't know when he would ever get the time. He lifted the front seat of his old car and poked a stick into the gasoline tank and found out he had just about enough gasoline to get into town. That meant he would have to take a dollar out of what he got for the beans.

He cranked the car and while he did it he started sweating again and the place he had scratched with the

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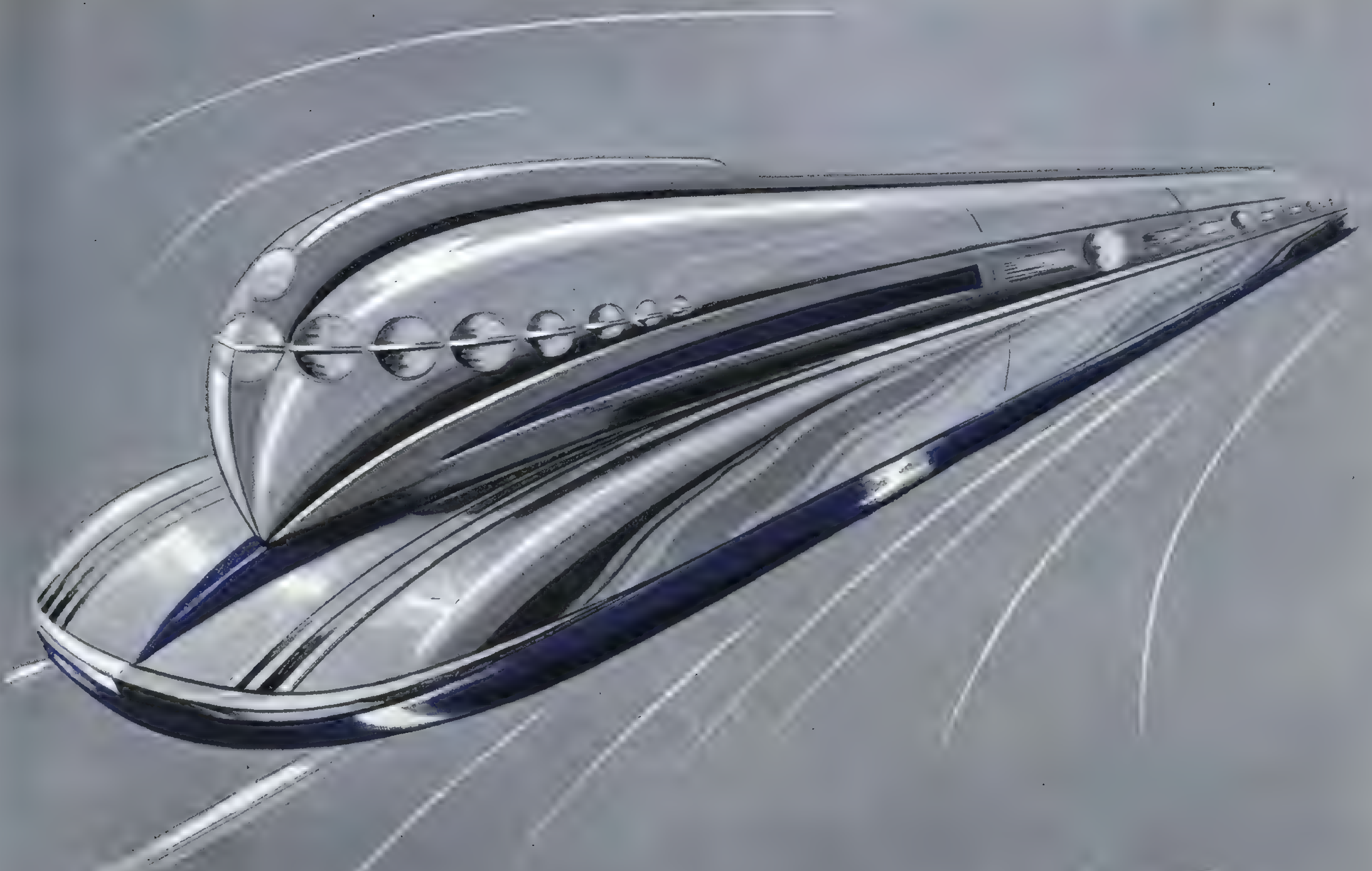
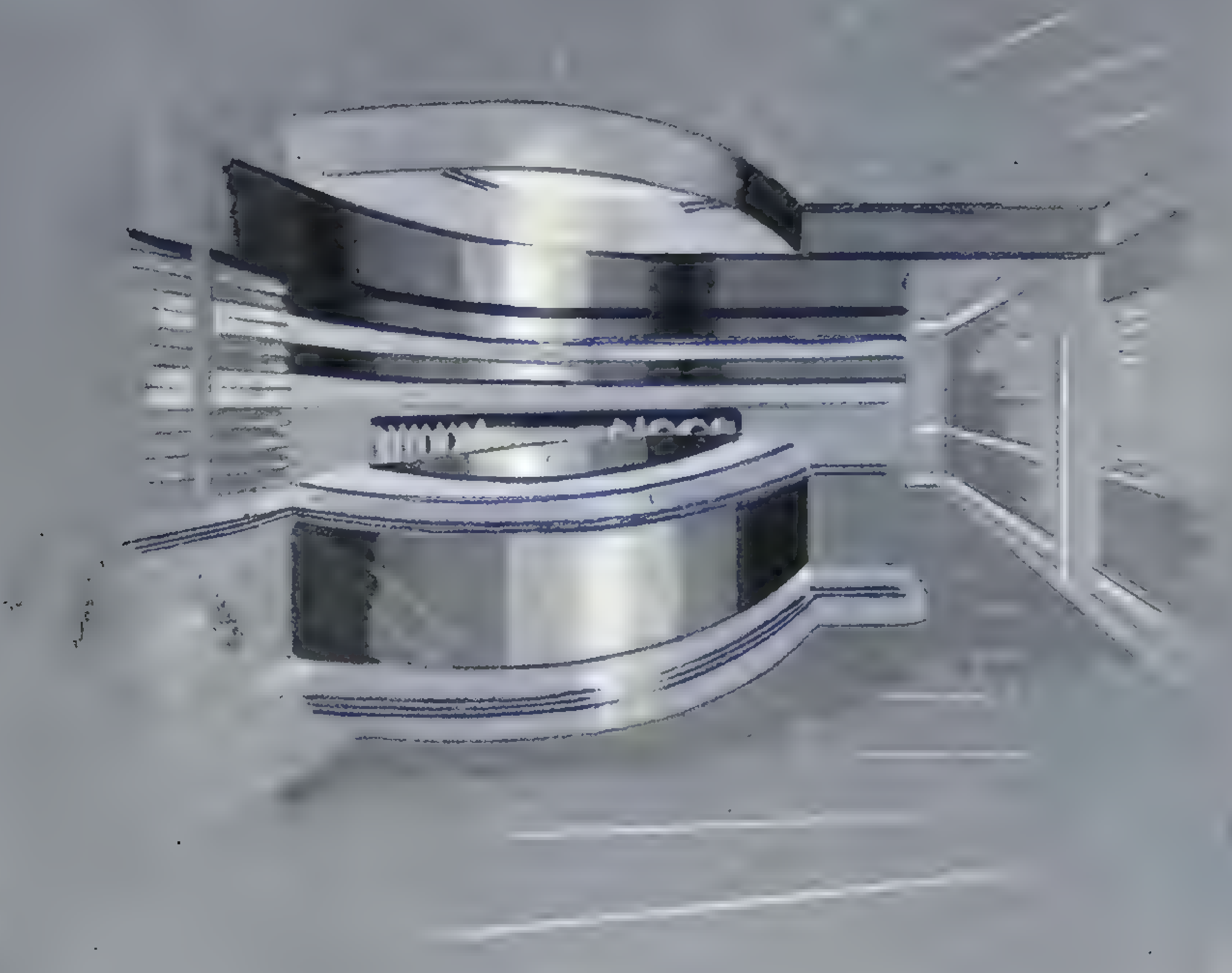
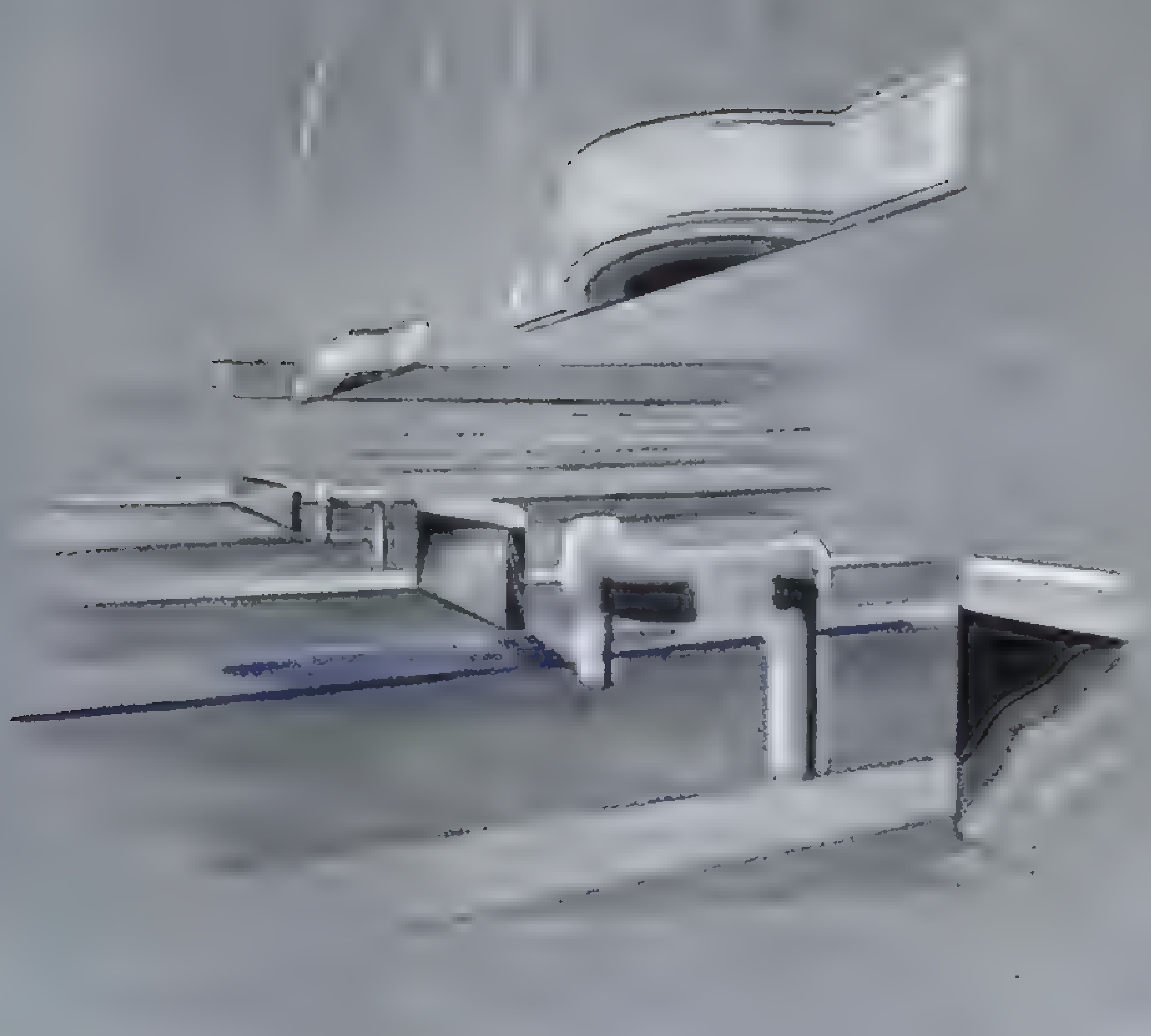
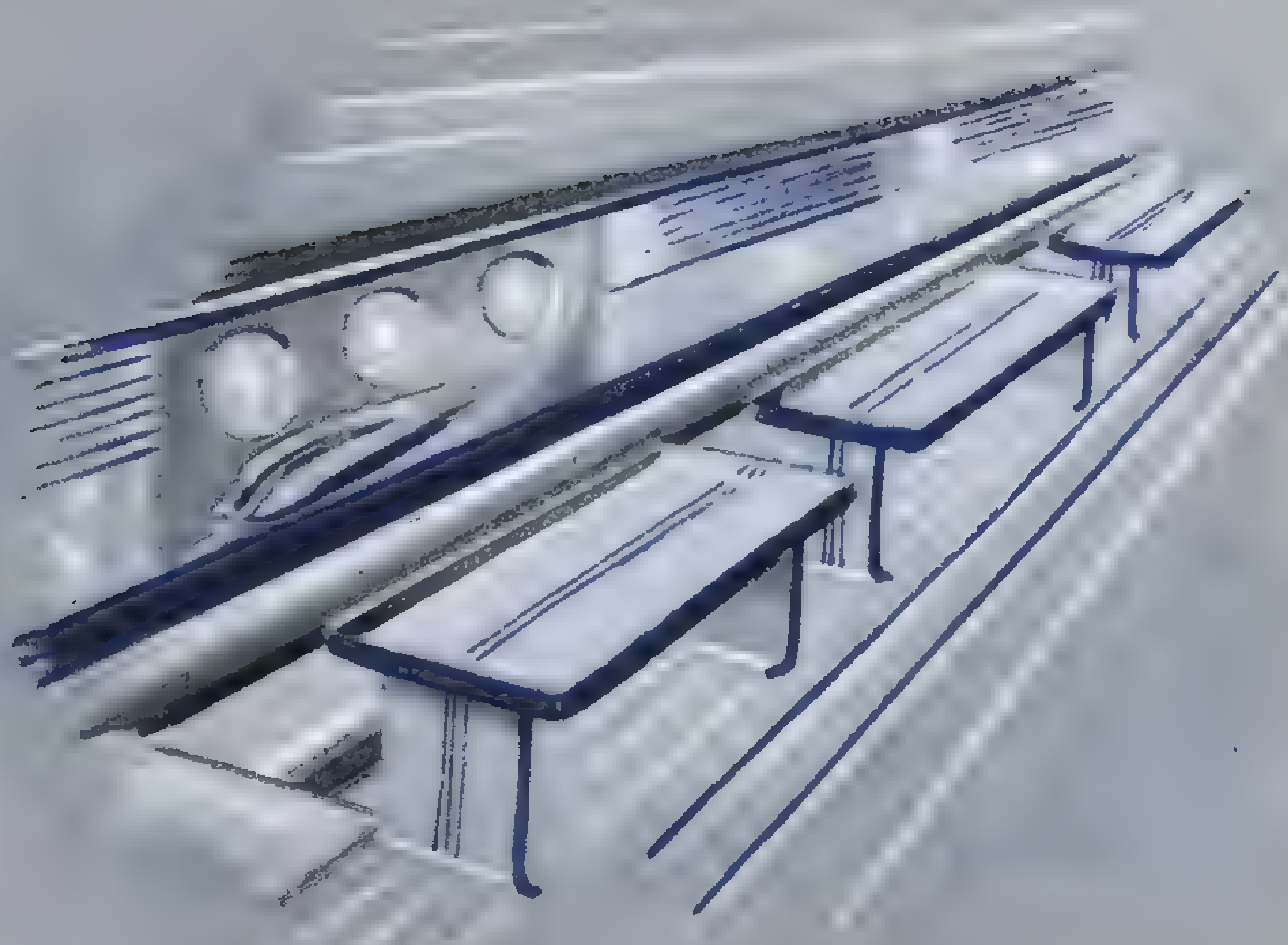








# Punch in the Presence . . . .

### *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Any cow with a spark of appreciation for streamlining would welcome a bump from this train. In the interior the corner bar has lighted panels, automatically showing the hour and name of the next station—a boon for bored conductors. In the bar car seats are lined against the wall and tables have turned up edges to catch spilled drinks. The railroad station gate features colored carpets identifying the crack trains, and tops of barriers padded as arm rests for the comfort of see-ers-off.

# "I Hate a Man Who Smokes a Pipe"

## Holding that pipe smokers, like the philosophers they are, help keep a conversation calm and intelligent

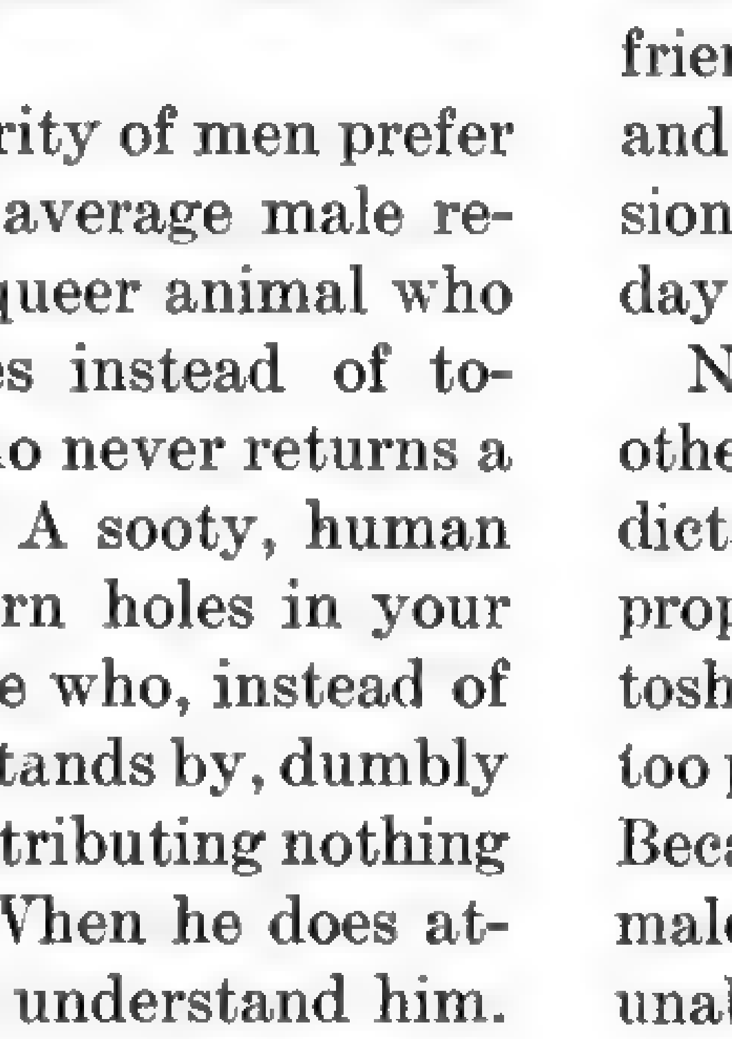
### by JOHN McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

In advertising and fiction, the pipe smoker is a revered, romantic, entertaining, contemplative chap. Men hail him. Women love him. His presence is enthusiastically welcomed everywhere. No social gathering can be complete without him. Actually, nobody likes a pipe smoker, except perhaps another pipe smoker. Everybody else considers the pipe smoker the pain of the life's party—the eternal bane of hosts and guests alike.

The overwhelming majority of men prefer cigarettes. Therefore, the average male regards a pipe smoker as a queer animal who seemingly smokes matches instead of tobacco. A veritable thief who never returns a borrowed box of matches. A sooty, human chimney whose sparks burn holes in your best suits. An unsocial ogre who, instead of stimulating conversation, stands by, dumbly sucking on his pipe and contributing nothing in the way of bon mots. When he does attempt to talk, you cannot understand him. Usually, he is too darned lazy to remove the dudeen from his mouth. Therefore, his speech has a guttural sound which is impossible to fathom.

Nevertheless, most men will tolerate a pipe smoker. Most women won't. The gals hate a man who smokes a pipe. Ask milady why. And she will tell you in no uncertain terms. A pigsty is too good for him. Permit a pipe smoker in your nice, clean home and before you know it, your carpets are ruined, floors are strewn with burnt matches and tobacco, your rooms smell of stale smoke. The extinction of the pipe smoker is the one subject upon which mothers, wives and mistresses heartily agree. The crueler and swifter his destruction, the better.



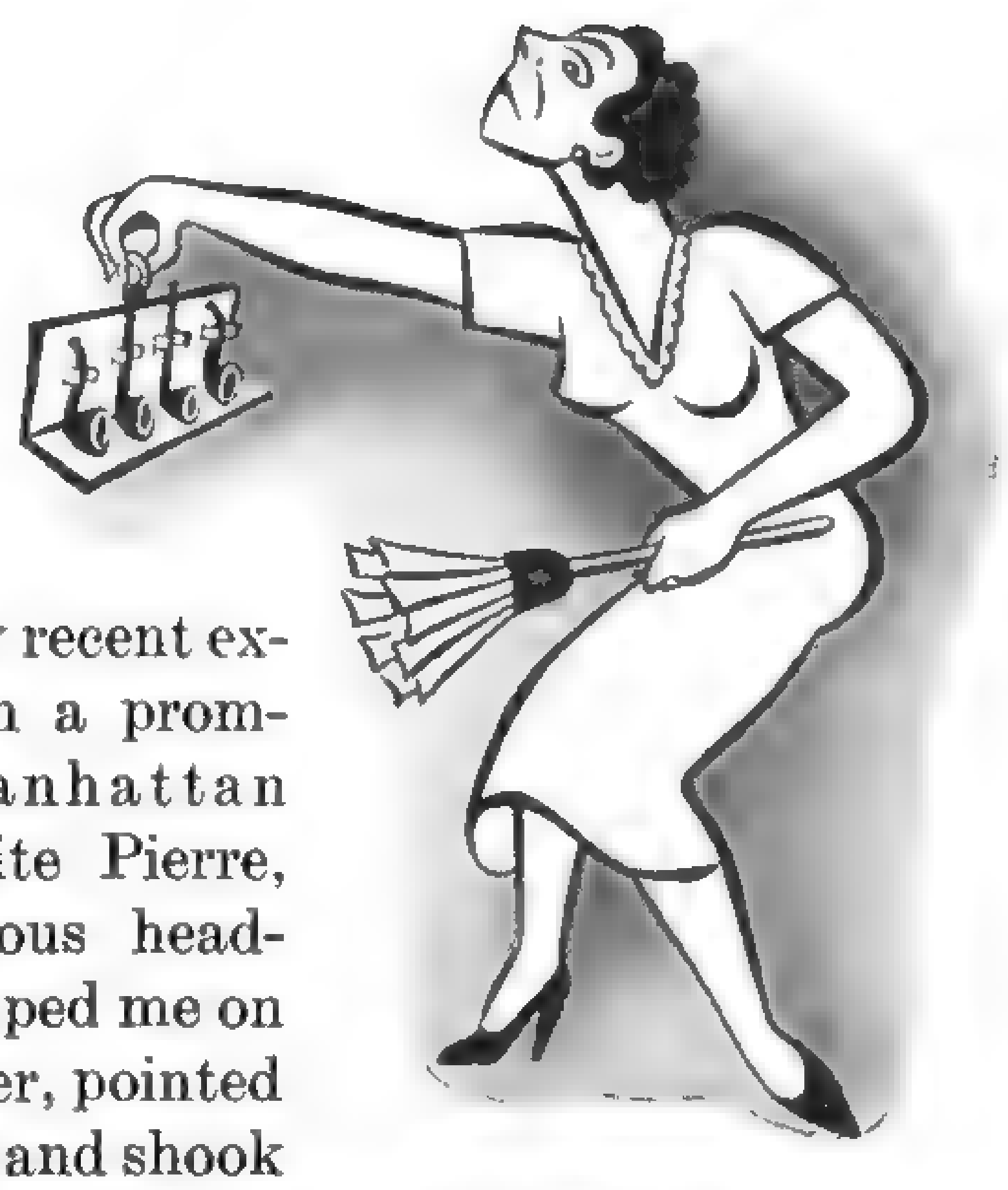
"Nowadays, we are all accustomed to the almost constant smell of cigarettes and cigars," writes Elinor Ames, the Emily Post of the New York *Daily News*, a tabloid newspaper which is read by more women than any other newspaper in America, "The man who delights in a mellow, old pipe should refrain from smoking it in the presence of women unless he knows that the aroma of a pipe is not objectionable to them. *Needless to say, he would not think of lighting his pipe in another's home.*"

I am an incessant pipe smoker. I burn up about thirty to forty hefty pipe loads of tobacco daily plus a half dozen or more packets of matches. The tobacco I swear by is a very rough cut which comes in a generous-sized package for a dime. Practically all my pipes have seen years of front-line service. To say my pipes are rancid might be paying them a compliment. "Foul!" is the description most frequently applied by objectors to my pipes. However, so as not to asphyxiate my best friends, I always carry two or three pipes and smoke them alternately. The only occasion when I do not smoke is at Mass on Sunday mornings.

Naturally, then, what Elinor Ames and other self-styled femme social and fashion dictators blab about when and where it is proper for a man to smoke his pipe, I say is tosh. Women are too envious and, therefore, too prejudiced to render a fair opinion. Why? Because pipe smoking is the sole remaining male habit which the modern maid has been unable to acquire. She consumes cigarettes, stands up to the bar, drinks whiskey neat, plays golf, squash, bowls, fishes and indulges in many other diversions once exclusively masculine but has yet not the gumption to tackle pipe smoking.

Since women dominate the American scene, the pipe smoker is harassed constantly. Taking their cue from the women, the managers of hotels, restaurants, grills, theatres, cinemas, trains, et al view pipe smokers as so many bothersome insects to be smacked. These officious flunkeys subject pipe smokers to the brashest treatment. And they get away with it, largely because the pipe smoker must fight a lone hand. He cannot expect any help from his fellow males as most of them are conformist cigarette smokers and do not favor pipes, anyway. Armed with the mandate entitled "The ladies object," headwaiters, theatre ushers, ship stewards, train conductors and others of like ilk blithely demolish pipe smokers. Should they protest in the slightest, the pipe smokers invariably land in the gutter.

Not a few times has this writer been the victim of the vilest kind of persecution. For the high crime of smoking a Peterson in so-called refined hotels, night clubs and other high-toned joints where the rooms have been literally blue with cigarette and cigar smoke, I have been ejected forcibly. Furthermore, in every instance when I have been tendered the proverbial bum's rush, I first had attempted to reason courteously with Mine Damned Host.



Take my recent experience in a prominent Manhattan hotel. Polite Pierre, the unctuous headwaiter, tapped me on the shoulder, pointed to my pipe and shook his finger. I simply looked blandly at him and in all the French in my command said "*Pourquoi?*" Then Polite Pierre frigidly informed me that the ladies no like my pipe.

"Well," says I, continuing to puff on my Peterson, "I don't like to see ladies smoking cigarettes. When you stop them, I'll stop too."

Polite Pierre hurriedly departed for the manager. In company with that suave personage, Polite Pierre attempted once more to argue with me. I welcomed such an opportunity and started to voice my rights to the same privileges as accorded to ladies. If ladies do not like my pipe smoking and I do not like their cigarette smoking, why should I forego my privileges as a paying guest while the ladies continue to enjoy theirs? The reasonableness of my plea infuriated both Polite Pierre and the manager. Their rebuttal to my logic was a husky, efficient and embarrassing escort to the street.

Though I usually lose such arguments, I have had two victories in my long pipe smoking career. One triumph was scored over the "Polite Pierre" of the Hotel Vanderbilt in New York City and another over his counterpart at the Ritz in Boston. I won because I got a chance to talk a bit longer than most headwaiters ordinarily allow me before tossing me out. At both the Vanderbilt and the Boston Ritz I, after my usual arguments had failed to convince, loudly offered to make a survey among all the ladies present and ask each one personally whether or not she objected to my pipe. If she did, she was to put away her cigarettes immediately. The idea of awkward me lumbering about the main dining room, barging down upon the private tables and crudely interrupting many very loving tête-à-têtes to inquire about my pipe smoking so horrified the Polite Pierres of both the Vanderbilt and the Ritz that they hastily departed, leaving me to puff my pipe in peace.

In the British Isles and on the Continent where men run the country and the women are adult, the rights of a pipe smoker are respected. He enjoys full liberty to light up when and where he feels like it. Over there, it is a common sight to see men in formal attire smoking a trusty, and oft crusty, pipe in the orchestra of a theatre, in a drawing room, in a swank restaurant or a night club. Certainly, there are beautifully gowned

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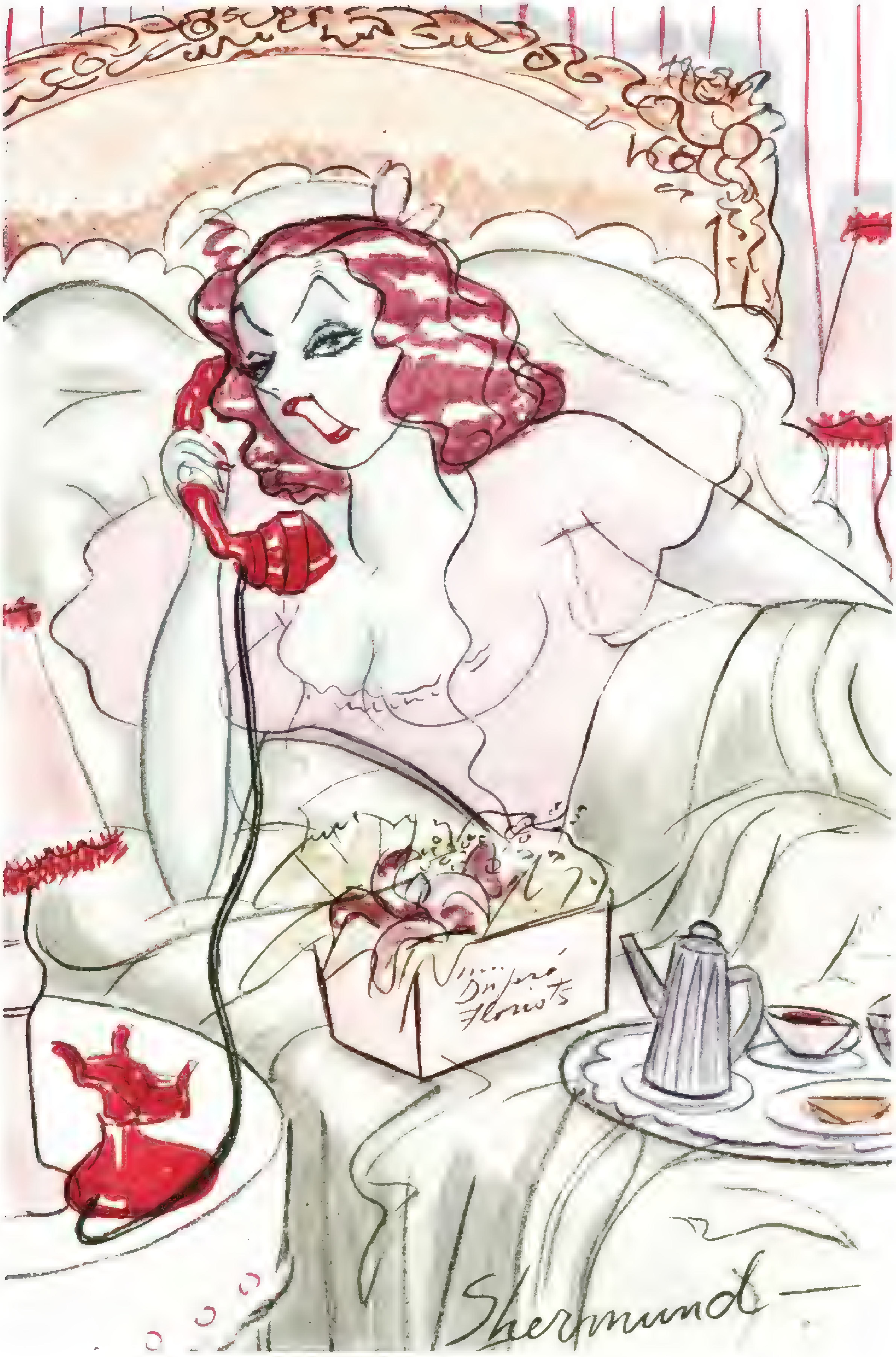
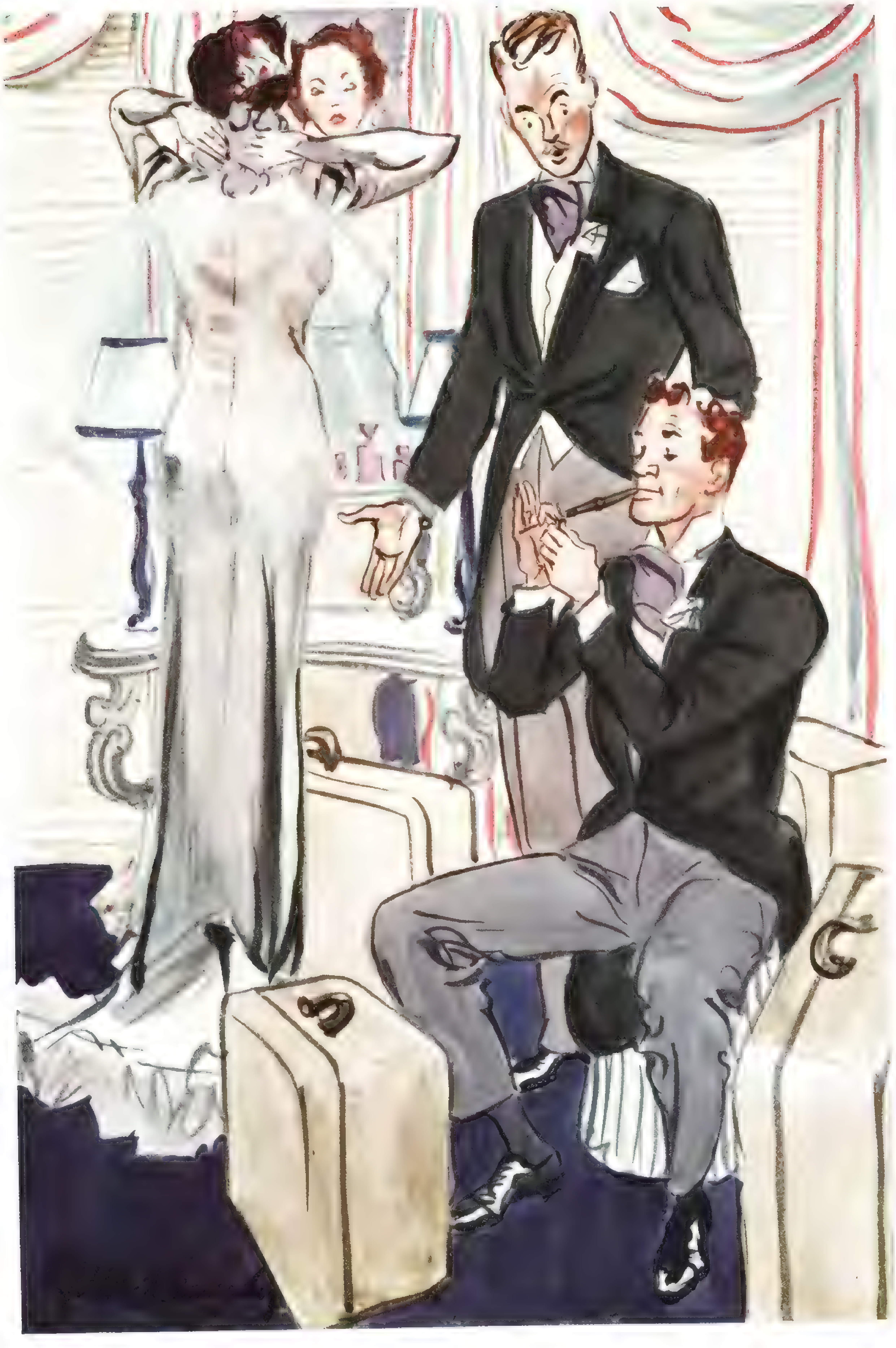


*"Thanks a lot for the orchids, Mr. Rogers—but what about the rent?"*



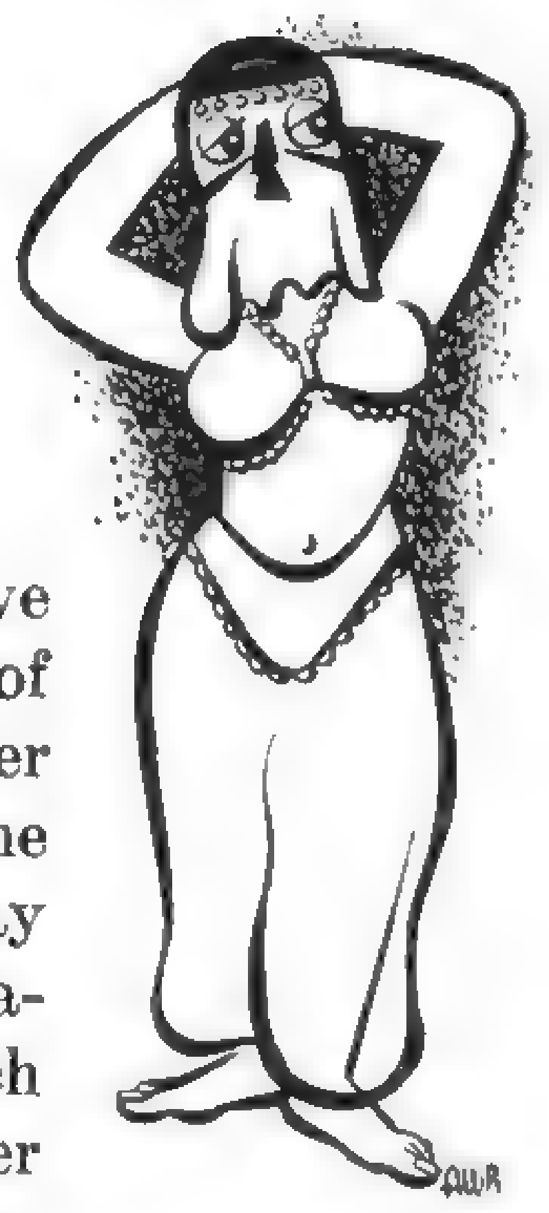
*"Of course I appreciate your acting as best man, Bob — but it's all over now and you're supposed to go home"*

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

### A hard-bitten attendant of fairs makes public his statement that they have been vastly overrated

### by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪



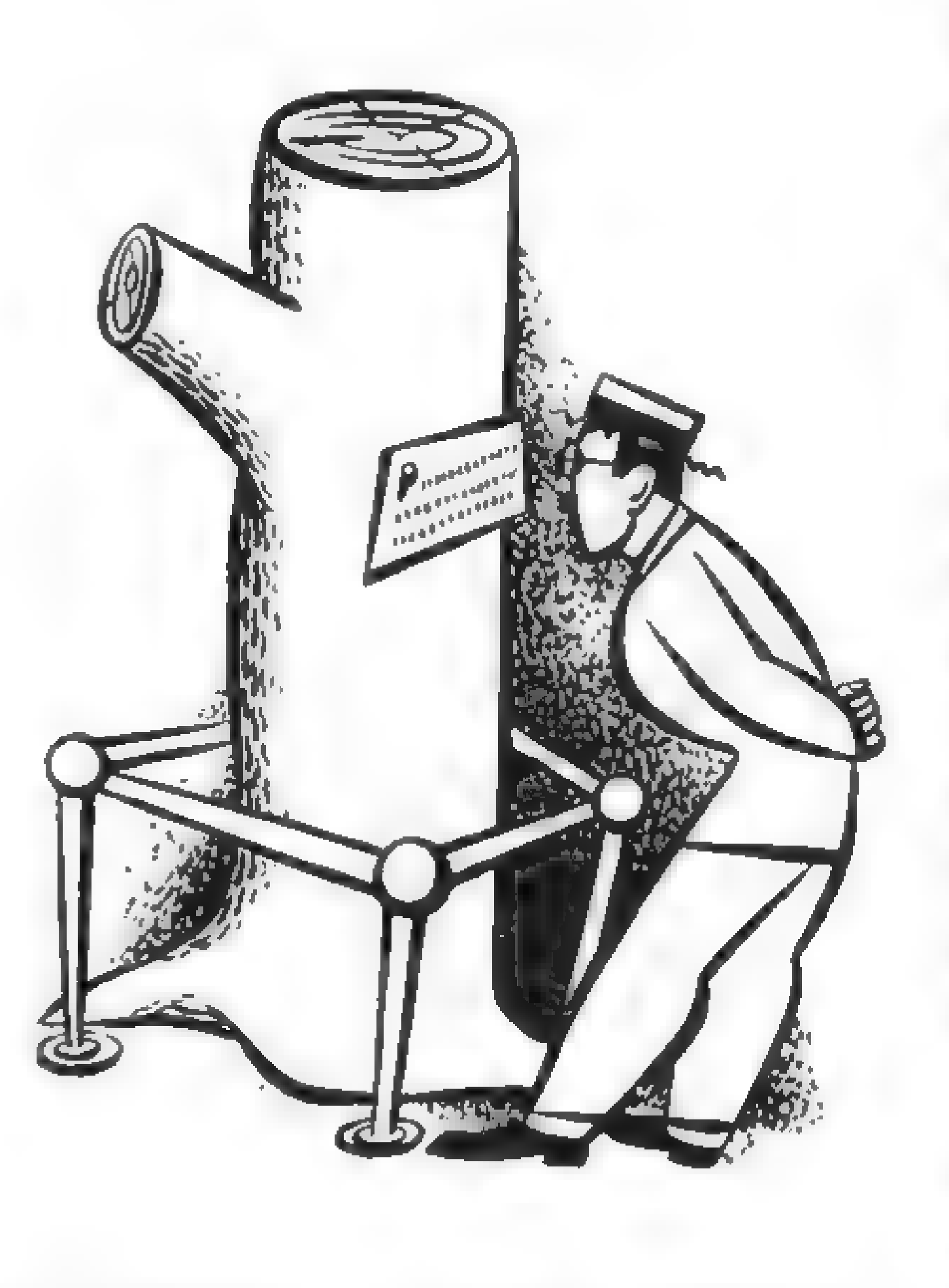
WITH first nights in summertime abeyance, I this month take the liberty of devoting myself merely to passing judgments, the first of which shall concern fairs.

Fairs appear to be the chief industry of the United States. It doesn't seem to matter much what kind of fairs they are or what they accomplish, just so long as they are fairs. World's fairs, county fairs, municipal fairs, street fairs, anything will do. When New York puts on its contemplated World's Fair a couple of years hence it is estimated that the only city in America that will still not have put on a World's Fair is Mingo, West Virginia, and Mingo is reported to be figuring with Billy Rose on one.

While it is an admitted fact that these World's Fairs generally come out heavily in the red and that the only things about them that ever pay their way and make money are the hot dog and the toilet concessions, that doesn't stop things. Let some city father take a Sunday ride in the family Ford and happen to observe in the outskirts of the town an expanse of sand lots full of mud-puddles and old tin cans and he can't wait until the next morning to get the board of aldermen together and assure them that they have overlooked a wonderful bet in not installing a World's Fair on the dump. "Think," he exclaims, "what it would do for the prestige of our city!"

Although the aldermen know perfectly well that the main end accomplished by one of these fairs is much less any prestige for their city than a lot of added work for its street-cleaning department, emergency hospitals, police force and ladies of joy, they, too, are such fairophiles that they can't resist the idea. And quicker than you can say Konstantinopolitanischerdudelsachspfeifergesellschaftsverein—or, if you're not a German, at least as quickly—they have already placed the contracts for the Ferris wheel, the Zulu village, and the ice-cream cones.

I have nothing against World's Fairs or any other species of fairs, despite the fact that I have been seeing them in great numbers ever since childhood, but I begin to wonder if a little novelty in them might not be welcome. The big fireworks display by night at the water's edge is pretty good stuff the first fifty or sixty times you see it, but along toward the seventieth or eightieth time even the biggest civic patriot and fair-lover has a right to get just a little fed up with it. The same goes for the Forestry building where you can see samples of wood from Australia, India, China, the Congo Free State, Iceland and other countries. I have in my time viewed so many pieces of different kinds of wood in so many Forestry buildings that, at the next big fair I go to, the nearest I'll feel like getting to a piece of wood of any kind will be a toothpick in the Pan-American Automat building. The trouble with almost every one of these World's Fairs is that while everything is quite dazzling and awe-inspiring, what with manifold shining domes, turrets, towers and what not, on the outside, the management usually relies upon the same old hokum for the insides of the buildings. The red, gilt and ivory edifice housing the science exhibition and showing the remarkable strides made by science and invention is thus sure to look like a million-dollar Ziegfeld number on the outside, but on the inside it is equally sure to offer the same old fluoroscope which allows you to see the workings of your best girl's digestive organs, together with the small models of the first paddle-wheel steamer and the first funny-looking railroad locomotive stood alongside the larger models of the latest thing in ocean greyhounds and the streamlined super-Chief. And the great silver, pearl-white and blue building known as the Palace of Industrial Arts and Crafts, which on the outside deeply impresses the eye as a rich combination of the Alhambra, the Parthenon and Sid Grauman's Chinese movie theatre in Hollywood is certain, once you enter it, to present the same old rug-weaving machine with an Irish cutie costumed as a Persian to explain its mysteries; the same old marquetry floor exhibit on which, if you've had several beers, you are likely to try to negotiate a little sliding and just as likely to land on your podex; and the same old 1840 silk loom with the box of silk worms under it and, adjacent to it and by way of contrast, the latest big piece of machinery that is able to turn out enough silk in five minutes to make eight thousand, three hundred and forty-two pairs of ladies' scanties.



But if the exhibits in the main buildings are stereotyped, what are we to say of the Midways, or whatever name happens to be given to that part of the fair that caters to the lighter pleasures? I have looked upon many dozens of these Midways or whatever they're called and on not one of them have I failed to pay a dime to see La Belle Fatima purvey the same hooch dance that her grandmother purveyed at the Chicago World's Fair back in the early 1890's, or to lay out another dime to see the Indian basket trick, dating from the same time, in which a small boy curls up inside a straw basket while his turbaned papa miraculously thrusts a sword through the part of the basket that the boy isn't occupying.

Another item that you are regularly doomed to see on these Midways is the Streets of Paris—forty years ago the concession was known as The Moulin Rouge and thirty years ago as Montmartre By Night—in which six venerable Polack women kick up the backs of their short black skirts and cry oo-la-la, thus theoretically stimulating the erotic impulses of the attending hayseeds and admirals of the Navy, and in which, in a big finale called Artists and Models, the sextette comes out completely nude from the neck up and is supposedly painted by a man in a blue velvet smock stationed at an easel at stage right. In an adjoining concession you can't miss the Swiss Village. The Swiss Village has been doing its stuff since the Philadelphia Centennial and is still going strong. Its main features are a trio of Swiss bell-ringers from the old Poli vaudeville circuit, a bedraggled looking cow which is periodically milked by a peroxide Ohio blonde in a Tyrolean costume, and a dozen or so small tables up against a wall with some bad Alps painted on it at which fat waiters in short green jackets and white cotton stockings serve you a five-cent glass of New Jersey beer for a quarter.

A little farther down the Midway it is dollars to doughnuts you will find those Ubangis, now old and decrepit from fair wear, with the big saucer mouths; the gorilla in the derby hat who sits at a table and eats with a knife and fork; the House of Mysteries with its old mirror trick that transforms you, for twenty-five cents, into a skeleton; and the Wild West show in which several old brewery nags who have been secretly stimulated with doses of turpentine give imitations of bucking broncos and in

Continued in center of page 134

# How Are You Boys Fixed for Drinks?

### A gent of the press tells the consumer what goes on under the names of Sales Psychology, Big Business and Publicity

### by CREIGHTON PEET

ARTICLE

Last fall a big cosmetic manufacturer dedicated a costly establishment on Fifth Avenue in New York with a sort of open house party which lasted almost a week. Different groups of people kept dropping in every few hours, partaking of breakfast, lunch, dinner or merely cocktails. The catering was done by one of the town's leading restaurants, and such an unusually simple meal as breakfast consisted of scrambled eggs, kidneys and champagne. Some of the guests had free facials or permanents and all helped themselves to the bowls of the house's own make of lipstick. These retail at a dollar. One fashion authority came away with seventeen. But this was cheating—or was the dear, generous girl just thinking of her friends? They say the cost of this opening for the ladies of the press and friends in the trade was $25,000. Taking off the fifty per cent which is added to any such unofficial figure we still have $12,500, which is a lot of money to spend on something vaguely known as "good-will," and that chiefly from non-customers. And a couple of years ago a resort hotel spent $40,000 in five months entertaining newspapermen, newsreel crews, and their wives and children. This cost included their fares to and from the resort. Another hotel invited 500 assorted reporters and columnists to visit a preview of an exposition, all free of charge.

Just recently an art exhibit invested about one thousand dollars in bringing some thirty New York critics some hundreds of miles to look at pictures in an out-of-town gallery.

Every year, in fact, for some reason I have never quite understood, American manufacturers and business firms spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on food, liquor, entertainment and transportation for me and my fellows—ladies and gentlemen of the press. Sometimes in a generous mood, they throw in cigarette lighters, ash trays, electric clocks, cuff links, compacts, encyclopedias, immitation leather wallets, diaries, lipsticks, games or toys—and at Christmas time even pies and turkeys and bottled goods (as distinguished from bar items which are offered the other 364 days in the year). I say "offered" because not all newspaper people will accept these gifts or attend these parties, which are now coming in an increasing stream from all those who have anything to sell.

At the risk of being branded a traitor, a double-crosser and a general all-round rat I I am going to tell, perhaps not all, but at any rate enough about these parties to make my fellow free-drink-filchers turn a nasty yellow and put a big black X after my name. It seems to me that the ultimate consumer might like to know what goes on in the name of Sales Psychology, Efficiency, Big Business and Competition. Perhaps repeal has had something to do with it, or perhaps industry's increasingly close association with theatrical methods through the radio are responsible, but in any event big parties with plenty of food and drink for the press are no longer the special property of the film industry.

Liquor (only the best) and anchovy sandwiches are now being handed out daily, almost hourly, in behalf of everything from airplanes to zippers. There was a time when most of the large-scale free-drink bouts were given to quiet the egos of rival movie queens. If one lady had a party at the Waldorf-Ritz, her competitor screamed that she would tear up her contract unless she had one twice as expensive at the Ritz-Waldorf. Today film stars are usually satisfied with their paychecks, but not so the advertising genii who make the wheels of commerce go round and round and round. Some advertising agencies and many press agents feel that no selling campaign is properly launched today unless all the newspaper people available are called in and poured full of Scotch—or occasionally champagne. This is equally true in the case of hosiery, transatlantic liners, carpets, musical instruments or almost anything else you can think of.

You might be under the impression that the business executive who spends his day tied up in conferences with other tense, high-powered executives and surrounded by efficient secretaries, filing cabinets, inter-office memos in assorted colors and piles of efficient automatic machinery would scorn such primitive methods of reaching his public. But the fact is there is a growing faith in this method of promotion.

It is my personal opinion, and that of many other newspaper people to whom I have talked, that these parties are wasteful, silly, and often dull, and do the product or institution in question very little good, and that the money would be better spent in buying a few pages of advertising. However, this is a minority opinion. Writing people are notoriously bad business men, and, after all, if executives earning $25,000 a year are sure that underwriting fifty to a hundred fifty hangovers is going to help in putting over baby pants, permanent waves or refrigerators who am I to turn down a drink and a handful of salted peanuts?

The reasoning is as follows. These cocktail parties come at the end of the day when everybody is too tired to do any regular work anyway. In big cities this is especially true. They give the ladies a chance to show off their new clothes and gossip with their friends, associates and business rivals. They create (I am told) a wonderful, glowing feeling of good-will for the sponsor and his product. Later, when the reviewers, columnists or special writers have occasion to mention X's oranges, Y's motorcars or Z's books they will recall those wonderful hazy afternoons with plenty of champagne when they actually met the munificent Messrs. X, Y and Z. Candidly, this is a fallacy. Newspaper people are allergic to celebrities. They have to listen to too many of them talking about themselves in the course of a day's work.

But the most important reason that free food, drink, and music are necessary nowadays is that they are expected. Tests have shown that it is no longer enough to announce a simple, straightforward display of gloves, shoes or ski-poles. You need a long table over in the corner covered with a white cloth, glasses, and bottles, to bring a crowd.

Now maybe you feel that I am hiding something? Possibly I, or we, who write, are a crew of villainous blackmailers who use our jobs to force bribes out of our victims? On the other hand, perchance we are the pride and joy of American industry, and so have presented to us in a wonderful, golden stream all sorts of gifts and entertainment? Business concerns are of both opinions depending on the weather, the amount of free publicity their product has had recently, and the manner in which the latest strike was handled. They would favor an editorial wagging a fatherly finger at the strikers for allowing themselves to be hoodwinked by labor leaders.

Neither of these explanations is correct. The simple fact is that newspaper people work long hours, get their feet wet and their pants baggy, and that a few drinks have very little to do with what they write. Much less than anybody would believe.

There are two things which every advertising and publicity man overlooks, first that the writer is already being paid by his publication, and secondly that if he is writing a special department or column he is already pre-inclined to mention your motor car, lawn seed, perfume or movie favorably. For the person who writes a radio column or reviews plays is not only truly interested in these things as a rule, but also recognizes in them his livelihood. If a fashion writer never liked any new designs or fabrics, and a book reviewer said that all the new books were dull and worthless, they would quickly lose their readers and ultimately their jobs. During 1932-3-4, for example, the New York theatre produced almost no plays of any value, and yet the reviewers, without ever committing themselves, worked hard to keep their readers' interest in an institution which had temporarily gone into retirement. The garden, postage stamp, real estate or motor editor soon gets to feel a certain responsibility for the craft or industry he represents. He will give it all the breaks he possibly can, parties or no parties.

Most press parties are held in New York, Chicago, Florida, Hollywood, or some other large city, and announcements are delivered either by special messenger or by wire. You would be surprised how many double-barrel adjectives can be crammed into a fifty-word message—"You are cordially invited to attend the gala première, unveiling, farewell, arrival, demonstration—wonderful, epic, terrific, grand, gorgeous, marvelous, sensation of the age, breath-taking, superb, lovely, of world-wide importance—." Anyway, you are invited for five p. m. next Tuesday. Only occasionally does the high official of the company actually appear as advertised and the press agent or agency contact man is left to play host. This he does by circulating among his guests chanting "How are you boys fixed for drinks?", clapping on their backs those writers whose papers have circulations of sufficient size, and merely grabbing the others by the elbow, spilling their drinks a little. Representatives from out-of-town papers often get nothing but a vague, preoccupied smile, in addition to a few drinks and anchovy sandwiches. Costs of such parties vary of course, but an ordinary three-hour session of cocktails for a hundred people comes to about $600-$800. The hotel donates the use of a banquet room free, but furnishes all the drinks and canapés. These latter come to about a dollar a head, while the drinks are billed by the quart. Recently, however, there was a party to introduce a newly imported movie star held on the stage set of an operetta playing in New York on an afternoon when there was no matinee. Due to the fact that some stage hands and chorus girls somehow got mixed up with the newspaper guests this party cost the promoters $2,000, which was considered something of a record.

At this point, and in justice to the more hardworking and less spectacular press agents, a line should be drawn between those who merely hand out drinks and those who hand out news. Those who understand their employer's business and explain it to the world at large are invaluable, both to their bosses and those who want information. They are as necessary as paid advertisements. However, just how much the "good-will" engendered by a few drinks is worth, I can not say. But I am dubious.

Sometimes "courtesies" to the press take the form of trips by bus, train or plane, ostensibly to visit a person, a factory, a garden or a locality. These are much less frequent and but one or two people are invited from each of the largest papers. Motor manufacturers may bring newspapermen on from hundreds of miles away to look at new models, or critics may be transported to a distant city for the "world première" of a new movie. Last fall almost a hundred film editors from papers all over the eastern part of the country were invited to New York by plane and lived at the company's expense for a couple of days. They were handsomely entertained with drinks and meals and given tickets to their choice of plays (legitimate shows), and generally treated like victorious football teams. Somewhere along the line, of course, they saw the film which was the cause of all the fuss. Needless to say the producing company was dubious about the picture's financial success and so ordered this special stunt.

And then there was that cocktail party last fall when an expensive china store courageously invited crowds of newspaper "friends" to step up to the bar in the middle of three floors of the very best china and crystal. Incredibly enough nothing was broken and only one piece was out of place—a plate from a set of presidential china which disappeared. You remember that feeling ran pretty high last fall?

And there have been parties for imported rag dolls, for new roofing materials, for shoes, for hardware, for etchings, and for beauty-giving "bubble-baths," this latter "with live models in the tub."

Even a musical instrument manufacturer introduced a new line of organs with a cocktail party. Only too late did he realize that with a few drinks the reporters present began fancying themselves as maestros though they could manage nothing but Chopsticks, and the noise was soon appalling.

More spectacular was the party given last fall in a swank Park Avenue hotel by one of the biggest motor car manufacturers. This affair was not only on the polite side, its generosity and genuineness were magnificent. At the head of the stairs leading to the main ballroom a butler in full regalia introduced each drink-snatcher to the president of the corporation (in person, not a secretary), who smilingly handed the guest on to a series of Grade-A vice-presidents. After this the ladies and gentlemen of the press, and of course a selected number of officials and sales heads, discovered that the two bars were located to the right and the left, and that the cocktail glasses held about a pint apiece. There were some glittering new cars scattered about, but of course all of the motor page editors and those in the trade were familiar with the new models already.

Now far be it from me to bite the hand that tilts the bottle, but I cannot understand the commercial usefulness of this sort of largess. Perhaps it makes presidents and vice-presidents feel imperial. Perhaps it flatters salesmen. Perhaps it relieves the dull routine of buying and selling. But I do not think that as an investment it pays. I am sure that it gets very little extra space in the papers. Everybody is interested in new motor cars anyway and new designs are always treated as news. Moreover, all motor manufacturers are big advertisers, and it would produce unhappy results to give any one model an overwhelming preference. Besides, how do you know who is coming to your press party? On one New York daily the city editor on receiving an engraved or telegraphed invitation to such a party brutally calls out "who wants to get drunk tonight?" If nobody else reaches for the card or wire in time it goes to an office boy, who attends.

Sometimes the stunts, planned so cunningly to make a large group of influential people remember a certain product for the rest of their lives, fall with a dismal thud. There was, for example, the cocktail mixing contest engineered by the makers of a well-known gin shortly after repeal in a noted Times Square restaurant. Thirty or more bartenders from the town's leading hotels were invited to compete, the only condition, of course, being that they use the house's gin. For hours and hours the tasting went on, until at last along toward midnight the judges announced their choice. Somebody rapped for silence and while the reporters made notes the recipe was read aloud. Only a few minutes later did the promoters realize that it contained no gin at all!

But manufacturers are not the only people who give parties. States interested in attracting tourists to their sunshine, their mountains, their beaches or their expositions also order champagne by the case. Guests came away from one such party not long ago staggering under the weight of good-sized sacks of oranges and grapefruit, presented as they left.

Almost any commercial, literary or artistic institution may, and probably will, give a party for the press at least once a year. These range from a refined wafer and glass of wine at an art gallery to a handsome feast with roasts, hams and gallons of liquor spread about by a Hollywood corporation. Somewhere in between is an institution known as the "literary tea" which may actually serve tea, but which is more usually a drunken brawl. Although the press is invited to these functions their real purpose is to placate and flatter an author into renewing his contract. Authors whose books make any consid-

*Continued in center of page 148*

# Do You Body-Surf?

## You slide down the slope of a fifteen-foot wave, then you're hurled toward the shore with the speed of a torpedo

### by ERIC FRANCIS

• SPORTS •

Not since Guy Gilpatrick introduced the fascinating game of swimming under water with a hooked fork to catch octopus has any sport as exciting and exhilarating as body-surfing been invented. Within the past few years this novel pastime, sometimes known as "wave-riding," has taken California by storm, and is now spreading rapidly to the Atlantic seaboard and even to the vacation spots around the Great Lakes.

If you, a stranger, should visit any of the popular California seaside resorts one of the first questions to be hurled at you on your arrival will be, "Do you surf?"

The query may leave you "half-stunned," as the Anzacs have it. Surf? Of course you surf! That is, you go bathing in the surf—if that is what your questioner means.

But that is not what he means. Specifically he means, "Do you body-surf?" And body-surfing, as the term implies, consists of turning your body into an animated surf board, and using it to ride the waves, a sport that combines the thrills of tobogganing with the breath-taking plunge of the Big Dip on a roller coaster.

Literally thousands of persons have of recent years taken up body-surfing as a means of relaxation until, during the summer months, every wave that breaks on the golden shores of the Pacific is dotted with the sunburned torsos of enthusiastic surfers. No longer are the bronzed young giants exclusively interested in the svelte forms that lie spread alluringly for their delectation on the sand. Instead, their gazes wander seawards, and they can be heard anxiously inquiring, "How are the waves today?" The status of the feminine population means little. It is the waves that count.

Body-surfing sounds ridiculously simple, but in actual practice it is an extremely difficult accomplishment. Some of the best body-surfers claim it took them from three weeks to several years to master the art. This long apprenticeship is undoubtedly due to the fact that they had no teachers and had to discover for themselves each intricate step of the sport. The expert, having acquired proficiency in the hard school of experience, sees no reason why he should pass on his knowledge gratuitously. That is human nature. So, when the hapless amateur, having tried to catch a wave—and missed—asks a successful rider for an explanation, he is rewarded with a shrug, or a terse, "You've got to get the knack."

But, believe one who has suffered many defeats, you've got to get more than the knack. You've got to learn a difficult technique. With proper instruction it should be possible to learn the rudiments of body-surfing in three or four weeks—and one doesn't have to be an expert swimmer—although it helps.

The action goes something like this:

You wade out to where the first line of breakers is curling shorewards.

You take a deep breath, shoot to the top of the wave, and launch yourself with one fast stroke.

Then, if your timing has been correct, you find yourself poised at the crest of the breaker, looking down into a fearsome chasm, sometimes from ten to fifteen feet deep.

With a thrill comparable to a high ski-jump, you find yourself dropping dizzily down the precipitous wall of water.

And, as you reach the bottom of the slide, you are hurtled shorewards like a torpedo, pushed ahead of a swirling spray of feathery spume.

That is real body-surfing, without doubt one of the most spectacular, and pleasurable, water-sports ever developed.

There has, of course, always been known and practiced—in the East as well as the West—a simple type of wave riding that consists of lying flat in the water with legs and arms outstretched. If you follow this method you jump into the wave after it has broken, and attempt to ride what is known as the "bore," that is, the broken surf. A good swimmer can ride a considerable distance in this manner, with his head down and his body completely submerged.

But with the highly developed method used by the expert body-surfer it is possible to ride huge waves, sometimes fifteen feet high, catching them before they have broken. And you ride them, head and shoulders out of the water, the entire distance from the breakers to the shore, often fifty yards or more. The bigger the wave the better the sport.

Just how, when, or where, the present beautifully perfected technique developed is somewhat of a mystery. A few years ago there were no body-surfers. Now there are tens of thousands. It is known to be one of the favorite sports in Australia, and some surfers claim it was introduced by a mythical visitor from "down under." But it seems far more probable that it came from the same country that originated surf-board riding—the Hawaiian Islands. As far back as 1911, George Frieth, a Hawaiian, who had come to America to train for the 1912 Olympic Games, was noticed body-surfing in the heavy swells off Venice. Vic Hostetter, one of the local lifeguards, became interested, and Frieth taught him the technique. But this was as far as it went. Hostetter imparted the secret to several other guards, but no one else, apparently, was let in on the fun.

Almost a decade passed, and body-surfing was fast becoming a lost art, when Bill Bowen, of Santa Monica, with a number of school boys, was swimming off the old Crystal Pier in Ocean Park. With them at the time was Duke Kahanamoku. He noticed the boys attempting to ride waves with their legs and arms outstretched. In his usual good-natured manner he explained to them the method used in the Islands.

"If you will keep your hands behind you," Duke admonished, "and hunch your shoulders forward, you will be able to ride that surf much better. Keep your head out of the water, and try to make your chest hollow, like a dish."

It all sounded ridiculous, but the boys tried it, and were surprised to find that they were carried before the wave like a rubber ball thrown into the surf. Further, as Duke Kahanamoku explained, if the swimmer would bend one leg at the knee, raising it slightly, a surface would be provided whereby pressure could be exerted by the wave against the upper part of the thigh. The raising of the leg also resulted in depressing the forward part of the body, affording a somewhat larger pressure area, and it could also be used as a rudder for steering.

After considerable practice the local boys perfected the technique, acquired the proper timing, and found that they had acquired an exhilarating new sport, with just that slight element of danger that gives tone to a pastime. The boys spread the good word and, before the summer was over, thousands of high school boys had become expert body-surfers.

Yet, to the average surf-

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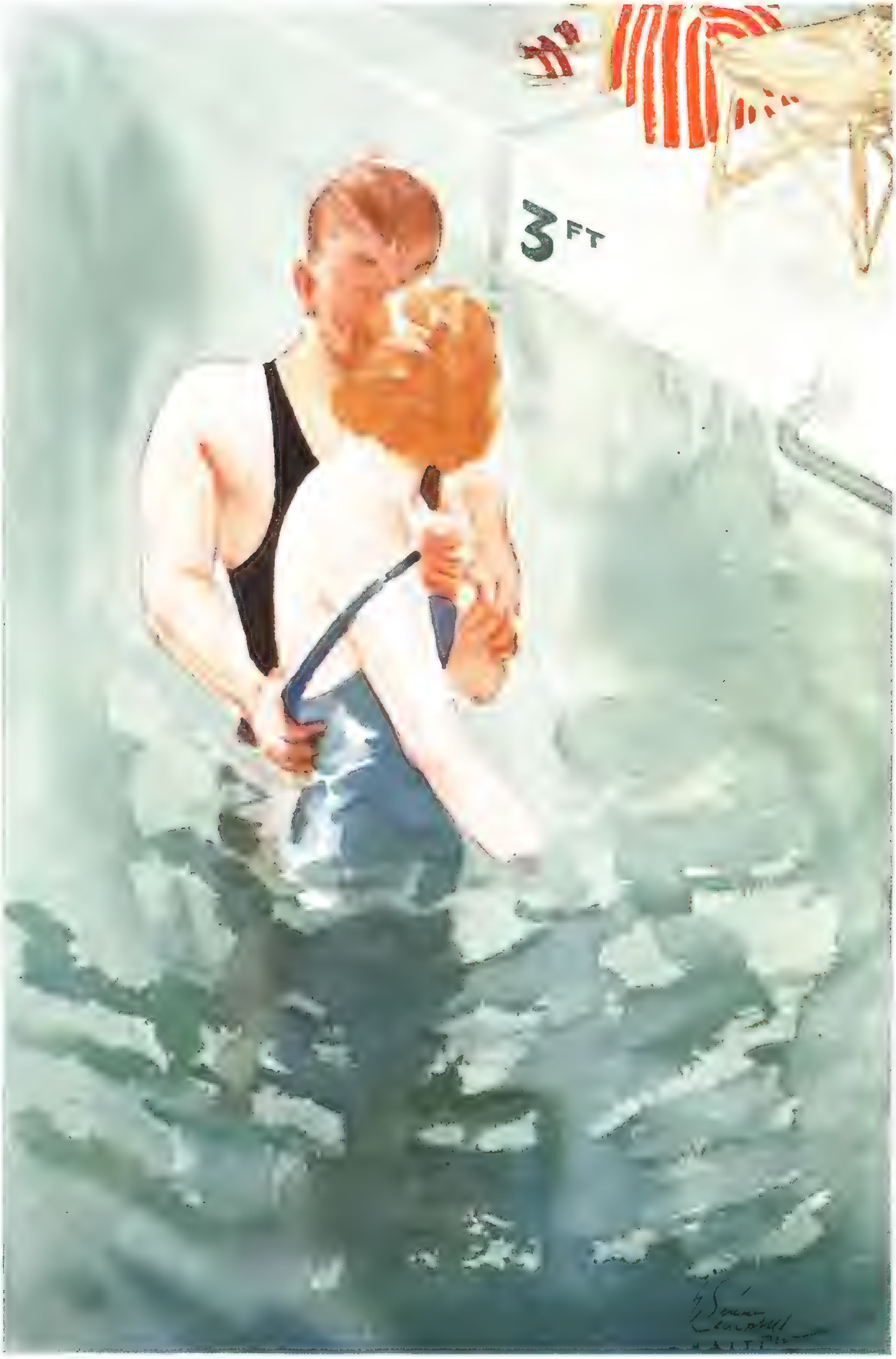
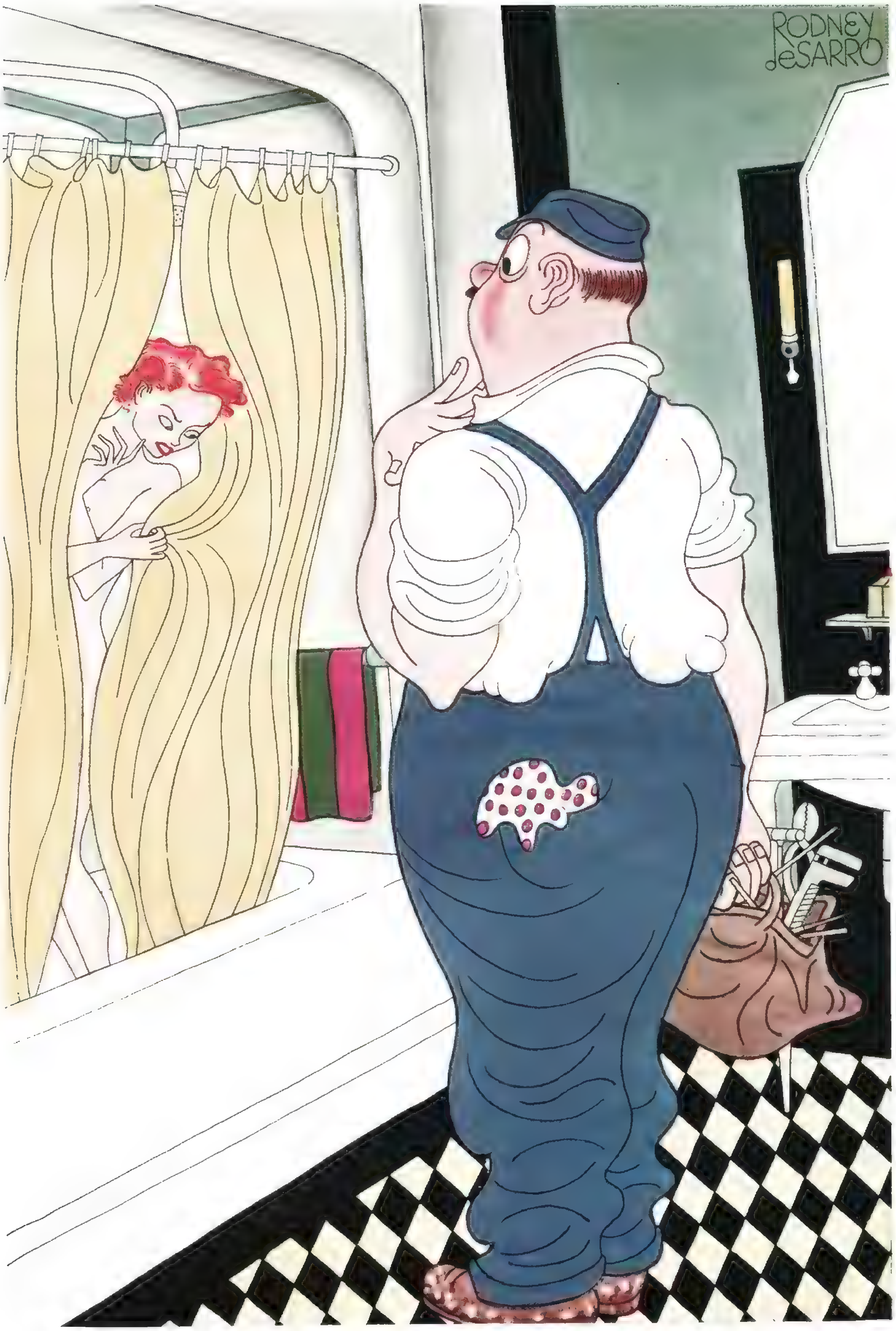


*"No—I don't want to get married! I want you to teach me to swim!"*


RODNEY deSARRO

*"Get out of here with those muddy shoes!"*

# No Art, Mr. Disney?

## Rivals can't duplicate his colors, his inspired characters, nor his integration of pictures and music

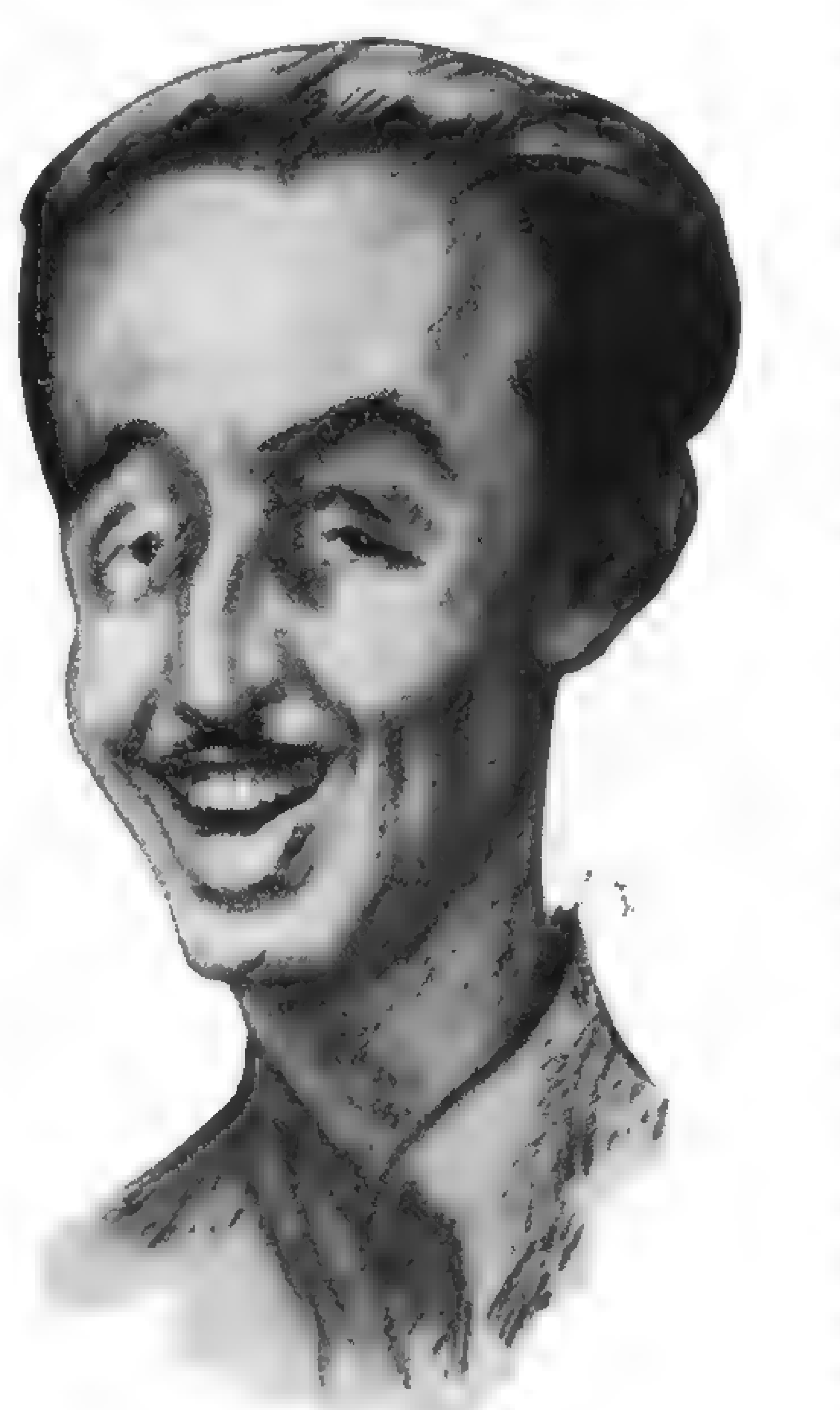
### by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Before the long series of masterpieces produced by Walt Disney, the most subtle observer stands baffled. By the most subtle observer I do not mean any imaginary person. I mean specifically Mortimer J. Adler, who has written a long, sometimes difficult, always profoundly important book about the movies under the title *Art and Prudence*. Although I am occasionally beaten about the head and ears in this book, I am sure that no other work, of the philosophers or moralists or estheticians, can compare with this one. So it is a great satisfaction to me that in one of the few places in which Professor Adler treats me comparatively gently he speaks of the work of Walt Disney as "lively art that also reaches greatness, a degree of perfection in its field which surpasses our best critical capacity to analyze and which succeeds at the same time in pleasing children and simple folk."

I agree that you cannot analyze this work. You can describe some of its elements, you can recall it, you can lift your voice in praise and to my surprise, I find that you can also murmur a word of warning. About a year ago I saw the first of Mr. Disney's works which completely failed to give me pleasure; I have now seen a second and this one has received the Academy Award. In comparison with one hundred forty-eight other Mickeys and Silly Symphonies, in comparison with the vast pleasures I have had and the incalculable service which Disney has done to the movies as a whole, these two little errors ought not to count at all. I think they count only if Mr. Disney considers them of importance, if he will gradually abandon the style of his greatness and take on the serious style which I find a little pretentious and even a little dull. The first of these two pictures was *The Golden Touch* in which Mr. Disney retold the legend of King Midas and the second was *The Country Cousin* in which he told the fable of the city mouse and the country mouse. Note that like his big brothers in the studios, Mr. Disney has twice used a classic for a picture and twice made it slow going and heavy-footed. Was he trying—did he need to try—for a prestige picture as the studios do? Did he have to beat down an army of hostile moralists who said that the movies were sinful or trivial? Or was it, as I hope, that looking about for available material he found a gold mine—the treasure of myth and legend and then did not go farther and find a way of adapting the rich ore to his own uses?

The first thing I noticed about these pictures is that their physical appearance is quite different from the usual Disney work. I have heard that in the beginning of his use of technicolor Disney had to limit himself to only a few tints owing to the mechanism itself, but it struck me as one of the great triumphs of his art that working within this limitation he had created a palette which was extraordinarily appropriate to the kind of thing he was doing. Every time you saw a Silly Symphony you were reminded, perhaps not consciously, of Christmas cards, transparencies of colored tissue paper and painted magic lantern slides—all of which are souvenirs of childhood, putting you in the proper frame of mind to appreciate the prime elements of Disney's work, the simplicity, the fantasy, and the comedy. But beyond that the Disney pictures had what no other drawn comics had, a feeling of the bright air in which all his characters moved. You often sensed that difference in feature pictures between a process shot of a scene in the open air and a shot actually taken on location. Just how Disney accomplished this particular miracle I do not know for certain, but I think it had something to do with the coloring he used for the skies.



The light wash created literally the correct atmosphere.

Perhaps technicolor has improved and now allows greater variety. The improvement has not worked to Disney's advantage in the particular pictures which displeased me. The backgrounds are richer and the colors seem to be heavier and, if you can apply the word in an evil sense to a work of pure fantasy, there is an air of unreality over them.

Far more important is the absence of hilarious fun. Now there is no reason why drawn pictures must be limited to comedy. I have wanted for years to see Mr. Disney do *Alice In Wonderland* by setting in motion the characters created by Tenniel—a great deal of the brilliance of Eva Le Gallienne's production of *Alice* was derived from doing precisely this with stage scenery. If we cannot have W. C. Fields as Mr. Pickwick, the promise of the studio has not yet been put into action—there are the original drawings to animate; and in both of these cases, while we should have high humor, I hope, it would not be precisely the same as the comedy we now get. Some twelve years ago I had the audacity to suggest to Pablo Picasso that an experiment in animated pictures might be made by him and I believe that some sort of a Surrealist animation has been created abroad. I should also like to see a series by Hogarth and an animation of Goya's *Disasters of War*. Nor do I see any reason for keeping from the screen Thurber's *Battle of the Sexes* or the now forgotten *Whoops Sisters* of Peter Arno or some of the sardonic drawings of Adolf Dehn, and for an audience which can take it the work of George Grosz. The field of animation has in fact been tried only in the little corner staked out by the comic artists.

Nevertheless in this corner Disney has created masterpieces and if he is going on to create masterpieces in legend—he is supposed to be working on a full-length animation of the myth of *Snow White*—the thing to be chiefly desired is that he shall make that a separate enterprise—to suit my taste, an enterprise only secondary to the creation of his Mickeys and Symphonies. I am afraid that sentimental raptures over a kind of sweetness and a mistaken, slightly high-brow, approval of the classic quality of these other pictures may divert him from his path.

Before writing this, I had the exceptional pleasure of seeing ten Disney works at one time. I not only wanted to see the pictures which I had missed and to experience again the pleasure of seeing some of the old masterpieces, but I was curious to know whether you could stand a great quantity of animated pictures without a break. I should say that you can, with excitement unabated, look at these pictures for about an hour and a half which is longer than the average feature picture. There are moments of extreme physical exhaustion if you abandon yourself to laughter, but the Disney technique is quite subtle; there are moments of suspense and moments of pure physical beauty spaced in between the great climaxes of hilarity. In the program which I saw, two less masterly masterpieces came at the end and possibly this added to my slight feeling of fatigue.

I am afraid there are still two or three of Disney's works which I have missed, but I think I have seen all of the great ones and after two years it is still my judgment that the *Band Concert* is Disney's greatest single work and I doubt very much whether half

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# As History Repeats

### The audience clapped and roared to see the Chamber of Commerce lick the Hell out of the Indians

### by EDW. HARRIS HETH

• FICTION •

Eddie Gilby, with the pigment of his ancestors still in his skin, watched from the entrance of the dressing tent. He did not mind the hot sun baking his lean cheeks, the high bones and broad forehead flashing in the sunlight, glistening with wet. He had great circles of sweat like folded wings under his arms but stood blandly with his arms crossed on his chest, squinting, never moving for ten minutes and his eyes in a single focus on the panting, dripping ballet dancers out in the field. He waited his turn. Nothing in him moved, a moth flitted before his face only a half inch away, yet his muscles so taut he did not even flinch, save rarely when his black, haunting eyes turned to the right or left, to watch indolently the herd of cows grazing on burnt grass near the makeup tent, or Bilger, the director of the pageant brought on from the East, in another corner of the field directing the First Settlers.

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The First Settlers listened to Bilger's ranting voice attentively, the women proud and glum but the men sheepish, yet ardent. The ballet dancers picked their way over the rough, bumpy green with hot frowns on their faces, halting in a body when the music halted, their once-graceful arms falling immobile and awkward to their sides, then beginning their routine over once more. Eddie Gilby, after ten minutes, unfolded his arms and walked with long, limber steps behind the costume tent, where young Art Students from the high school, with paint-smeared faces, hotly painted suns and zigzags in bright red and blue on cone-shaped tents.

"What those?" he asked, staring sullenly at the painted canvas, his pitchy eyes in half-moons.

"Tepees," the student said.

"Tepee? What for?"

"For the Black Hawks," the student said in awed surprise. "I guess it's what you live in."

"Me?"

"Sure. It's for the Raid scene. Don't you know?"

Eddie Gilby scowled darkly at the student and snorted once, tipping back his lean-jawed gloomy head to burst into somber laughter as he wandered away. His black, stringy hair felt good, baking in the sun as he walked over the Fair Grounds to find his friends, those who had come with him, three carloads of them, from a hundred miles west at Duchac along the river, hunted out by the Chamber of Commerce with bald, gleaming, satisfied faces and promised expenses and five dollars apiece to come take part in the Centennial Pageant. Eddie and his friends, that day, glanced curiously and darkly at each other from the porch of the Gilby shack in the Reservation, where the Chamber of Commerce found them.

"We hope you'll come," one of the members of the Chamber said, blinking, twirling his straw hat in his fat hand. "Now, five bucks apiece, that's something, isn't it? We want you for the Black Hawk War—you know, War of 1812. Which one of you here's Eddie Gilby?"

Eddie Gilby rose with a slinky, silent movement and walked up to the blinking man.

"You're Mr. Gilby?"

"Me," Eddie Gilby said.

"So you're the descendant."

"Eddie Gilby," Eddie Gilby said.

The heavy, perspiring man laughed in friendliness, a flush coming over his bald face. "You ever hear of Chief Black Hawk? You must of, sure now."

"Black Hawk, Great-Great-Grandfather," Eddie Gilby said.

"He was a great old fighter, wasn't he?"

"Chief Black Hawk."

"That's right, my son. Your great-great-grandfather was Chief Black Hawk, all right. So you're his descendant, last of the Sacs! Something like the End of the Trail, isn't it?" The voice of Commerce dropped his grin for a moment of revery, pleased with his thoughts, the last of the Sacs, standing before him, the end of the tribe, the Vanishing American, black-haired and sullen and deep-eyed. "Your great-great-grandpa took quite a beating in that War, didn't he?"

"Chief Black Hawk good fighter," Eddie Gilby said.

"Of course, of course, no harm meant, he sure was a good fighter! All I meant was, he lost that battle, didn't he? That was tough all right, but I guess he did. Now listen, Gilby—"

"Eddie Gilby," he said and waited quietly.

"Sure, Eddie Gilby. Now listen, Eddie Gilby, we want you to come along with us and stage that fight all over again! That's it, for this Centennial Pageant we're having. A Hundred Years of Progress! Five bucks apiece. Now that's a tidy sum. We'd like you to round up some of these other—that is, some more of your friends here, and come along with us. How 'bout it?"

"We come," Eddie Gilby said, with a faint, stentorous, primitive echo in his voice, his eyes glowing fiercely black.

Eddie and his fourteen friends piled into three old Ford touring models with the tops down and made the trip to the Fair Grounds. Five bucks apiece, he thought, and almost smiled, finding his way over the parched Fair Grounds, past the herd of cows representing Agriculture. He looked at the cows somberly; moonily they stared back, softly wallowing in the flat sunshine, twitching their hides. A fly alighted and crawled on Eddie Gilby's taut brown skin, but he did not twitch.

* * *

All that hot afternoon and the next, after Bilger had stridently shown the First Settlers how to cross the plains, they rehearsed in the middle of the Fair Grounds.

Bilger was short and pudgy, his face half-hidden under an enormous sombrero, a cigarette always dangling from his full lips. The Chamber of Commerce hovered behind him and whispered to each other and nodded solemnly, their hands folded over their paunches. "Naw-w-w, you lazy dopes," Bilger roared, almost losing the cigarette from between his lips but never quite losing it. "You dopes are Indians, ain't you? Don't

you know how to put on a good fight? You, Gilby, you're the chief. Say, d'you never hear of Black Hawk?"

"Chief Black Hawk. Good fighter. Good hunter."

"Why, su-u-ure!" Bilger grinned. "Now give us some of that fighting like your old grandpa'd give it, will you? This is going to be *real*. Say, how about a little powwow to start the thing?"

"Powwow?" Eddie Gilby said, sullen under the scorching sun, clean and small but straight as a larch.

"Sure, powwow. Here, start up those tom-toms. Now all you fellas start up a powwow—hey, you struck dumb?"

Eddie and his black-haired, fierce, sullen-eyed friends stood motionless under the smashing sun

"What's the matter, you fellas, *please* now!" Bilger said.

"Powwow," Eddie Gilby said.

"Sure, powwow!"

Eddie shrugged his shoulders and his black eyes flicked lazily, questioningly, back and forth.

"Maybe they don't understand," a lean member of the Chamber said, stepping forward and removing his pince-nez from his nose. "Do you gentlemen know what a powwow is?" he asked. Eddie and his friends blankly fixed their hot eyes on Bilger. "They don't know," the lean man said, smiling wanly at Bilger, fixing the pince-nez on his nose.

"Then *show* 'em!" Bilger said.

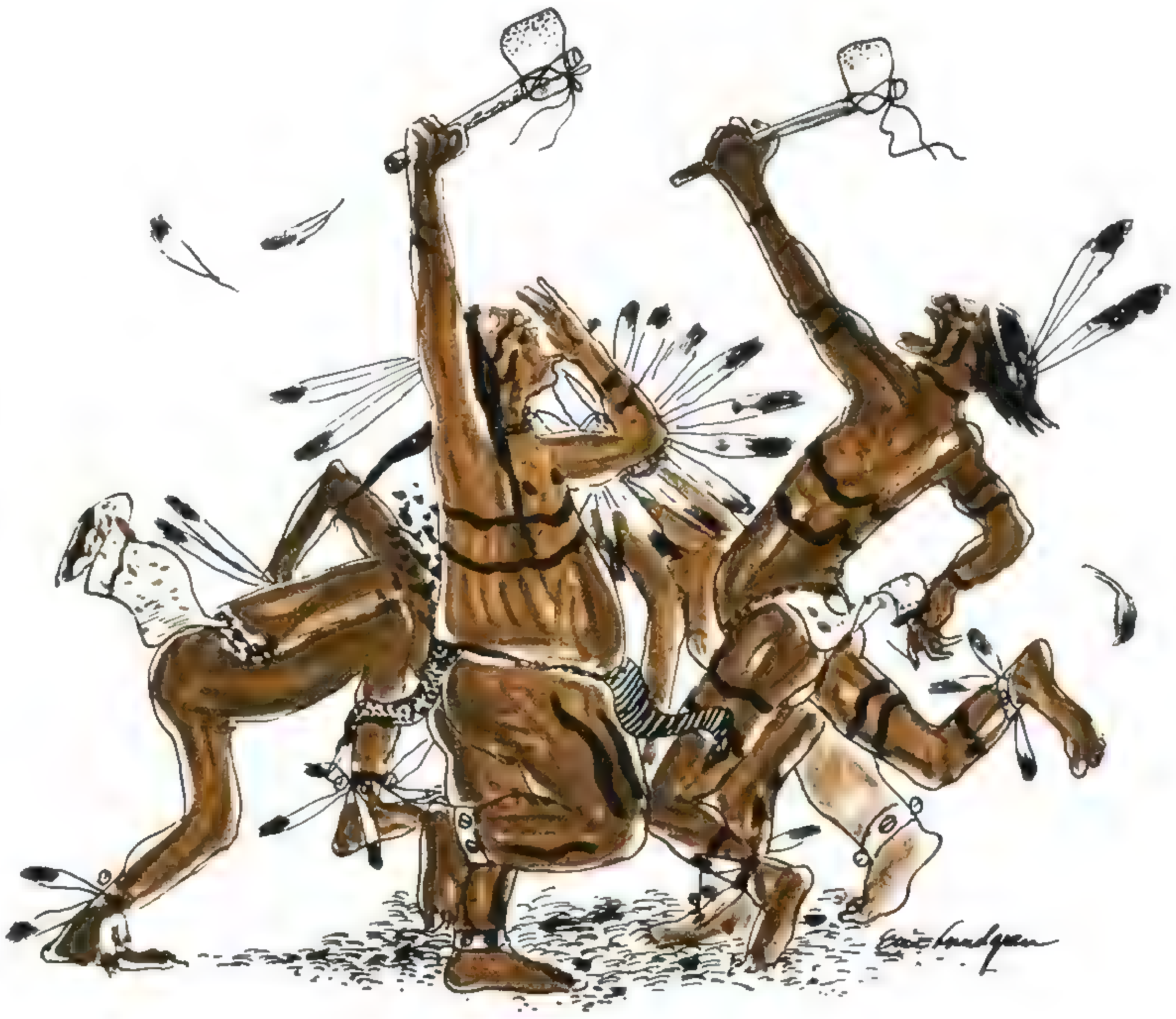
Then the lean man, first hesitantly but soon with mild gusto, gathered the Chamber of Commerce around him and began a powwow, round and round in a circle they danced, flaunting imaginary hatchets and tomahawks, screeching *Yippoo . . .!* and again *Yippoo . . .!* louder and louder in their growing, panting excitement. Eddie Gilby's white teeth flashed viciously in the sun, a low, prolonged laughter coming softly from his lips.

"That's it!" Bilger cried, choking on his cigarette. "Now you fellas try it! You've got a big fight on your hands! You've gotta invoke the War gods! Come on, you Black Hawk—"

Eddie watched him dumbly, silent-eyed. Suddenly he leaned backward as though to crouch, then leapt forward with a mighty, flashing leap into the air, his mouth parting and his teeth gleaming, a wild *Yippoo . . .!* jumping from his throat. His friends, first curiously watching, soon did likewise. Eddie and the last of his tribe danced fiercely, their haunches taut and quivering as animals, powwowing around the campfire, their bronzed arms flinging like ribbons over their black, bent heads.

"That's great!" Bilger said.

"Damned swell. Fine. That's something," the panting members of the Chamber said, mopping their faces.



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For three nights with paint and feathers Eddie Gilby stood in the sultry darkness behind the flats and watched the First Settlers come, the First Cabin built, watched the ballet dancers represent the four winds, sun, and rain, picking their way tensely over the platform dung-littered by Agriculture. Then when the tom-toms began their fiery throbbing and the grand-stand audience had ceased its applause, Eddie let out a mild, half-throttled *Yippoo . . .!* and leapt onto the platform, followed by fourteen more Indians leaping in anticipation from the wobbly tepees. They began the powwow, round and round the fire until, offstage, came a loud bugle call. And at once, pouncing on them, came the White Men, a covered wagon drawn by two sleepy-eyed bulls, screaming women kneeling with their arms around their children, either laughing and enjoying the pageant immensely or staring in frightened wonder. The men, in buckskin jackets, pounced on the last of the Black Hawks savagely and fought for dear life, roaring, spitting, aiming their wooden rifles, all the while Eddie and his fourteen friends kept thinking of five bucks apiece and let themselves be stuporously knocked to the ground, trampled on, reviving only to be felled again, the White Man's Victory, the Great Black Hawk War. At a second bugle call, Eddie Gilby rushed to the front of the platform, rushing with real fierceness now at the white men only to be suddenly confronted by a troop of them, encircling him with pointed guns and flushed faces, while the audience out front cheered at the capture, and Chief Black Hawk, head bowed, surrendered his tomahawk, defeated, shackled, vanquished, the Mid-west conquered by the White Man.

Each night, while the audience roared with satisfaction, Eddie, kneeling before his conquerors, let his slow, slanting eyes travel over the ground, littered with his fourteen braves, a look of slow ire and shame coming over all of them. Each night Black Hawk, and his comrades, fell harder.

On the fourth night the fifteen of them stood lined against the bar of the Last Chance Tavern, a solemn, unmoving, silent row of them drinking whisky, spending their five dollars apiece. They said nothing, only glancing at each other slowly with tight lips and taut faces and eyes confused with shame and bloodshot. They said nothing at all to each other. The muscles in their lazy bronzed arms were tight and their lean shanks kept twitching.

"We go now," Eddie Gilby said. And the fifteen of them, in silence, at a quarter to eight, filed from the Last Chance Tavern.

"Now where's them damned Indians?" Bilger was shouting. "Where's that fine tribe of fellas you got me?" he kept crying to the Chamber of Commerce, looking at his big wristwatch and almost losing his cigarette from his lips. "A fine show! They walk out! Show's ready to begin, *where's my god-damned Indians?"*

"We here," Eddie gravely said. Just then, the fifteen of them came in costume to the make-up tent, in bright regalia, tomahawks limp in their hands and feathers on their heads, their bodies half naked and strong and supple, all of them swaying slightly, their eyes half shut with dizziness. While Bilger scowled and tramped from the tent, they gave themselves over to the make-up men, and let their wincing faces get streaked with bright red and blue. The small, stifling tent reeked with the odor of their breaths. Then Eddie took up his stand in the still, muggy night with folded, taut arms behind the flats.

The bugle sounded.

"Yippoo . . .!" Eddie Gilby screamed and leapt like a ballet dancer onto the platform, followed by fourteen wild, throaty *Yippoos . . .!* emerging from the tepees. The platform grew electric, the audience gravely silent as the frenzied powwow began, the last of the Sacs dancing wildly round the campfire. In the wings, Bilger watched with astonished, delighted, round eyes. The White Men came, with their creaking covered wagon and shrieking women and tired children and laconic bulls; they rushed to attack Chief Black Hawk and his braves, the great battle begun, the Vanquishing of the Reds. They descended on Chief Black Hawk with raised rifles and loud roars.

Black Hawk hiccoughed. "Yippoo-o-o!" he cried and, followed by his braves, pounced with wild, frantic eyes and parted, laughing lips on the startled white men. They pommelled them and tussled and whacked them on the heads while the startled White Men, all members of the Chamber of Commerce,

Continued at top of page 148

# Roulades and Cadenzas

### Government relief auditions have brought out sounds even stranger than the Amateur radio broadcasts

### by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

You may not have noticed, but your Uncle Sam has recently become the most influential music patron in History. He now has more protégés than Major Bowes. More fiddlers are on his payroll than were on Nero's. Come to think of it, Nero did his own fiddling. But Sammy hires more flute players than Pan, more tap-drummers than Napoleon, more retainers than the Esterhazys, more tuners than Steinway, more copyists than Kostelanetz, more saxaphonists than Cab Calloway, more—well, more of everything musical than has ever before been gathered together under one management.

When he, as your most bounteous relative, decided for the first time in his life to dig down in his jeans and support music, he was not close-fisted. He did it, after all, for Humanity's, not the Muse's sake. The object was to feed the hungry rather than to stimulate genius.

He seems to have done a bit of both. Hardly had the news reached print that Harry Hopkins' eleven-figure work relief fund was to assist the Arts, when pandemonium broke loose among the dole-getters. For them, it was like raking the bottom of Pandora's box. They sensed the Promised Land was not far off, and went for Calliope with a bang. Conductors, composers, fiddlers, and warblers popped up in every ashcan. Ward-heelers' friends produced evidence to show they were Beethovens in disguise. Bums were Toscaninis in distress. Street cleaners announced themselves as Paderewskis with pianos in hock. Jews'-harps, bazookas, cigar-box violins, bagpipes, rattles, and zithers went into action.

Auditions drew more nuisance complaints than opera singers at the Waldorf. Headquarters had to be moved weekly. Interpreters were hired for Arabic, Greek, Chinese, Armenian, and Tasmanian. Applicants demonstrated how to teach monkeys to sing and parrots to whistle. One colored mammy said she just had to get on the composers' project. Asked for samples of her work, she admitted she had none: "Ah never puts it down, but ah feels it," she said. "Sometimes it comes on me in the night, and ah gets up outa bed and goes to the piano."

Another lady from the South listed her instruments as mandolin and slide trombone. She was not so hot on the first, so the judge asked to hear her play the trombone. "No, suh! Mister! Ah can't," she replied. "Ah ain't been in mah slide for a year."

Most disgruntled were those who had to be turned down. When they secured a second trial and went into training for it, complications set in: children couldn't do their home work, golden wedding anniversaries were canceled, lovers parted forever, and even cats left the neighborhood. One girl reported her frustration to a doctor. She couldn't entertain her beau in the parlor: father was practicing a tremolo on the comb.

No one got relief.

To ease the situation, the examiners closed an ear and became lenient. Money had to be shoved out in a hurry, and there was no need to further inhibit the nation's would-be artists. They had enough red-tape to unravel: first, to be certified by local relief boards; second, to prove they had once earned money as musicians; and, finally, to pass the infernal examinations.

The examiners themselves felt none too secure in their knowledge. Some of them just happened onto their jobs. In the beginning, a group gathered around a table in the East and friends of friends' friends were summoned to take charge in the hinterland. Forty-two of the forty-eight states were mobilized overnight and a few mishaps were to be expected. One state director, a singer, supervised the organizing of a symphony when he couldn't tell the difference between a clarinet and a trumpet.

Guitar bands with farm-hand conductors, Abyssinian organ-grinders, Egyptian (Ill.) hillbillies, and after-dinner harpists might have been set to more precious tasks. In Chicago, Esquire Buckner is playing the piccolo and Ravioli Smith is singing *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* They might of course, be more experimental. In the South, whole villages are dancing to orchestras furnished by our munificent old uncle. This may be burning a gift candle at both ends and undoubtedly it is not in accordance with the intentions of the Founders at Plymouth.

Those who complain may be very easily persuaded that a musician is worthless at painting park benches and taking a tree census. He might as well be propped up behind a grand piano or a bull fiddle. The dancers might as well be hopping to his tunes as to those of a radio orchestra. Bringing the two together with the tax payers' money is not the work of the devil. The money is to be spent anyway. And, in the words of Nikolai Sokoloff, "the spirit of man . . . matters as well as new plumbing gadgets and better gas stations."

* * *

To its credit, his Music Project has some original ideas—original, at least, in this country. The most valuable and the most urgent is the collecting of our rapidly disappearing folk lore. Units have been put to work recording Acadian and Creole songs in Louisiana, white and Negro spirituals from the islands off the coast of the Carolinas and Georgia, bayou tunes of African derivation from the Mississippi delta, ancient liturgical chants from the California missions, early Spanish and Mexican airs, settlers' and Indian songs from Arizona and Oklahoma, sacrificial hymns of the Penitentes in New Mexico. Two fantasies for full orchestra have been prepared from Kentucky mountain ditties and loaned to orchestras around the country. Years of work will be necessary to unearth all our folk music and to preserve it in a form that will be a source of pleasure to listeners and composers alike.

The Federal Music Project has helped, too, our native composer, or, more accurately, the composer working in America. Forty-five of his symphonies and more than four thousand of his compositions have been heard on WPA programs in less than two years. He has ceased writing in a vacuum: contact has been established between him and the consumer of his goods. The Government has provided him with audiences less jaded and stuffy, more vocal than those which crowd established concerts—a bit naïve, perhaps, but eager for music and not biased nor doctrinaire.

Provocative are the Composers' Forums, held regularly in a half-dozen cities. They are laboratories in which the new product is tested, its elements analyzed, and its creator asked to explain his feelings and his methods of work. Facts about him, his training and general artistic objectives, and the composition in hand, are given out in advance . . . and after the performance, which the composer himself usually conducts or plays, listeners jot down questions and the evening resolves itself into an open forum. The composer has the opportunity to explain his work, answer objections, and to know the reaction of his colleagues and of the court of last resort, his audience.

All last season in Billy Rose's *Casino de Paree*, capacity audiences greeted a composer a week and heard him relate in melody

*Continued in center of page 172*

DOROTHY LAMOUR
Hurrell Photograph

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL
Hurrell Photograph

# Pirates? Hide the Gin

### So now large distilleries kick out the medicine the old Dutch doctor once made by the gallon

### by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

You've heard about all the tea in China. Did you ever try to drink all the rum in Jamaica? Well, I did, with the help of a few hot souls off a cruise ship. And it was from rum that I learned about gin.

When I got up in the morning we were far out in the Spanish Main. First thing was to look over the port hole. But it was absolutely impossible for anyone to climb through. So the theory that someone had come through the port hole and socked me in the head while I slept, was out. Unless of course there were midgets in the island. If so, he would still be on the boat and I could kick him around when I found him.

In the meantime I went in to see the doctor. Ever try to get any sympathy out of a doctor on a ship? Well, don't try. Not that I blame them, listening to female hypochondriacs all day long. But the doctor listened to my story while he shaved. Then he said that he had spent the day sitting on the veranda of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, drinking gin and bitters, and felt fine. He shook his head sadly and said that quinine water was indicated. I was ready to try anything and waited for him to pour out the potion. Finally as he made no move, I asked him where I got quinine water.

"At the bar, of course. Ask Jerry, he'll fix it up."

Still, I thought it was medicine and didn't relish the dose. But Jerry sat down a hooker of gin and shoved over a glass with a half of lime, and poured in the quinine water. After the second one I had forgotten and forgiven rum. I was an addict. I became a general nuisance and self-appointed sales promoter for gin and tonic. Which was too bad, because before we reached port, we had exhausted the supply of tonic water.

In the meantime I had learned a lot more about gin. In a vague way I had known that it was something distilled from grain, except in the prohibition era when it was any kind of commercial alcohol that Jake wanted to serve you, mixed with essence of juniper to hide the taste of fusel oil. It was the doctor who made me realize that gin was really a lady and that one should forget her recent, shady behaviour.

And thus, through gin, I met a good guy. I hung on to the doctor throughout the cruise. Whenever the purser would start to drone his spiel to the school teachers and other disappointed virgins in the smoking lounge, the Doctor would go into his stuff.

"Listen to him, telling those boobs that the pirates buried gold on those islands," the Doctor snorted, "as a matter of fact, they probably buried gin."

At my look of incredulity, he went on. "Why not? Gold and the loot they got from churches they took to port right away. A pirate was no different then than he is now—all right, if he got away with it. If he went back home he was knighted or settled down to an estate. If he put in at Port Royal or any of the Windward Islands he had a hell of a time spending his spoils. But gin was precious. About that time, in the 1600's, a Dutch doctor by the name of Sylvius concocted something to keep the fever away from the boys at sea.

"He didn't have much equipment but he made the stuff. I suppose he started with grain because that was the staff of life. Materia medica was limited at the time but a few honest herbs were on hand and used for disorders: juniper berries for the kidneys, coriander seed for the stomach, calamus root for the colic, fennel, orris, licorice and cinnamon for taste. I believe they add dried orange peel now but the formula is about the same.

"Drinking water was the problem on long voyages. This stuff of the Dutch doctor's was the ticket. It was called 'Hollands' at the time and was such an article of commerce that they had naval battles over it. English soldiers coming back from the lowlands reported this elixir that the Dutch soldiers drank. So British fishing fleets began to stop Dutch ships, pretending they were looking for herring that the Dutch had caught in British waters. What they wanted, and took, were the casks of gin that the ship carried for the sailors.

"When the French took it over they called the stuff Genievre, for the juniper berry which was the predominant taste. That soon became shortened to gin."

The Doctor looked at the elaborate label on the bottle before him. "Wonder what the old Dutchman would think if he could see a modern distillery kicking out the stuff he used to make by the gallon? I was in a modern distillery the other day, great big stills three or four stories high, copper kettles that would hold as much as a ship of his time, and funny machines kicking out bottles at the rate of one hundred twenty a minute. I bet he'd be proud to think that in four centuries they still follow his formula. That's one of the noble things about liquor, the machine age can't spoil it."

I managed to hang on to the Doctor for the trip up the mountain to see the eighth wonder of the world, the fortress of King Henry the First. We sat for a moment in a little mud tavern, sipping gin with fresh limes and water, a hut that had stood on the site of the great hotel in this city of eight hundred fine buildings. French noblemen swarmed through these streets, for this was one of the most important cities of the hemisphere at that time. At night they had their drinks on the sidewalk terraces and later saw the latest Molière play at one of the four ornate theatres. Hungry dogs now idled through the streets of mud huts, among naked children. The whole setup seemed screwy, and I said so to the Doctor.

"Wait till you see the castle and fortress a black slave built—then you'll know it's screwy."

Up from Milot, eleven miles in from Cap Hatient, we started up the mountain. I kept close to the Doctor. You sat astride a horse, or a mule that came about up to your chest. A little black boy ran alongside, beating the animal's flanks with a switch, yelling "Allez, allez," while you yelled, "Come on, come on." Going down the mountain, you tried "Allez, allez," and the little black boy proudly called, "Come on, come on." In between times, the boy dashed off the path to bring you back some green oranges, sweet and luscious, or perhaps some lemons or limes. Little black urchins, void of clothing, ran out from mud huts and grinned at you. Their mothers sat in the sun-baked mud patches in front of their doors offering you bananas, ten for a cent. Now and then you found groups of women and children picking the coffee berries or the avocados, singing sixteenth century French songs.

"When you contemplate empires and power," the Doctor said, "think of Milot, that cluster of mud huts we passed. There the Black Emperor, dressed in ivory satin and gold braid, gave balls every night in his

Continued on page 118

# The Candid Cameraman

## How to be a producer or an actor, how to adapt a script, and how to cut newsreels for the comfort of corporations

### by MEYER LEVIN

MOVIES

### A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

#### *GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE*

A Day at the Races: Marx brothers where they belong—in a sanitarium. A typical Marx film, better paced than most, and with the comedy better divided amongst the trio, which means that Harpo gets almost enough to do.

#### *GO ALONG TO SEE*

White Bondage: Barren and cheaply made little film about the plight of the sharecropper; manages, because of the great sincerity shown by several members of the cast, to be appealing and at moments outstanding. Jean Muir throws aside all artifice, proves herself able to achieve reality and simplicity—she has often indicated this, even in Hollywood glamor roles. However, the script has little depth, her opportunities are few. Really outstanding is the performance of Howard Phillips as the pale, dry, tight-mouth young sharecropper who leads the fight against the thieving local landlord. The general tone of the film somewhat resembles that of the lesser Soviet epics about the mean kulaks.

#### *GO ALONG IF YOU MUST*

Marriage Before Breakfast: Fairly amusing routine comedy about the good-sport girl who noses out the ritzy fiancee of the happy-go-lucky hero. Has an almost hilarious sequence of lunatic adventures while the hero and heroine try to sell insurance to a milkman.

Mountain Music: Looks an awful lot as though it might be a picturization of Webb's hillbillies out of Esquire. Those beards are unmistakable. Bob Burns gets by with his first picture-lead. But I am one of the Martha Raye unenthusiasts.

Parnell: Lugubrious treatment of what was a lugubrious and over-touted play. Has flashes when the real drama of Parnell's life shines through. Cost too much money, took too long to make, and wherefore Clark Gable.

The Road Back: Clowning and sentimentalizing and melodramatics throw the picture out of focus. Remarque's bitter picture of post-war Germany loses all taste when they try to make it bitter-sweet. This, too, has moments when the spectator divines the great film it might have been.

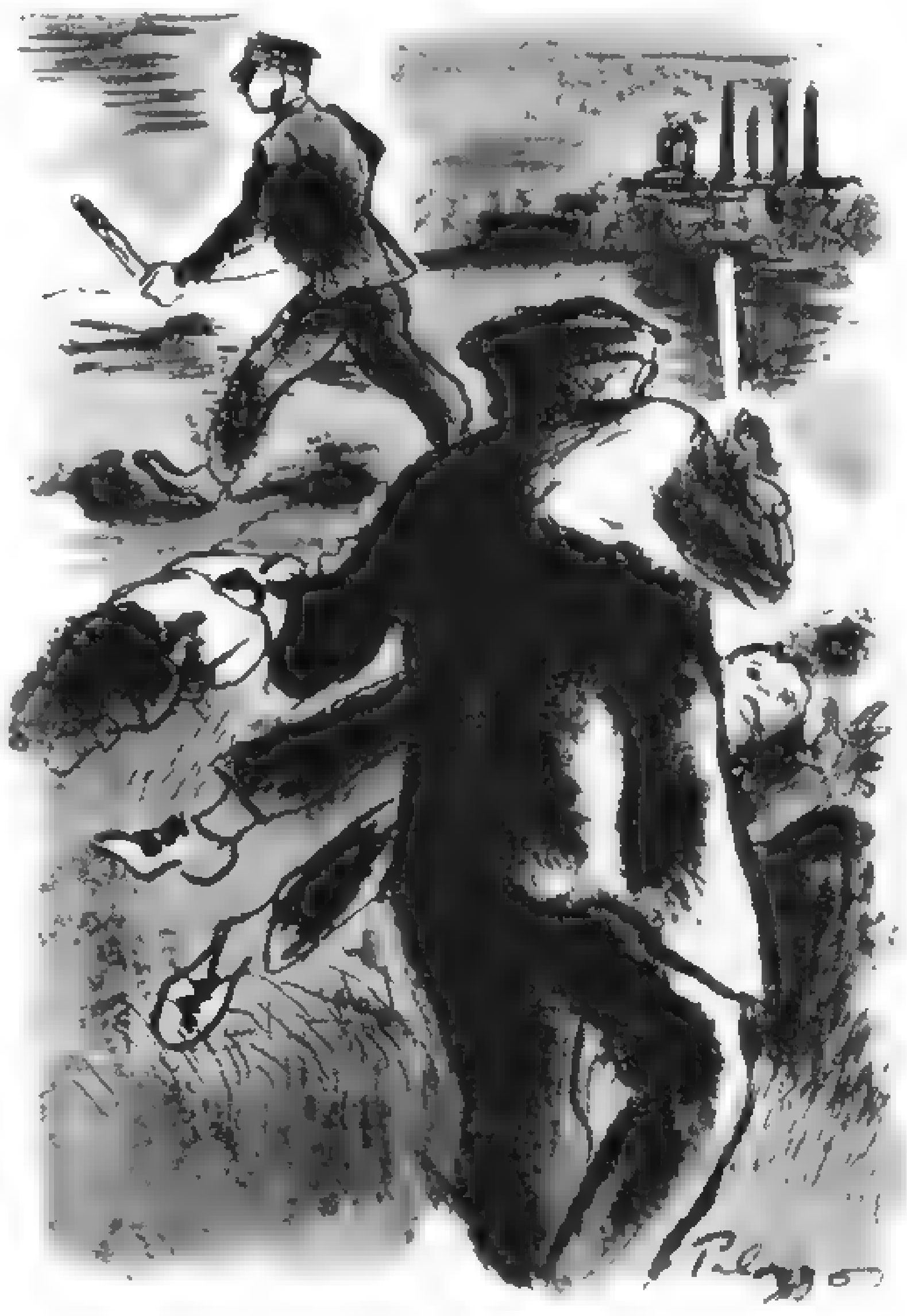
#### *WASTE*

Sing and Be Happy: Dreary jest about advertising rivals, and radio singers.

The Singing Marine: After all I have said, Dick Powell is still doing it in a naval uniform.

#### *NEWS*

Two things were gained in Paramount's censorship of their newsreel of the Memorial Day massacre in Chicago. First, the frank, and almost naïve statement with which A. J. Richards, Paramount editor, explained his shelving of the film jarred the entire country into a realization that newsreels were only partly newsreels. Perhaps for the first time, the general public realized that those on the receiving end of film news are completely at the mercy of the whims and the interests of those on the sending end.



A. J. Richards had done nothing new in suppressing the film taken when the Chicago police at Republic Steel poured gunfire into a line of pickets. He had, as he said, used his editorial privileges just as the editor of a daily newspaper constantly uses his editorial rights in deciding what shall or shall not go into his paper.

For some strange reason the public has always accepted newsreel coverage as complete and unbiased. "Pictures don't lie." But when a scene of cops shooting down pickets is suppressed, and a public-relations-arranged scene of scabs "happily" operating within the mill is shown, a kind of lie is offered to the public. It is the lie of incomplete evidence, of deliberately manipulated emphasis.

And at this point, a public that has been accustomed to swallowing newsreels as raw truth, remembers how during an election campaign there were scenes posed and acted in favor of one candidate, and incorporated into the reels as "news." The same public remembers that the newsreels have plenty of footage to devote to horseshoe pitchers, Florida mermaids, and yacht races, but comparatively little time for industrial disputes. This is the hush-up method of editing. A public that has been fed war movies, gang movies, fight films, swat-laughs by the Three Stooges, until it is utterly brutalized, is told that certain pictures have been withheld from view because the episodes depicted are "too tense and nerve-wracking."

Nevertheless, Paramount, so ready to forego whatever profits it might have from the showing of the film, in order to spare its audiences a nerve-wracking moment, is quite willing to gather in the fees that come from showing the film in England.

This episode served to awaken the film public to the fact that news of industrial disputes, news of social significance, is consistently presented from the corporation point of view.

I have seen the reel. It has to be seen over and over, studied slowly, for there are a hundred things going on at once, and very beautiful details come out in the fourth, the fifth viewing. Only then does the spectator begin to isolate the little dramas in the background, only then does he spot the policeman who, toward the end of the activity, when the strikers were in full retreat, whipped out a revolver and sent a parting shot after them. Only then does he catch the "God Almighty!" gasped under the stuttering of guns, retained on the sound-track. Only then does he notice how the sound of shooting bursts all at once, concerted firing, and how this volley of gun-shots precedes the deeper boom of tear-gas bombs.

I happen to have been a witness of this massacre; it is therefore difficult for me to assume the attitude of an objective observer of the film. The film has, by now, been widely described in the press. I can only say, as one who was on the scene, and who saw the reels, that there can be no excuse for withholding them. They show the event truly. The American public should have the right to judge of such events, for itself.

Mr. Richards' withholding of the film served a second purpose in that it made it pretty obvious that the films showed the police to disadvantage. For the man in the street could readily guess that if the film had shown strikers attacking police, the newsreel company would have had no hesitation in releasing its pictures.

These are inverted advantages. This case of censorship has awakened the public to the fact of censorship, and tipped off the public to the truth about this one event. But at the same time it has brought an open assertion of the right to such censorship. And that is a dangerous kind of power. The film public must demand a full and unbiased coverage of news events by the newsreels, it must insist upon free presentation of news that is of such vital importance to society. There should be no private censorship, no

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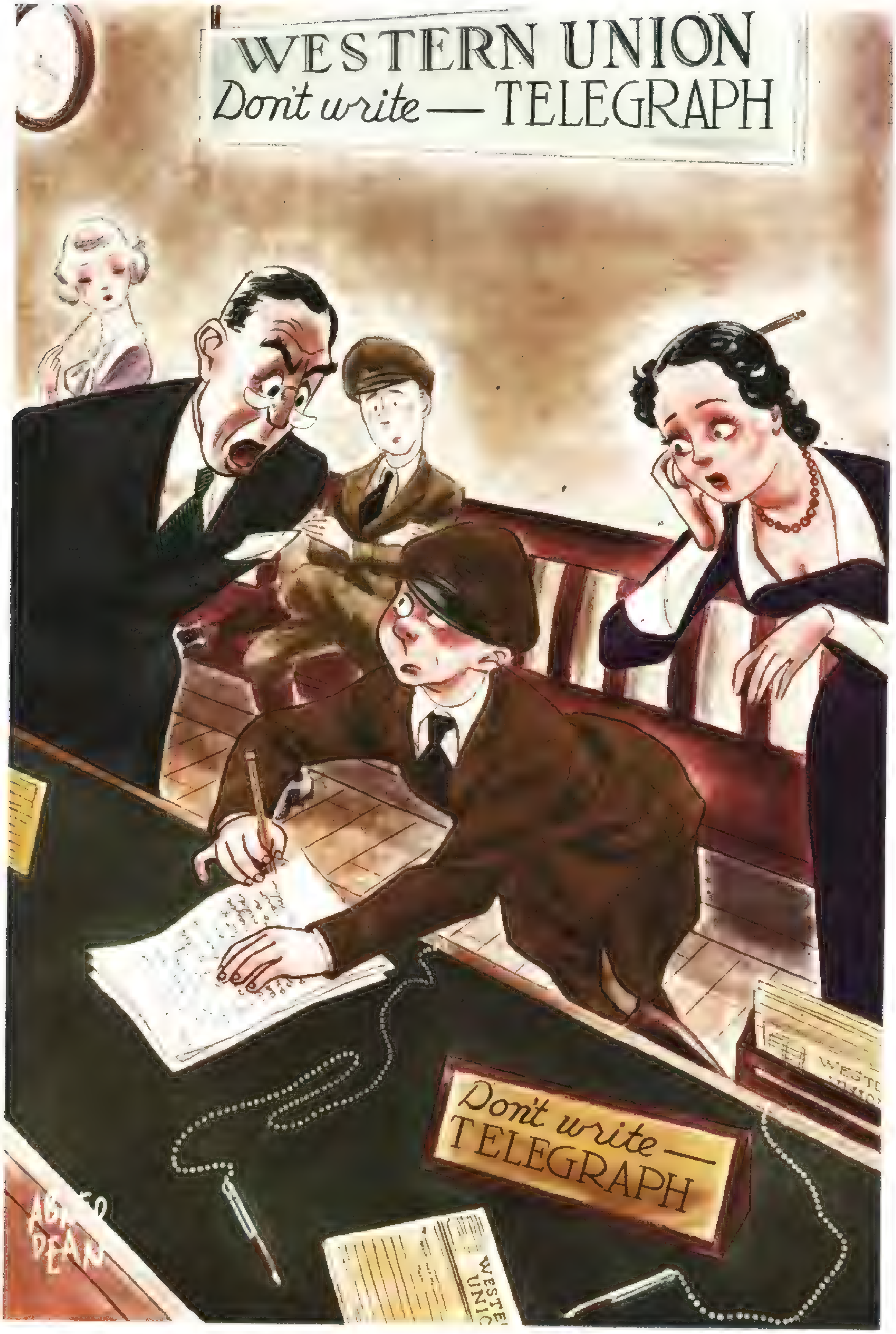
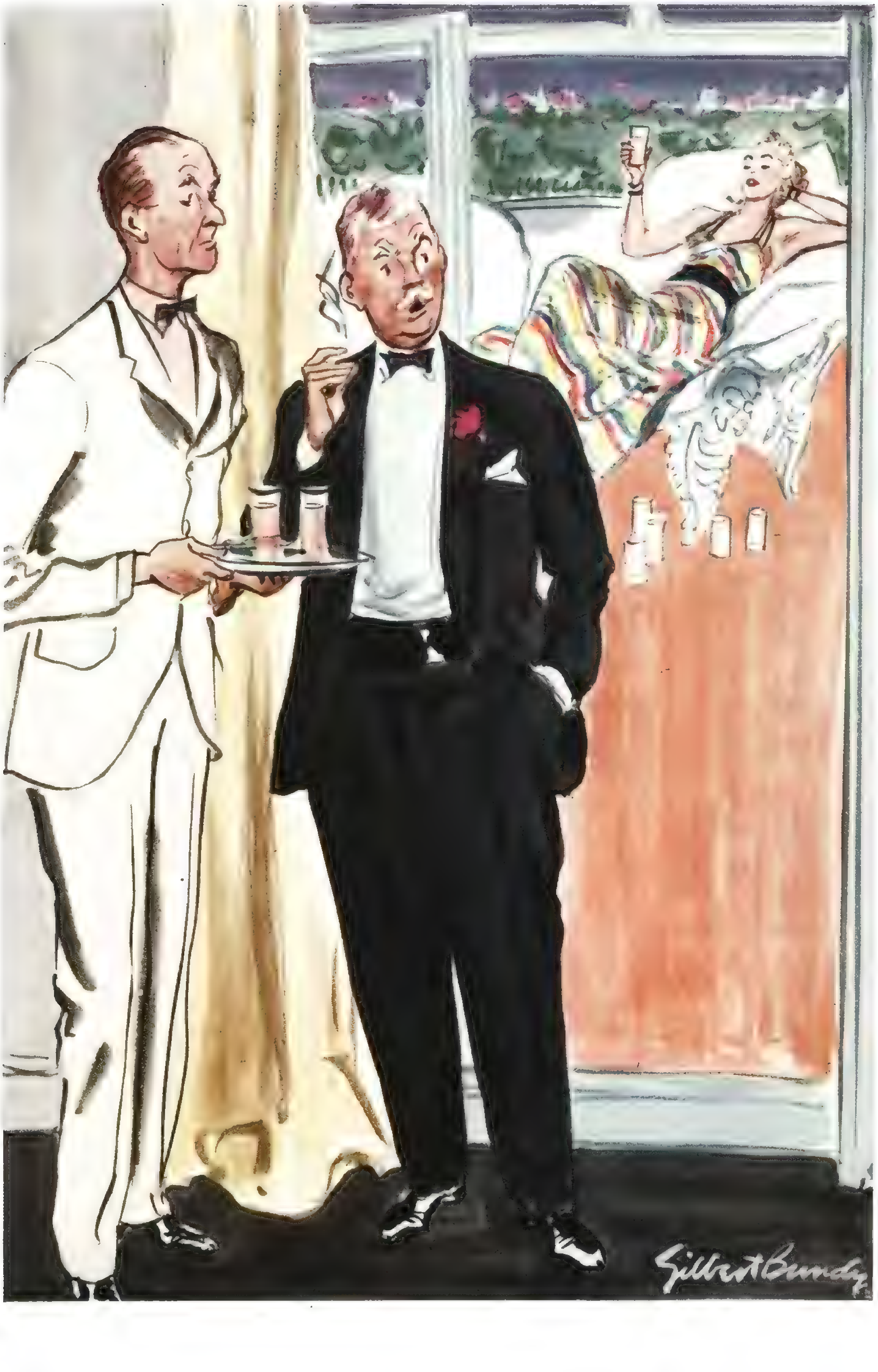

WESTERN UNION
Don't write — TELEGRAPH
Don't write — TELEGRAPH
ABNER DEAN

*"What's this!! — a letter?"*


Gilbert Bundy

*"Six highballs and she's still giving me the same confounded answer!"*

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

### A busman's holiday in Omaha, where the handclasp is stronger, and people read hot stuff—like The Lieutenant's Bride

### *by* BURTON RASCOE

▪BOOKS▪

I am writing this in a comfortable and pleasant tourist cabin five miles out from the utterly charming city of Lincoln, Nebraska on June 22. Yesterday it was 105 in the shade in Omaha and 97 in Lincoln. Here it is ten or fifteen degrees cooler than it is in Lincoln, or was when I went into town about an hour ago, because here there is a cooling breeze blowing from the north over the prairie which is retarded by the buildings of the capital and heated by the reflected rays and direct glare of the sun on the pavements.

These stucco cabins, with showers, hot and cold running water, gas cook stoves for overnight tourist tenants, shower baths and neat furnishings are as prevalent west of the Mississippi as they are infrequent in the East; and in Nebraska, Kansas and western Iowa they are usually found in prairie oases where there is a huddle of trees. In flight by aeroplane day before yesterday from Council Bluffs to Sioux City and back, where we had gone for a brief visit with the parents of my daughter's classmate in college, we saw these oases of trees dotting the landscape below and varying the geometrical quilt-like aspect of the quarter-sections, half-sections and sections of land under the deep-blue cultivation of vigorous young corn and green-tinged-with-gold of the carpets of wheat.

Where there were small clusters of trees there were certain to be the farm houses, barns and corrals. Where there were more clusters of trees there would be a village; where there were still more trees and a creek, a town; where there were hills, a great abundance of trees, the deep channel of the Missouri River flanked by bluffs high enough to prevent flood overflows, there would be the tall chimneys of factories and packing plants, skyscrapers, amusement parks, municipal bathing pools, flood-lighted airports and the other appurtenances of a thriving city. These occasional oases of trees in the scorching sun of the prairies in summer are blessings; for, although monotonous prairies, like the desert, grow chilly at night, especially if they are far enough removed from the muggy, damp heat of the rivers, they are blistering hot in the daytime.

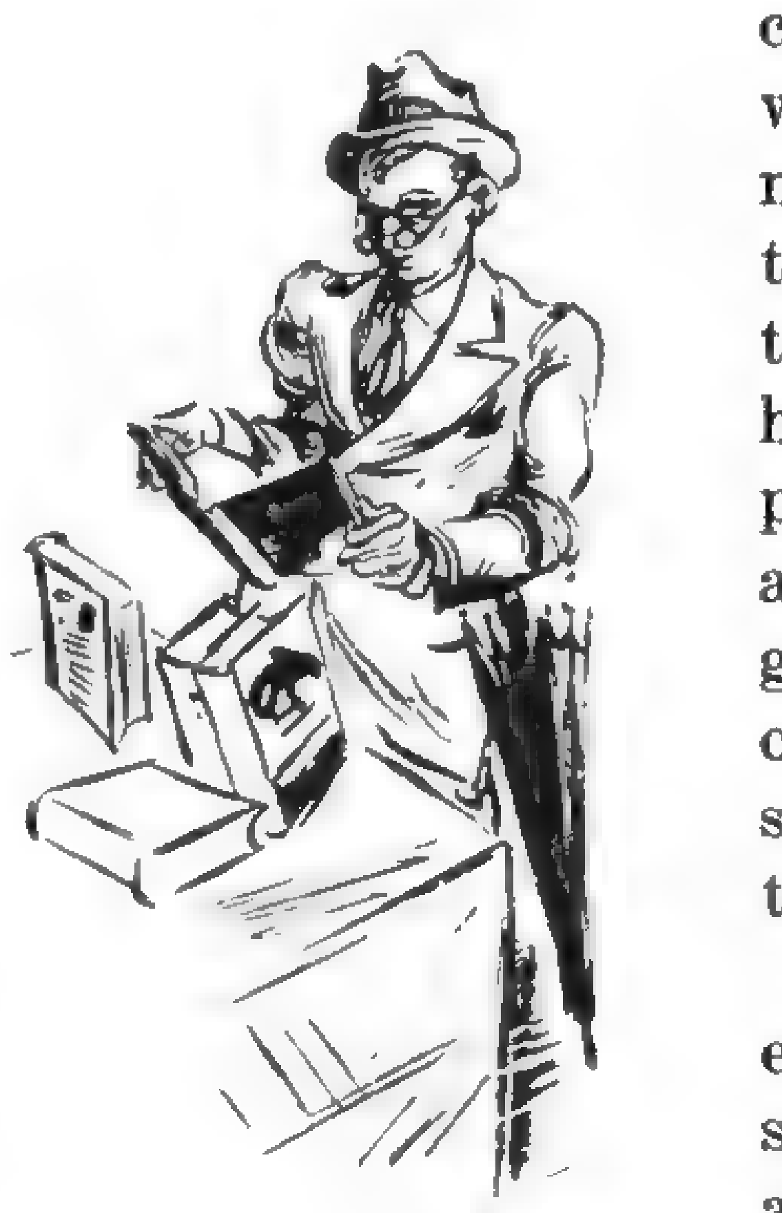
So far in the country hereabouts the weather has been unwontedly favorable to the local crops and to general prosperity and now the residents are plagued only by the twin fear that there will be too much rain for the wheat or too little rain for the corn. The changed aspect of the towns and cities since we made this same trip during the first year of the depression in 1931 is incredible. Small, meager homes are spruce and tidy, flower-gardened; the great department stores of the larger cities are populous with customers and happily air-conditioned so that going into them from the wilting heat of the streets is like stepping from a blast-furnace into a stockyards refrigeration plant; instead of the whipped, dejected look so common everywhere in the streets in 1931, the people have a cheerful, contented air. (I am writing, of course, of the people of the wheat and corn belt, not of the families dependent for a livelihood upon the steel and coal industries of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois.)

During the past several days we have walked in imagination behind the tall shadow of Abraham Lincoln in the long vanished but now reconstructed village of Salem, Illinois, watched him subdue the bully on the wrestling grounds in the hollow below the log general-store he clerked in, bought in partnership and lost in bankruptcy; we have watched him duck his head to enter the reconstructed Rutledge Tavern, where beds were 12½ cents a night, meals were 12¼ cents and a horse was stabled and fed for 25 cents a day, and we have imagined him asleep sitting up in those high-head boarded and high pillowed short beds, which were scarcely long enough for his bony shanks; we have watched him court Anne shyly, reverently, awkwardly and have thought of him when he was first developing his eager thirst for knowledge from conversation with Dr. John Allen, an Amherst graduate, who had hung out his shingle in the tiny, pioneer village and who loaned Lincoln Thomas Paine's *Appeal to Reason* and books of history and philosophy.

In Hannibal, Missouri, we trudged the hills and explored the cave with Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, bowed before the spot occupied by Huck's parents' hovel and the spot where Nigger Jim languished in jail. Before the bronze statue of Mark Twain, which stands on the highest spot of Riverview Park and commands a magnificent view of the wide-banked, meandering muddy Mississippi River, I said a grace and invoked Mark's spirit's blessing (possibly to his truculent embarrassment; for Mark was as vehement an unbeliever, in private, as a village atheist) upon Barney De Voto and Kip Fadiman for mentioning my name in the same breath with Mark's. . . . And in Omaha I suffered that deflating blow to the ego which sometimes strikes out and doubles up the too jaunty and hopeful author who has been a bit puffed up by agreeable sounding words in reviews of his book and leaves him limp and humble in recognition of the awful fact that bookstores can flourish and book clerks can remain serenely happy in complete, unabashed ignorance of him, his book or any reviews praising or roasting it.

Fresh from ego-nourishing triumphs in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago in which last-named city, the great Marcella Burns Hahner of Marshall Field & Co.'s magnificent bookstore had treated me as though I were an important author even though I was only a returned home-town boy, arranged a broadcast, given me a fine luncheon and let me and Kenneth Horan address a large (and as it seemed to my unprejudiced eyes, enchanted) audience and autograph an abundance of our books, I was nourishing happy memories of the reviews I had got and of the many nice clerks who had paid me the highest compliment a book clerk can pay an author—that of not only reading the author's book but buying a personal copy.

The old and famous Brandeis department store in Omaha covers in impressive grandeur a whole city block. It is a city in itself, plentifully stocked with every imaginable need of man from bazookas to multiple tractors, from butter churns to beeswax, from imitation pith helmets made of rain-proofed paper to small planetariums and astrologers' equipment. So great is its supply and variety of foodstuffs that it and its personnel could undoubtedly sustain a forty-day siege.



I entered this impressive emporium, located its bookshop and began a browse of assumed leisure and nonchalance, my eye scanning every book title. I declined a courteous lady clerk's offer to be of help if I were seeking a particular title with the whopping lie that I was "just looking around." Looking for my book on counters labeled "Newest Books" and "Best Sellers" I began to perceive that I wasn't even getting warm. I was glad to see that there was a recognized demand for Eric Maria Remarque's *Three Comrades*, Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, Dale Carnegie's *How to Win*

*Continued on page 174*

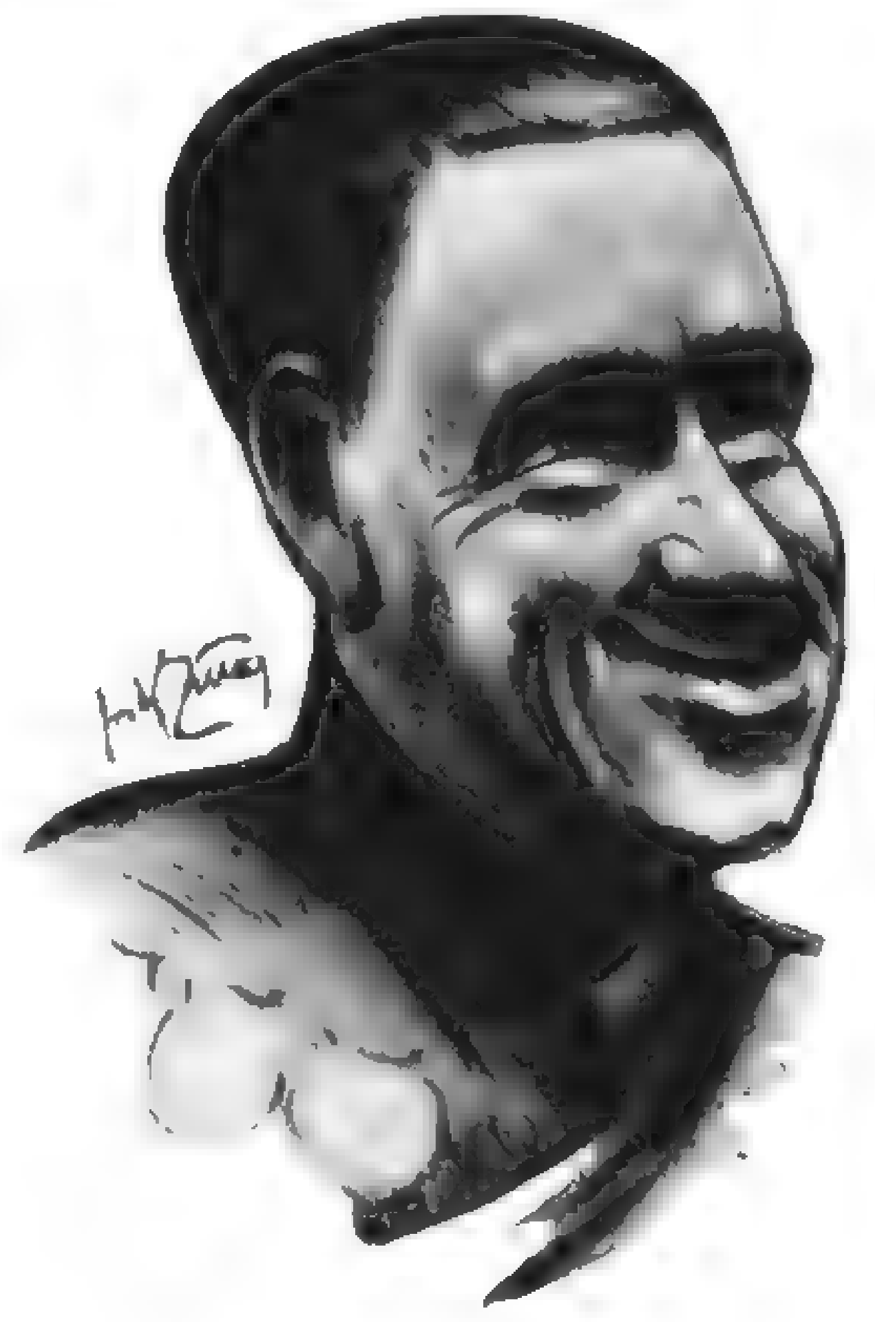
# Marshal Blucher of the Far East

## That Russian serf who drove the Whites from Russia, won a Civil war in China, and is spoiling for a fight with Japan

### *by* ALBERT PARRY

• ARTICLE •

SPEED will be at a premium if and when the second Russo-Japanese war breaks out. So much depends on the men in charge of the military matters. If there is a powerful and swift man on the Japanese side, they have so far kept it a crafty secret. But the strong, quick man on the Soviet side of the smoldering border is no secret, even though he is often called the Mystery Marshal of Russia. Comrade Vassilyi Konstantinovich Blucher has been in full command of Russia in the Far East ever since 1929. With every year his power grows stronger, his legend prettier.



Blucher is forty-eight years old. Before the revolution he was a metal worker. He is the first mechanic to lead a modern army. This may be the beginning of a trend. For armies are motorized and mechanized today, and will be even more so tomorrow.

He is broad and squat, almost small. If you believe in compensation complexes and other such psychological things, if you explain Napoleon's greatness by his physical smallness, then you have Blucher's number, too.

He is loved in the barracks and by the populace for his rough talk, for his fluent and imaginative swearing at foreign enemies, withal he is trim and elegant in his finely tailored uniforms. A former worker, he became a soldier through his country's need, yet he now has a military mien and bearing, and his little mustache is of the scrub-brush, military variety. A foreign observer once gravely remarked that Blucher's jaw is the jaw of a strategist.

His cheeks are high in an East-Slav way, his gray eyes are penetrating, but at times he sports a modish-looking pince-nez. He is handsome. When he moves, talks, acts, it is with a peculiarly relaxed rapidity. No fever about him. He is immeasurably sure of himself. The precision of Blucher is lucid and unhurried. Women like him, naturally.

Blucher has a sense of humor. Even about his own profession. Once, having reorganized and led to victory a Chinese army, he said:

"The Nationalist soldiers are now as well trained in the modern efficient methods of causing death as are the soldiers of any European power."

He is Communist enough to share with his men whatever troubles there are in the pack. One time fifteen years ago, on the eve of leading an army against the Japanese and their white-guard henchmen, he distributed his wardrobe to the assistants sent to him from Moscow. For, on their long way across war-torn Siberia, these officers had run out of their food and money and had been forced to barter their clothes, item by item, for loaves and fishes.

Right now there are 200,000 fighting Russians in his charge, 49 per cent of them Communists. There are 1,100 tanks ready to lumber across the frontier. To Vladivostok, sectionwise, scores of submarines have been brought from the new West Siberian giant-plants of Magnitogorsk, and here, in Japan's most private sea, they are reassembled and launched.

As to the main weapon—the airplanes, there are so many of them that no one really knows even their approximate number. That is, no one outside Blucher and the Kremlin. When the Japanese charged that there must be hundreds of them, the Soviet marshal smiled sweetly: "We will not argue. Maybe less, maybe more."

In Vladivostok alone there are said to be 1,000 fighting planes, and there are at least five other air bases dotting the Soviet Far East. In case of need, says Blucher, so many more airplanes will be brought here that at any time they will outnumber those of Japan. And where will they strike?

"Not only on the frontier," says Blucher, "but also in some places in the deep rear of our imperialist adversary."

The lesson of Madrid, standing up so well under the bombings from the air, will not hold for the cities of Japan. For Madrid is made of stone, while Nippon's towns are of wood.

True, if the Japanese anti-aircraft is any good, many of the Soviet birdmen may burn to cinders. Well, hints Blucher, the airmen are prepared. The Russians have been training their aviators in pretty much the same psychological manner as the ancient Romans reared their gladiators. We who are about to kick the bucket are very glad to do so, and may you enjoy the fruit of our deaths! Cross—rather, red star—marks the fatal spot.

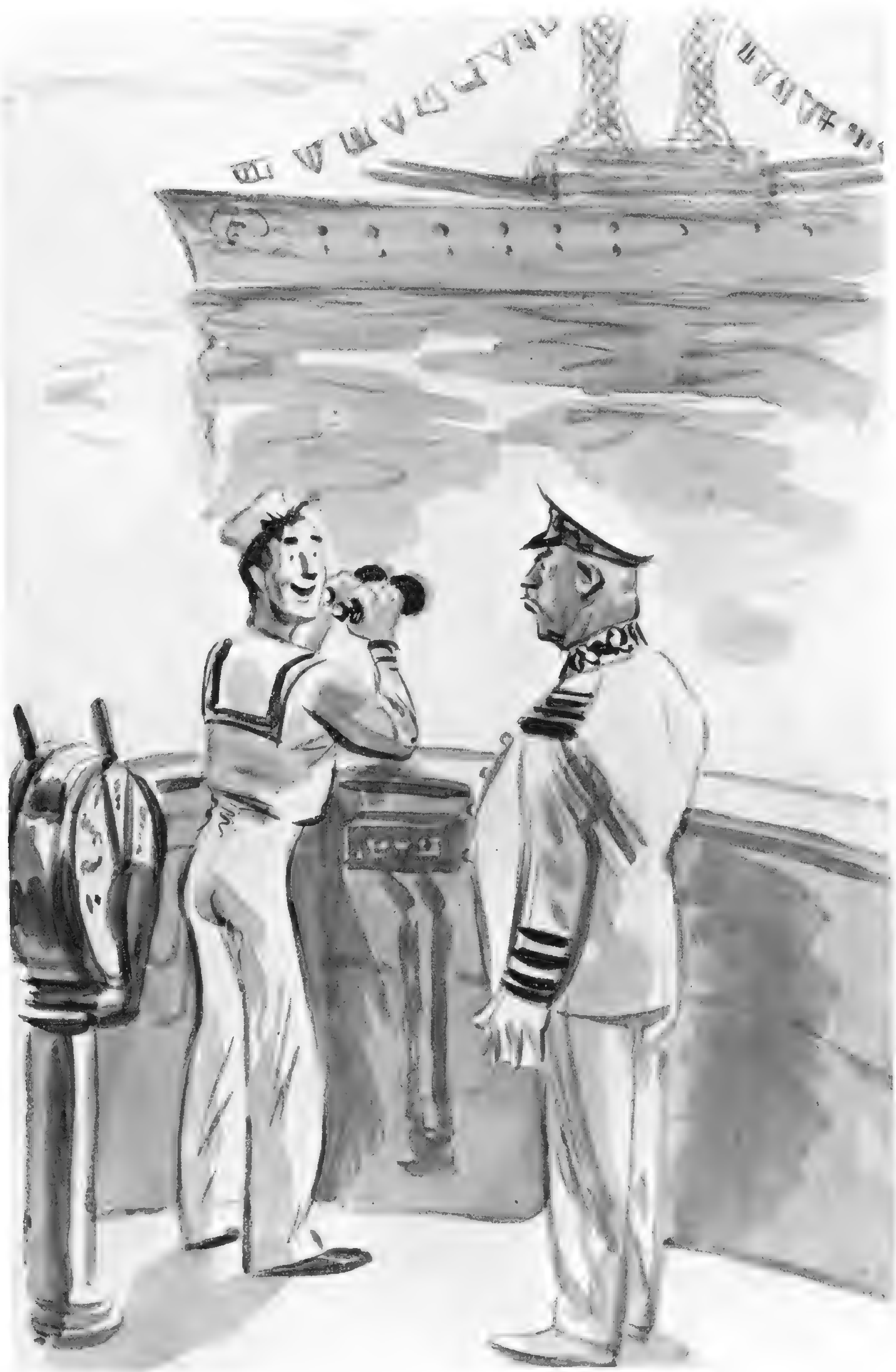
Blucher has a right to expect it of his men, on land and sea as well as in the air. For himself he is no swivel-chair commander. Despite his comparative prime of life, he has behind him a campaigning record of close to a quarter-century. When in the 1920's he came to China to help the Nationalists win their present power it was said that Blucher was an Austrian officer who had been serving the Soviets since 1918 and liking it very much, indeed. A descendant of that great hero of Waterloo, the Prussian Fieldmarshal Gebhard Leberecht von Blucher. A mercenary perhaps, a professional soldier surely.

All this is wrong. Vassilyi Blucher was born in a Russian peasant family which once upon a time may have been serfs to some German-Russian landlord whose name the family were given, much as American Negroes were called by the names of their proprietors. The habitat of these particular moujiks with a German name was the province of Yaroslav. Now, when you meet the steady, keen, shrewd eyes of Vassilyi Blucher, you may recall the historic reputation of Yaroslav peasants as the smartest plow-pushers in Central Russia. So smart in fact were they (and so unproductive and crowded the local fields) that many of them forsook the plow and walked to all the nooks of the empire as hawkers and artisans, some rising into the merchant class. They needed practically no schooling but picked up sagacity out of the very air they breathed. Of Blucher it is reported that he had but a month and a half of primary school, that all his further education he eked out for himself quite informally. And now he is proud of this. He feels that here he has an advantage over most Japanese generals who paradoxically are more schooled than educated.

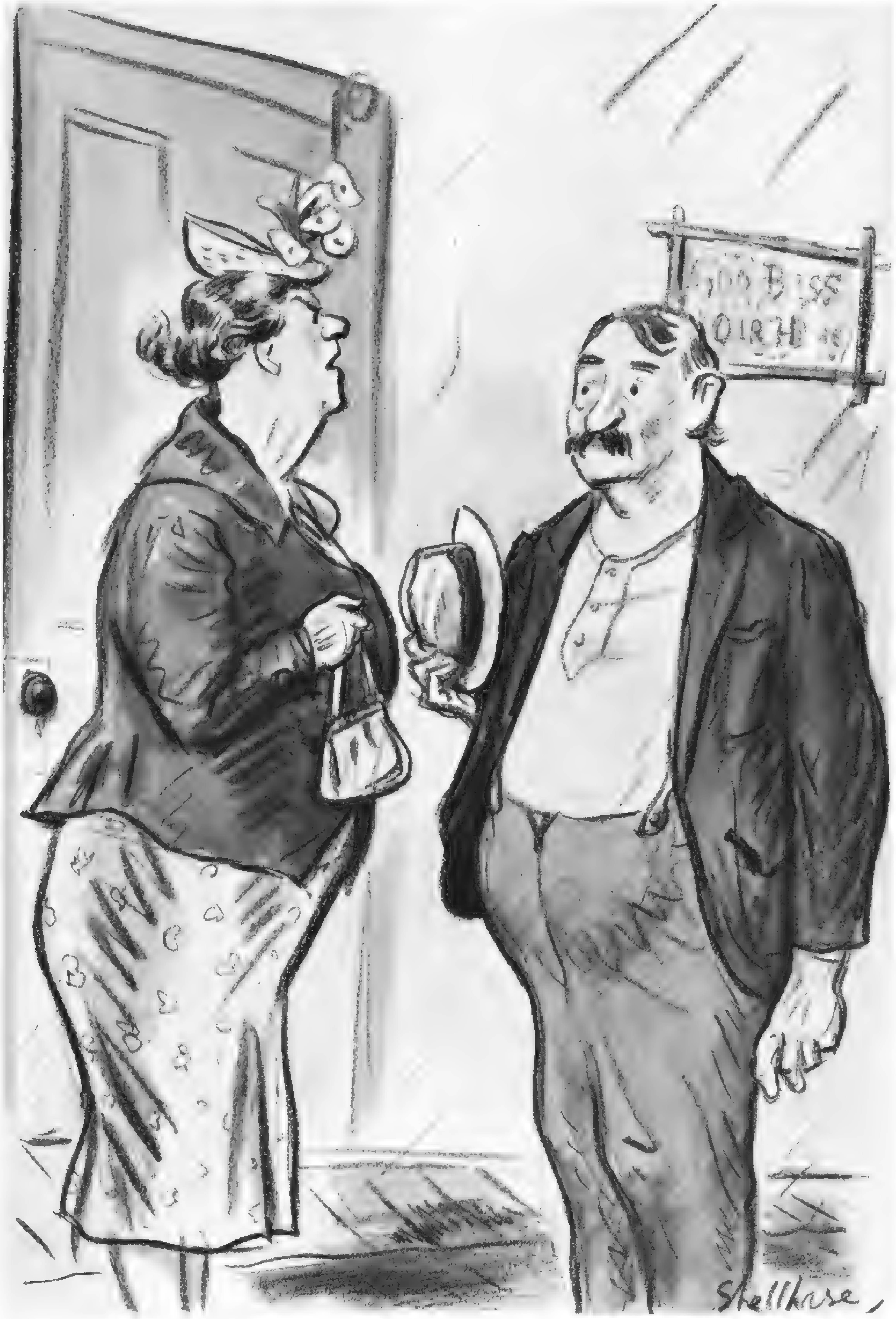
One reason for his smartness, Blucher's admirers hold, is that he had to go to work at a very early age. St. Petersburg, to which his parents moved while he was a mere boy, was already a great industrial center. The lad became a factory hand. In 1910, at twenty-one, he was a revolutionary on general principles without belonging to any of the rainbow of Russia's underground parties. For organizing and leading a strike in the Mytishchensky Railway Car Shops he was arrested, tried, and sent to the tsar's jail. He spent two years and eight months behind the bars. Then there was the World War. Blucher was marched off as a simple private.

He fought the Germans with distinction, and was promoted to a sergeant's stripes. In due course of time, if not killed or taken to Germany as a prisoner, he might have achieved a sub-lieutenant's post, the highest gift of the tsar's army to a peasant's son, no matter how talented a man. But in 1915 Blucher was seriously wounded and, as a total invalid, permanently discharged from the ranks. The tsar's doctors guessed wrong. At any rate you will not suspect the verdict of 1915 while looking at this perfectly robust

*Continued in center of page 182*



*"Admiral Finky has quite a large wash this week, hasn't he?"*


GOD BLESS
OUR HOME
Shellhase

*"Better put on your shirt—this is a formal party we're going to"*

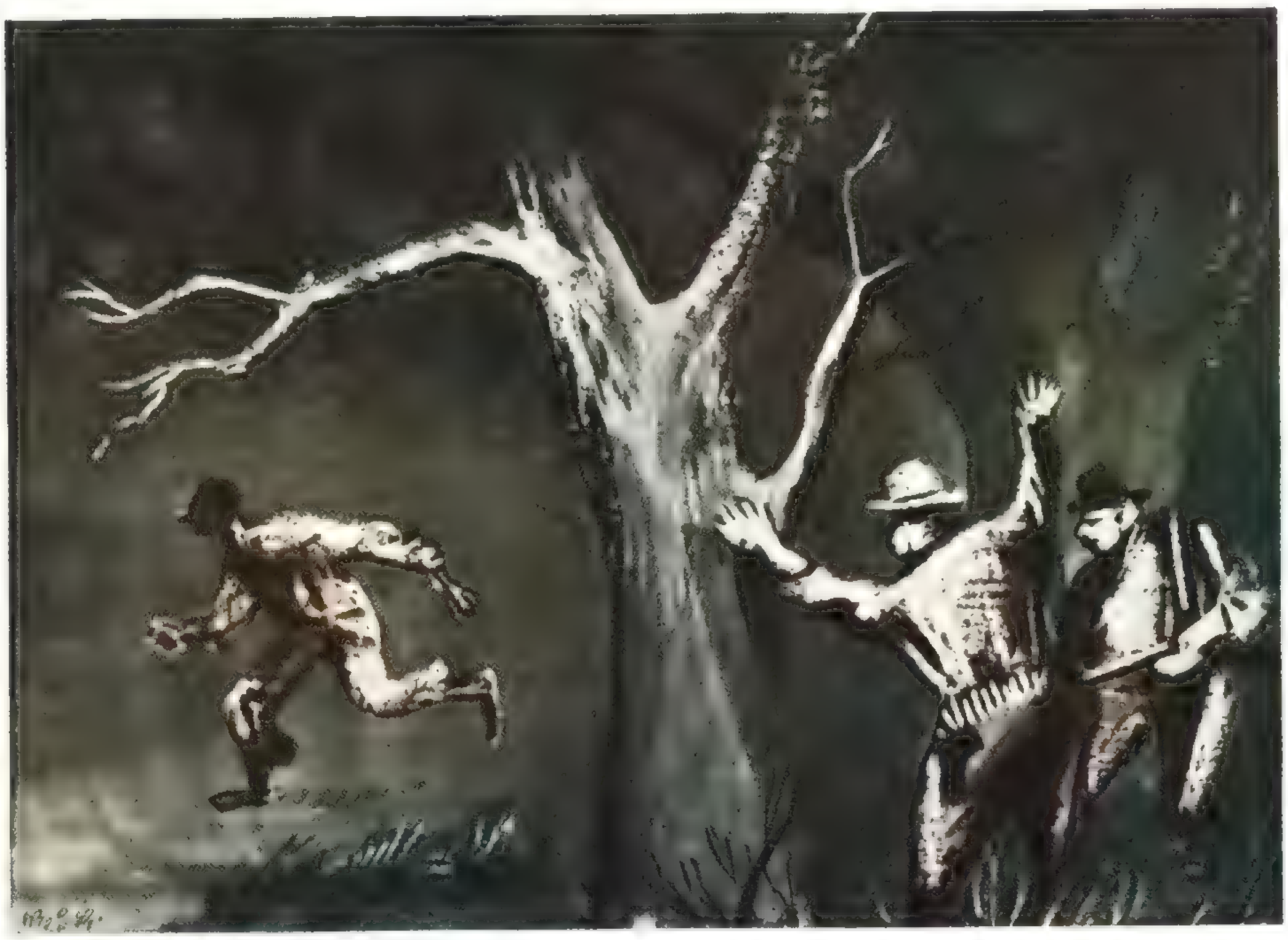
# William Gropper: Proletarian

### He makes the gentry pay through the nose, that he may more freely donate cartoons to obscure radical magazines

### by HARRY SALPETER

**ARTICLE**

THE goose hangs high for William Gropper, radical cartoonist, proletarian painter, yesterday a Bowery bum. For his pictures are hanging in the salons of homes in the kitchens of which he could not have been too certain of a civil reception some years ago. Said proletarian dealer to proletarian artist, describing the destination to which he had just delivered a recently sold Gropper canvas: "You should see where it's going to hang! It isn't a castle, it isn't a palace; it's a *mansion!*"



SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Up to a short time ago the picture buyers who lived in mansions could only admire, they could not possess. For so far as they and the general public were concerned, Bill Gropper was a black and white artist, a cartoonist and caricaturist, the bulk of whose work might be seen in reproduction in books and magazines. An occasional drawing or lithograph might be had, but infrequently. It was known that his industry was maintaining the radical press in cartoons and caricatures, but only a few friends who were on visiting terms were aware that privately Bill Gropper was doing a little easel painting.

In the furore which followed the first public exhibition of Gropper's paintings, it must be understood that Bill Gropper did not seek out the people who live in mansions, they sought him out, or, rather, they sought out his pictures. On principle Gropper doesn't like people who live in mansions; even in practice he doesn't like them, for they are the routine villains of his stream of cartoons. They are fat with profits and hard with privilege. They are either actual or potential Fascists, either the immediate oppressors of the poor or living unjustly on the inherited right to unearned increment wrung from the supine masses. These gentry can have his pictures if they will pay properly for them, as they have. Bill Gropper's no snob. Robin Hood was supposed to have given to the poor money taken from the rich. Bill Gropper doesn't do that, but he does sell to the rich that he may more freely make pictures for nothing for radical magazines so obscure that even radicals haven't heard of them. He is only a propagandistic Robin Hood. Although he still lives in the shadow of days when a nickel was money, Bill Gropper is as successful in pocket as in reputation, unable to resist a commission from a capitalist individual, a capitalist corporation, or a capitalist government, a living affirmation of Horatio Alger morality in a world so dominated by the conveyor belt that there is supposed to be no hope for youth now but in communal activity for communal ends. He is the individualist poor boy who continues to make good in a collective world in which most of us have all but become numbers. Even the radical press which affirms the collectivity as against individuality wants not cartoons but Bill Gropper's cartoons. Yet whatever may be the status of most of us, whatever may be Bill Gropper's limitations and restrictions as an individual, he is one of America's most brilliant black and white artists, one of its most vivid and dramatic painters. In the light of his distinction, his quality and his contribution in art, it does not matter so much that outside of art he has the mind of a high school radical. This is not so much a blemish as a shadow which brings into higher relief the bright tints of the picture.

The public's recognition of Bill Gropper as a painter dates from February, 1936, when his first New York exhibition was opened in a small downtown gallery. By that time he had already "published" a few murals in color on commission from architects and the U. S. government, but few people knew or cared. Even his dealer had expected to show, and asked the artist to get together, a group of drawings; Gropper rather thought that his paintings, on which he had been working quietly for the past fifteen years, were now ready to be displayed. The reviewers, proletarian and otherwise, went wild. The gallery had no clientele of rich collectors who could be privately nudged, in the best 57th Street and Fifth Avenue manner, to get on to a good thing. Nevertheless, they temporarily deserted the mousetraps of uptown and beat a pathway to the door from which they could examine and purchase Bill Gropper's superior product.

When the dust of departing critics and purchasers had settled behind them and Gropper could spare a minute for an examination of accounts he must have felt somewhat like the Scotsman of the story who won 20 pounds on a 20 to 1 shot at the race track and wondered how long this could have been going on. In five months of furious painting during which he surrendered not one of his cartooning chores and fulfilled every other commission for which he had contracted, Gropper produced a better exhibition of paintings and water colors than he had been able to get together in the fifteen years preceding his first exhibition. The critics, proletarian and otherwise, might have reserved for the 1937 display the gasps of admiration and the adjectives they had lavished on the first. They were faced with an anti-climax but the exhibition turned out to be an ascent. His color had become purified and more brilliant, his forms more direct, more simple, more dramatic. His best paintings had the force and drive of cartoons

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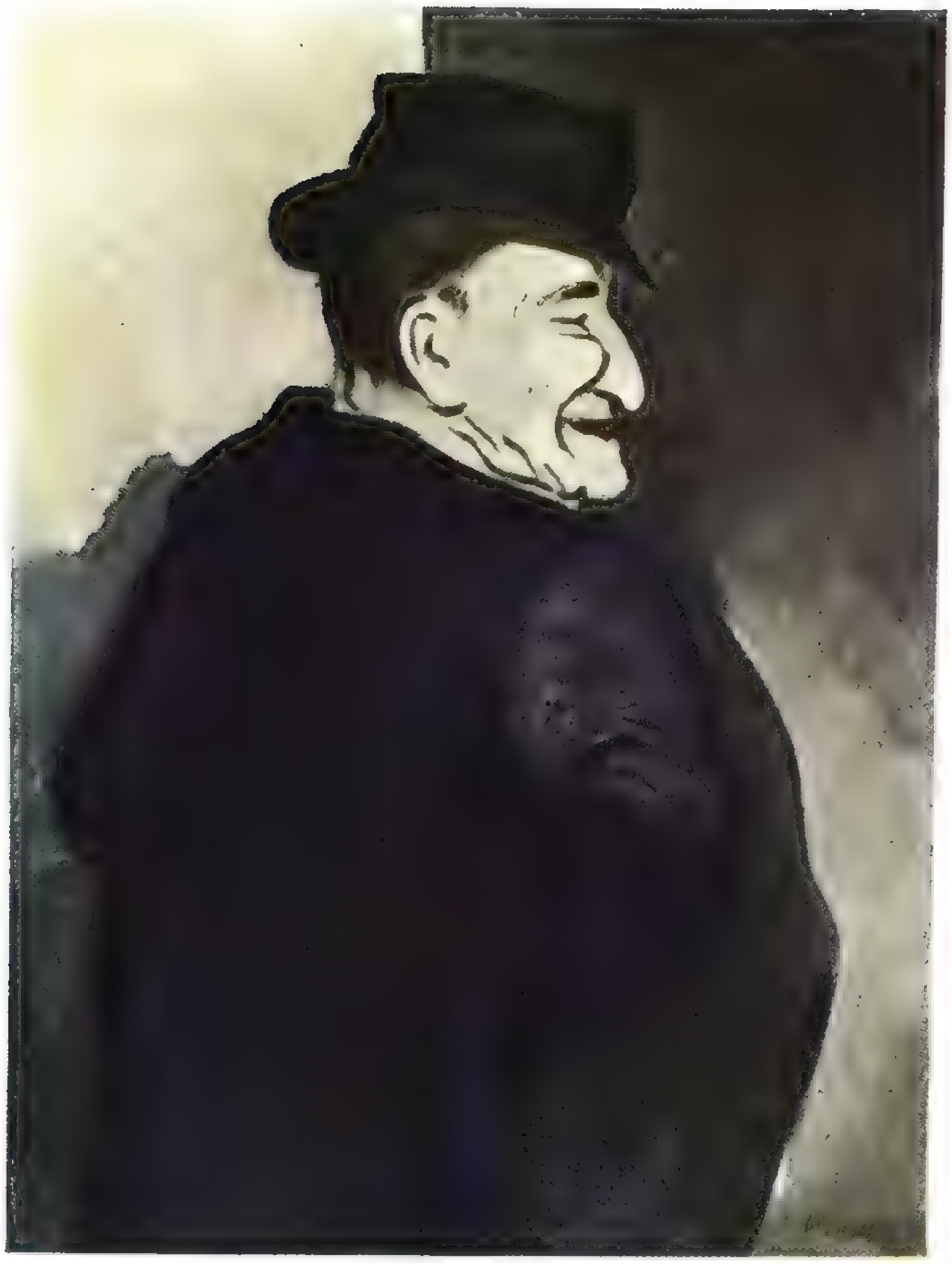
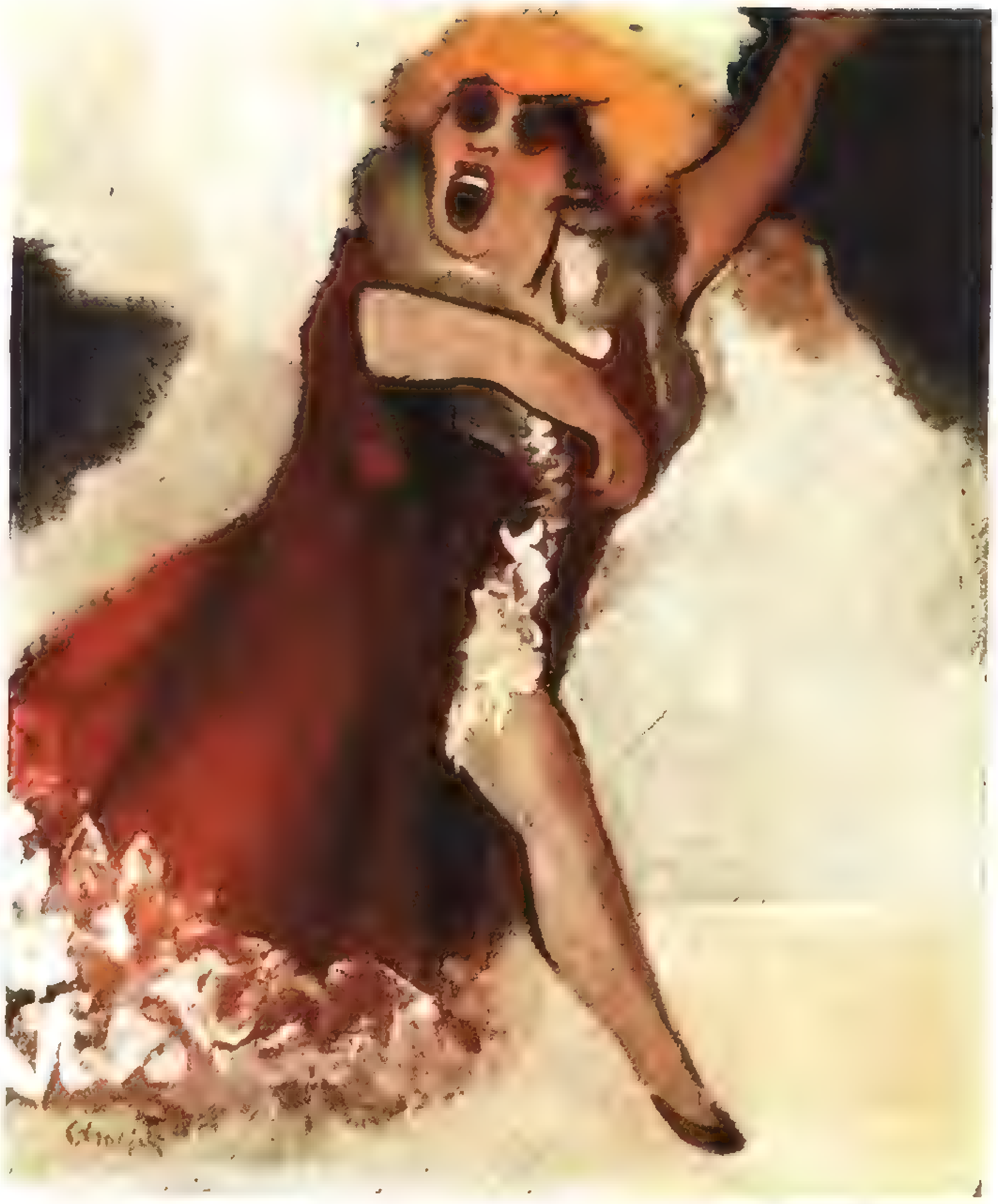


SENATOR ROBINSON



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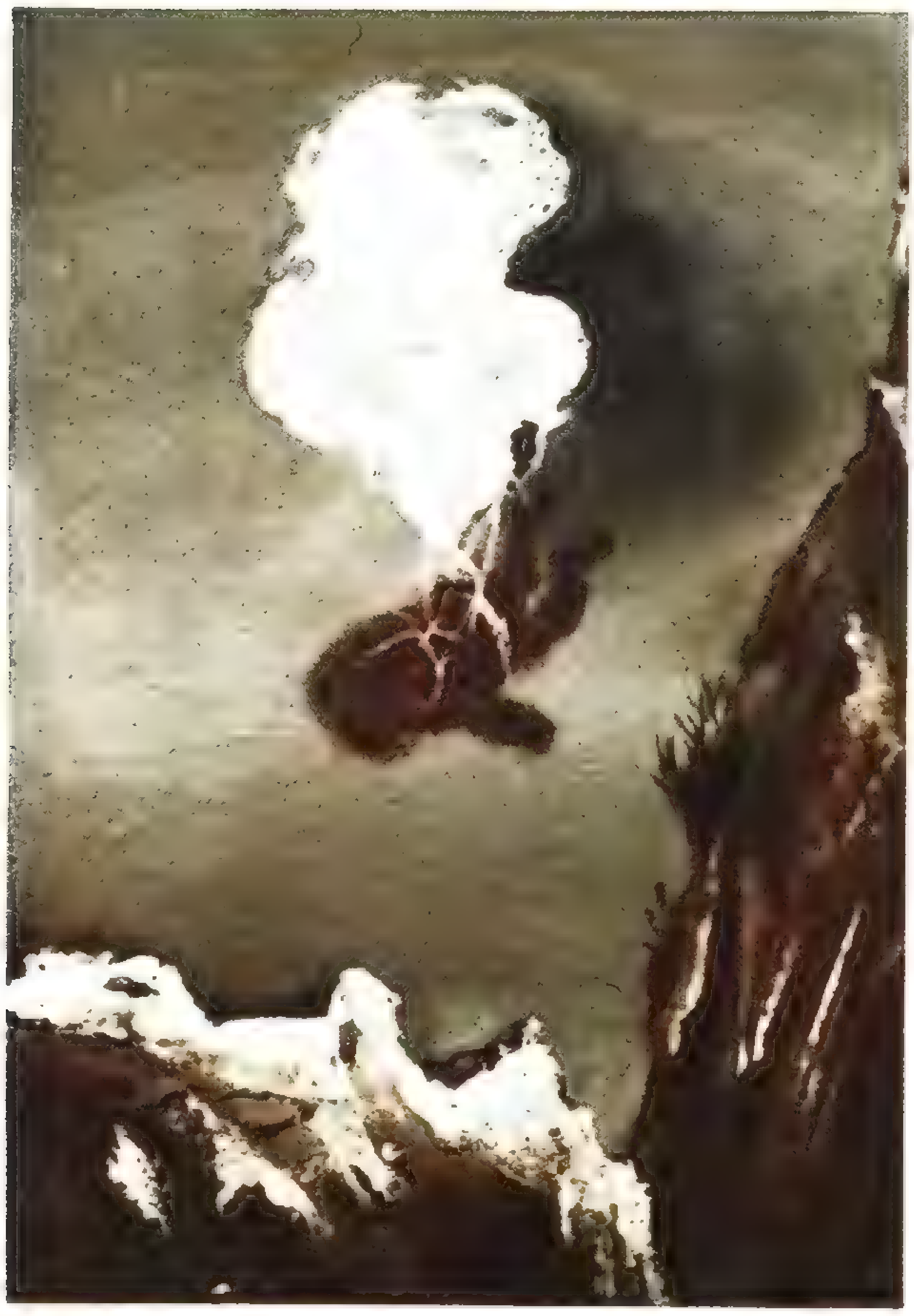
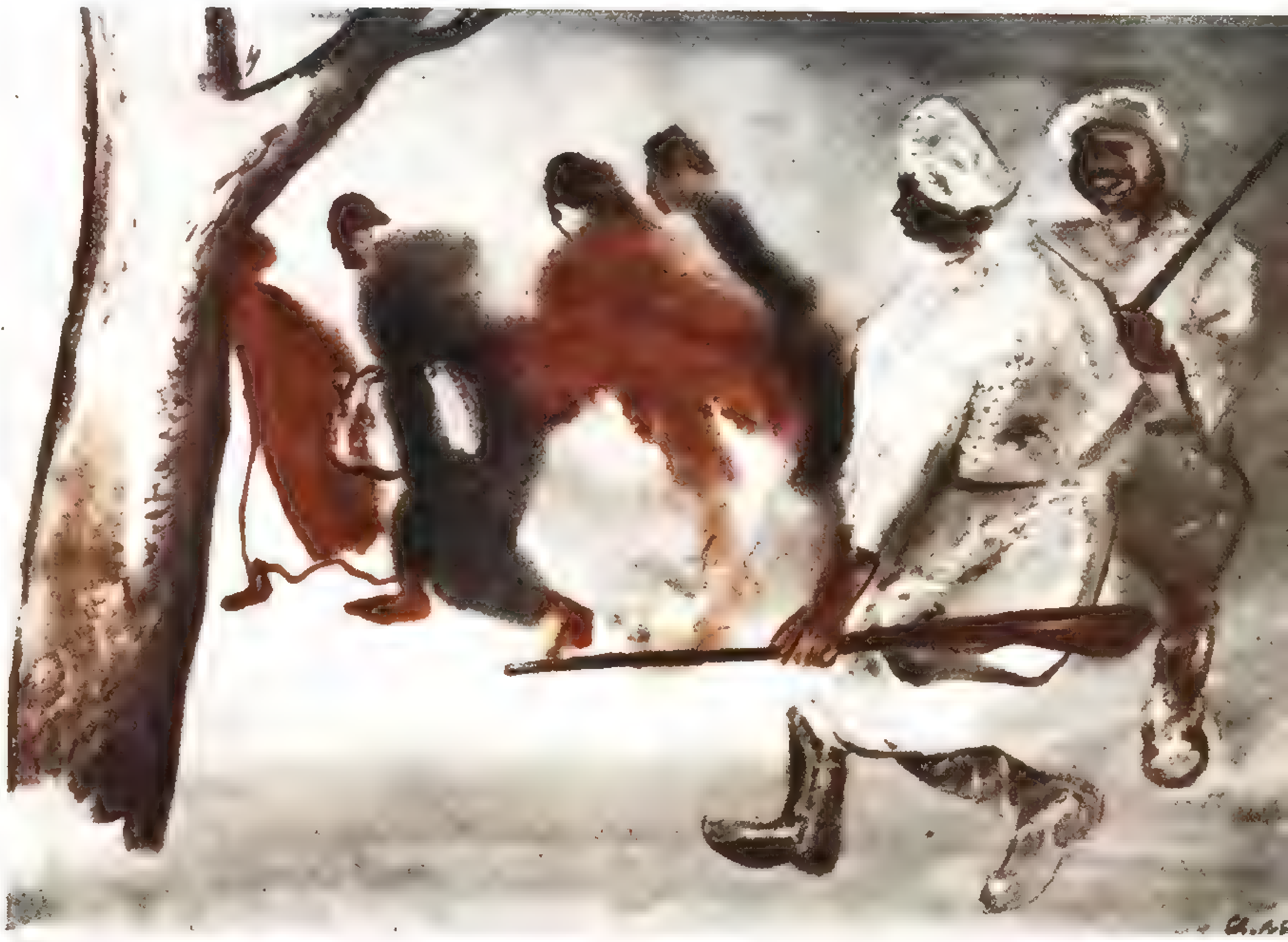
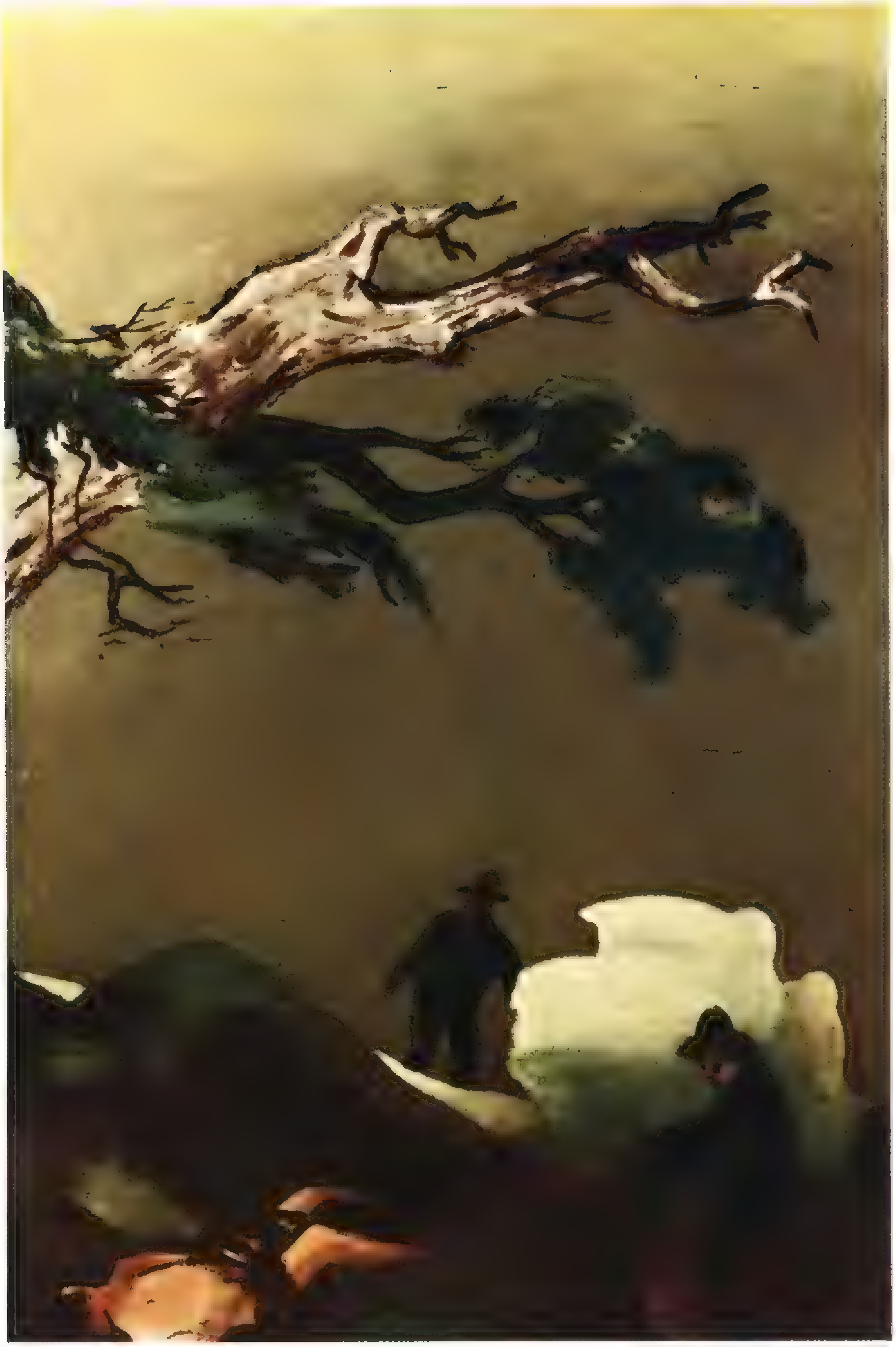


PARACHUTE JUMPER



FOREIGN LEGION

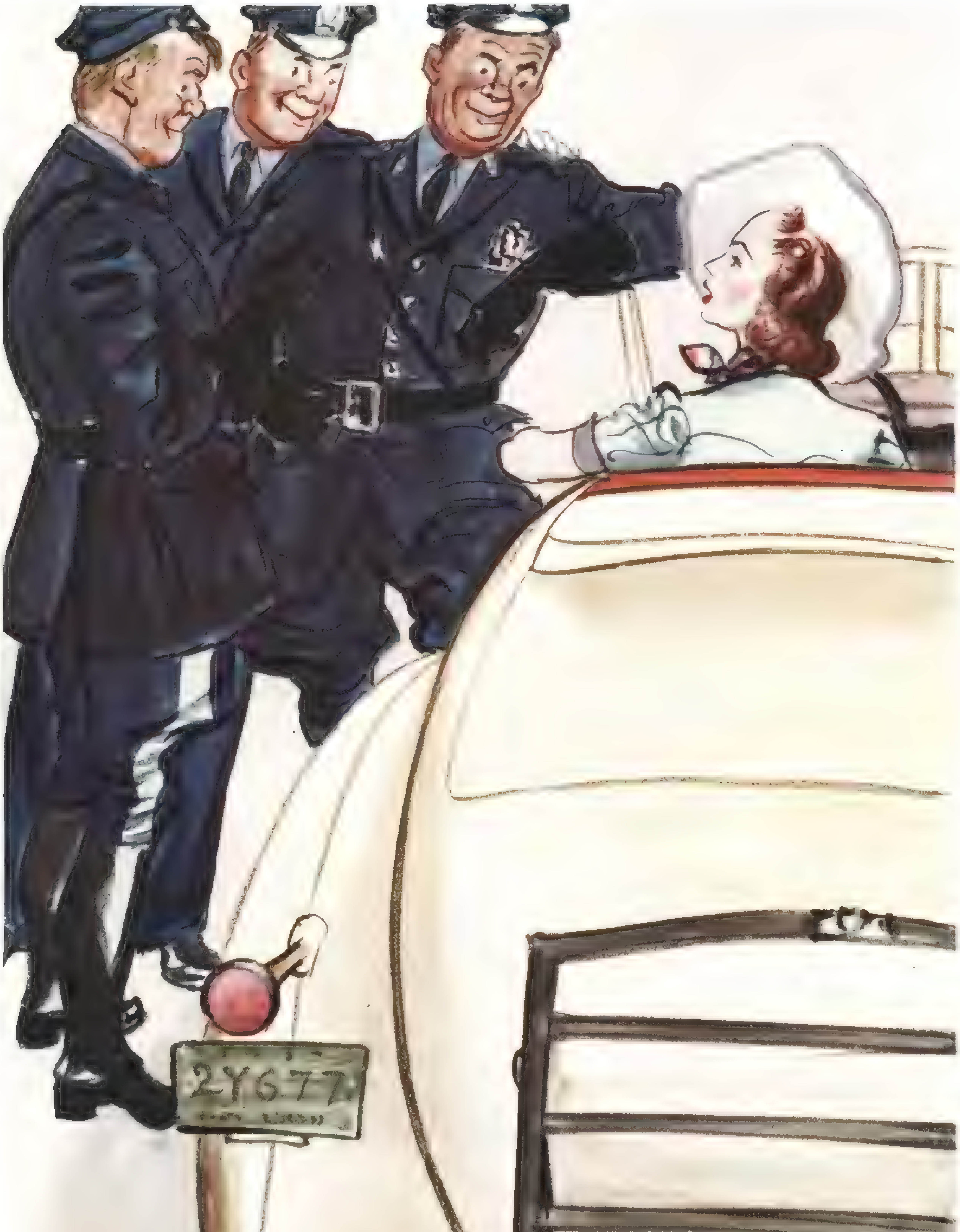
*Paintings on these pages are reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the A. C. A. Gallery, 52 West 8th Street, New York, where they are on exhibition and sale.*



SOUTHERN LANDSCAPE

# A Portfolio of Paintings *by* WILLIAM GROPPER

HE FOUND museums the least disappointing of art schools, and learned much from Goya in color and aquatinting. His worst paintings are decorative panels, derived rather obviously from Japanese, Chinese and Persian traditions—but his worst show up better than many another painter's best. He believes that the cartoon can be as pure a form of art as painting. And even his painting has the form and the movement of the cartoon. He doesn't like people who live in mansions, because the sweatshops and flophouses are fresh in his memory. But they have sought out his pictures, and they can have them if they are willing to pay properly for them. (They are.) And the wealthy continue to be the routine villains of his stream of cartoons—fat with profits and hard with privilege. Gropper is now painting his way to his third exhibition, which will probably be on view early in 1938.


2Y677
Gilbert Bundy

*"No, thanks — I'll take the ticket"*

# The Calypso Singers

*Continued from page 46*

the insult "instantaneously" as Gorilla says.

The Calypsonian finds no barrier to rhyming "maid" with "bathe" or "cold" with "creole." In soft Trinidadian speech it does not matter. "I'll give you an example of how we poemize," Caresser said. "Let me see—" he looked across the table at the subject and wrestled his thoughts. "Now—'Here's a man, That I can understand. He's got a glass full of whiskey—see how my rhymes are frisky. He sits with his arms on the table, and he looks very comfortable!'" He bowed, as if for the laurel wreath.

From the Calypso tents in the course of the month come the songs that are the hits for the year. They are sung at Carnival and the crowds roar the Calypso rhythm, dance it, and whistle it.

These tropical troubadours are in their glory for this one month. Each year a few are chosen to visit New York and to record their hits. The West Indian colony there receives them as conquerors. During the other eleven months they eat as best they can. They hunt up tourists and get the name of one of them. In a half hour they present him with a Calypso written about him, usually something about "being glad, That J. C. Robinson of New York has come to Trinidad." For that they try to get five dollars. They may be hired for local parties or to sing on tourist ships in harbor. Many of them are what the local idiom calls "Sweet men," gentlemen whose glamor is so great that ladies fight to support them.

They are a happy crowd, but jealous of each other. They would probably make off with each other's clothes, money, and certainly women, but they have one "ethic," as King Radio puts it. They will not steal, or even sing another's songs. They write their own (and as rumor is, they sometimes get their friends to write them for them) and they sing their songs, but they sing only their own.

Everything in a Calypsonian's life provides him with material for songs. He reads the newspapers, he knows most of the local gossip. Frequently the same idea will inspire a half dozen singers: the Abdication produced a dozen songs, one of which should have answered Mr. Baldwin's query as to whether the Empire would stand for such a marriage. Gorilla gave his consent with:

*Believe me, friends, if I were King*
*I'd marry any woman and give her a ring,*
*I wouldn't give a damn what the people say*
*So long as she can wash, cook, and dingolay.*

Events far beyond the little island figure in many songs. There are a dozen Calypsos on Joe Louis, on the Lindbergh kidnapping, and particularly on the Italians in Ethiopia. Local incidents always furnish inspiration. A white man let off easy in court, where a Negro would have gotten the limit, inspires one singer. A bridegroom who disappears on the night of the wedding, a suitor who blew himself up with dynamite, a fight between two Councilmen, victories in cricket—all these are material for troubadours. The visit of any notable to Trinidad promptly inspires the singer. As the Lion sang a few months ago:

*When Roosevelt came to the Land of the Humming Bird,*
*Shouts of welcome were heard.*
*His visit to the island is bound to be*
*An epoch in local history.*
*Defiantly marking a new era*
*Between Trinidad and America.*
*Port-of-Spain threw open her gates*
*To the President of the United States.*
*In fact, everybody was glad*
*To welcome Roosevelt to Trinidad.*

The sight of a Zeppelin over medieval Paris would have turned the troubadours to their zithers. A Zeppelin flies over Port-of-Spain and:

*One Sunday morning I chanced to hear*
*A rumbling and a tumbling in the atmosphere.*
*I ran to see. People were gazing everywhere,*
*Gesticulating and shouting and pointing in the air.*
*It was the Graf Zeppelin that had*
*Come to pay a visit to Trinidad.*
*As I gazed at the Zeppelin contemplatively*
*And marvelled at man's ingenuity,*
*Wonderfully, beautifully, gloriously*
*Decidedly defying all laws of gravity,*
*As I gazed at the Zeppelin something touched my hand,*
*I saw an old decrepit coolie man.*
*He said to me, pointing at the Zeppelin,*
*Massa, can you tell me what is that thing?*
*I feel to bawl, for me no understand at all,*
*He have nothing hold 'im up day*
*But still he never fall.*
*He was speaking of the Zeppelin that had*
*Come to pay a visit to Trinidad.*

Some of these topical Calypsos may become popular but the songs more likely to be sung from Port-of-Spain to Frederickstead and back again to Maricaibo are those in which the singer discusses life in general. His remarks may be his views on politics, like those of one singer who used the late Governor of the island for his subject:

*I must be very frank and say*
*I was very glad when Sir Hollis went away.*
*He cared only for his own enjoyment*
*And did nothing to help us find employment.*

They know a lot of the rackets that the medieval troubadours must have known. Some one of what they call "the aristocracy" comes to them with a particularly nasty piece of gossip about some other aristocrat and pays to have a Calypso sung on the subject. The singer accepts; he may sing it. But he is more liable to write the song and show it to the subject, then intimate ever so delicately that he could be paid not to sing it.

They may sing their opinions of film stars:

*Bing Crosby was interesting*
*In his picture, We're not Dressing.*
*But I prefer above all others*
*To hear the Four Mills Brothers.*

A popular lament is the difficulty of making a living as a troubadour eleven months in the year. Thus, the Caresser, who sings:

*Paramaraibo,*
*That's the place I want to go*
*I am such a crooked lad*
*I can't get work in Trinidad.*
*I've tried all technological screws*
*But is kept back by circumstantial views.*
*I can't eliminate the discrepancy*
*Which misfortune brings to my family.*
*My indescribable unsuccessfulness—!*
*Patience is a virtue but I can't bear this.*
*Sweet are the uses of adversity—*
*A proverb for rich ones but not for me.*

Or, as the Tiger sang from experience:

*If you have money and things going nice*
*Any woman would call you honey and spice.*
*If you can't give her a dress or a new pair of shoes*
*She'll say she have no uses for you.*
*When you try to caress her she'll tell you to stop*
*For she can't carry love to a butcher shop.*
*I'm sure that you all will agree that it's true,*
*If you have no money, dog better than you.*

But the majority of popular Calypsos deal with the ladies in the singers' lives, just as it was in the days of the troubadours. Some of the songs sum up women in general. King Radio, little, one-eyed, his face masked by a pair of dark glasses, is famous for:

*Let's put men and women together*
*To find out which one is smarter.*
*Some say men, I say No,*
*Women got men like puppet show.*
*Not me, it's people who say*
*That the men lead the women astray.*
*But I say that the women cf today,*
*Smarter than men in every way.*
*Samson was the strongest man long ago*
*No one could have beaten him as we all know.*
*And when he sat with a woman on a bed*
*She found out that his strength was in the hair on his head.*

It is King Radio, also, whose opinion of women seems to be anything but knightly who sings:

*If you want to be happy and live a king's life*
*Never make a pretty woman your wife*
*All you got to do is just what I say*
*And then you will be jolly, merry and gay.*
*That's from a logical point of view,*
*Always love a woman uglier than you.*

Definitely autobiographical is Radio's song:

*They can't find a lover like me again.*
*I'm the only lover in Port-of-Spain.*
*Fifty women now supporting me*
*And all of them belong to high society.*
*Oh, Lord, fuss a living happy today,*
*Believe me, I don't know how me rent does pay.*
*All my girls pay my bills afair*
*Whether I am far or whether I am there*
*I even got a boy to 'tend the phone*
*In case you should ring me up at home.*

But he follows that proud chanson with another, based on a recent experience in court:

*Radio, maintain your child—*
*Now, look here, woman, don't get me wild.*
*You promised me quite faithfully*
*That we would both join in matrimony.*
*But now you leave me with this young child.*
*If the child looked at all like me,*
*One-eyed, we'd join in matrimony.*
*I can see you have a bad intent,*
*I'm going to put you in the hands of the government.*
*I know with the law you cannot compete,*
*You'll mind the child or pay sixty cents a week.*
*Olga darling, I agree it's true,*
*I'll mind the child and I'll mind you.*

"So now I'm payin' alimony, mister," Radio says, "as if it weren't hard enough for one man to eat."

The Lion, whose mastery of the English language is always astounding—"I embrace the rotundity of conventionality and wish you good day" is his phrase—has had his adventures. Such as:

*I landed in Barbados last Easter morn,*
*Lord, I really wish that 'twas there I was born!*
*I sang a little song with every inch of joy*
*Then a little Chinee girl named Amoy*
*Holler Oo, la, la, in galore*
*And Alleluia, when the Lion roar.*
*Then I bounced up with a girl by the name of Dell,*
*Well it's there I nearly caught Hell.*
*I came in contact with her husband, Joe.*
*Believe me, I had to jump the window.*
*It was no more Alleluia when the Lion roar.*
*I had to run for my life on Barbados Shore.*

Sometimes the singers get a little too vivid in their memories and the Trinidad police step in and the "aristocrats" write to the papers protesting the influence of evil songs on children (forgetting that most of the children, forced by the average daily wage of forty cents to live in one-room shacks, know the facts of life anyway) and on tourists (forgetting that the words are difficult for non-Trinidadians to understand). This year's Carnival produced two such songs, *Netty, Netty* and *Sally Water*. Another, a year ago, has a quotable first verse:

*The night when the boat house tumbled down*
*I must say, friends, I nearly drown,*
*Me and me gal, was sitting together*
*Thinking of the weather, when we went into the water.*
*And in swimming she told me she cared a lot—*
*Friends, believe it or not.*

You can find the Calypsonians around Port-of-Spain, ready to sing at the thought of a dollar or a meal. They are the last of the old profession of troubadours. As their medieval predecessors approached lords of largess and position, so the Calypsonians approach tourists and sing:

*Men and women idling all around*
*Don't know where their first meal can be found.*
*Walking with a toothpick between their teeth,*
*Making people understand that they just done eat.*
*Crediting beds from the stores in town*
*But the agents coming and unmount them down.*
*Many other days in time of need*
*They will crucify a breadfruit for a Sunday feed—*
*So take a fella, like me,*
*Singing this Calypso on an empty belly.* ###

## Making a Note of It

*Continued from page 73*

instead. That makes a good swap."

"We couldn't make it another guard," said Ed. "They're all promised."

"Well just keep it a doorkeeper then. We got plenty of old fellows that would do better than this Koinzal. Old fellows that has kind of hung round county headquarters and looked after the stove and passed out litachure. I don't 'member just who they are, but they was three-four of 'em. I'll send you up a name after I get back."

"We'll see about it," said Ed. He was looking at Linnie's list. "Now here, Linnie, tell you what you do. You take it and check off ten names—starting with your cousin here—of fellows you want us to put on *sure*. Mark "G" after six of them for Guard, and "I" after three others for Inspector."

"What'll I tell them others? It'll make us a situation down home, sure!" Linnie's fat face was clouded.

"We'll see, Linnie," Ed soothed, "when things kind of get settled, maybe we can take care of a few more. But you can tell these ten sure."

Linnie worked down the list. "Here," he said finally, handing it to Ed. "But it'll make us a situation. I can't promise twelve hundred next time with only ten jobs."

Jake reached out to pluck the list from Ed's fingers. Reading it, he frowned. "You didn't check any women, Linnie," he said.

"I can't do it. Not with only ten jobs, I can't. These fellows done the real work."

Jake shook his head. "You ought to have a woman," he warned.

"Jake's right, Linnie," said Ed. "You'd ought to have at least one woman. It won't look right."

"Then I got to have two. We got two fine ladies. You'd ought to give me two more jobs."

"There's Mrs. Forthed that led our singing. She's a fine lady. A big Eastern Star. But then there's Old Lady MacGuthie that got beat in the primary for Registrar of Deeds. She's a widda lady—a big Daughters of Isabella. We told the Cath'lics we'd sure take care of her if Jake got in. We couldn't take one without having 'em both. And we can't do that with only ten jobs."

"I guess Linnie's right, Jake," said Ed. "Taking only one would make him a real situation."

"I know I'm right," said Linnie.

"What about your county Republican Lady's League?" asked Jake. "What'll they say?"

"Not a thing, they won't. Mrs. Kifrey's head of it, and all she wants is a job for her boy. See there, I got him checked for a guard's job—Al Kifrey."

Jake nodded, slowly.

"I guess Linnie's right, Jake," said Ed. "You got a good list, Linnie."

"I ought to have," said Linnie. "I sure worked on it. Say Jake, you saving us any nigger jobs? We got some mighty good niggers."

"They're handling that themselves," said Jake, "this Afro-Republican Non-Partisan League. They asked for their own headquarters this year."

"That's a mistake, Jake," said Linnie. "Some of our ladies like it better because the niggers don't hang around headquarters any more—two or three of them greasy bucks in a small room with the stove a-going can stink up the place mighty fast—and 'course you can't kick them out. But how can these big niggers here in Grant City know which ones of our local niggers done the work?"

"I can't help it, Linnie. They wanted it that way." Jake's voice was flat. He was looking out of the window again.

"Well you tell them we'd ought to have anyway one nigger job in our county. We got three hundred nigger votes—when they vote."

"Make a note of that, Ed," said Jake. "Tell them I think Linnie's county ought to be considered."

"Another thing—you'd ought to send us better nigger speakers."

"Didn't you get any this time?" asked Ed.

"We got three, and they was all dead on their black butt. Talked about Lincoln. Hell, these young niggers don't care about Lincoln. You'd ought to get us this Mrs. Robison the Democrats had for their niggers."

"I've heard of her," said Jake.

"Boy, she's a wildcat," said Linnie. "What I mean, she's *really* good."

"Did you hear her?" asked Ed.

"Sure," said Linnie. "We all did. The Democrats had a nigger meeting for this Mrs. Robison, and our candidates heard she was a-goin' good, so we all went down, and stood in the back of their hall. Boy, you could hear this Mrs. Robison clear out in the street—laying out the Republicans—saying all the black man had ever got since Lincoln was promises and a few ditch digging jobs. She had 'em all a-hollering, 'Yes, La-awd!' and, 'Amen to that!' And did she tie into 'Mistah Hoo-o-ovuh!' You couldn't help laughing. She sure tied into you, too, Jake.

"It was all new stuff for nigger meetings—good stuff, too. You'd ought to see about getting her for us, next time."

"Make a note of that, Ed," said Jake. "Someone else was saying she was good. What's her name?"

"Robison. Offer her a dollar a day more. She's worth it."

Ed made a note of it. "Anything else, Linnie?"

"Yes, there is," said Linnie. "I want you fellows to tell your God damn banking department to start being reasonable. Tell them to talk to me before they appoint any more receivers in our county."

Jake shook his head slowly. "That stuff is non-political, Linnie, you know that."

"The hell it is," said Linnie. "It makes more trouble for me than everything else. It makes our crowd sore as hell when that banking department just goes ahead and appoints just anybody."

"I can't do that," said Jake. "That stuff is technical. Those fellows know who would be best."

"Well they'd ought to call me on it, anyway," insisted Linnie. "It hurts us when we don't know who's going to get them jobs until we read it in the paper. The fellows that get them jobs think you're ignoring the organization. If you'd give me a call on it first, then I could go around and tell them they were slated to get it—before they saw it in the paper. That would help some."

There was a silence. "I think we might have them give Linnie a call on it, don't you, Jake?" asked Ed.

"I guess we could," said Jake.

"Better have Ed make a note of it," said Linnie.

"All right, Ed," said Jake, "Make a note of it to give Linnie a call."

Ed made a note of it. "That just about takes care of your fellows, doesn't it, Linnie?" he asked.

"For now it does," said Linnie. "But we gotta have three more jobs. We just got to."

Jake squirmed impatiently. "You ought to remember there's eighty-six counties," he said.

"Not that gave you twelve hundred majority." Linnie was a little sore.

"You fellows did fine down there," said Ed smoothly. "If we can possibly find three jobs, you'll get them. I'm going to make a note of it now."

Ed wrote down the note.

"Be sure you see me first," said Linnie. "Don't go giving jobs to any of our fellows just because they show up with letters of recommendation from me."

"We'll watch out for that."

"I bet I've give three hundred of those letters since election," said Linnie. "Fellows that have done maybe some work, and they all want letters to the governor about a job. You can't not give them a letter."

"We know how it is," said Ed.

"Three years ago I got double-crossed," said Linnie. "They gave a fellow from my county a job that wasn't entitled to it. When I kicked, they showed me a letter from me he'd brought up here. They wanted to give him a job themselves and they just used that letter as an excuse. It made a real situation for me."

"It won't happen with us," said Ed. "We'll give you a call on it first."

"Might make a note of that, Ed," said Jake, "about giving Linnie a call. How's your wife, Linnie?"

"She's all right. Say, Jake, you'd ought to come down and visit me. Like to fish?" He rose from the straight-backed chair.

"I used to."

"We got the best fishing in the state in our county. We could get up a little party of some of the boys."

"Well if I can break away."

"Do you a lot of good in our county."

Jake got up, too. "More good than those three jobs?" He grinned for the first time.

Linnie grinned. He struck Jake a playfully light blow in the chest. "You damn tightwad," he said. "We gotta have those three jobs."

"You saw Ed make a note of it."

"I know about Ed's notes. You could do it now if you wanted to."

"Just as soon as we get straightened around I'll look into it personally," said Ed, smoothly.

"And a nigger job, too. We get one of those."

"I wrote it down."

"I saw you. But we want the job."

"Keep in touch with us, Linnie," said Jake. "Let us know the situation."

"I will. Now Ed, I'm going to hear from you about that, am I?"

"Just as soon as we're straightened around."

"Well—so long, Jake."

"So long, Linnie."

Linnie went out.

Jake stretched, standing up. "Any more out there?"

"Two's all."

"Couldn't you handle them?" Looking out of the window he saw the dull black laciness of winter trees which stretched along the horizon.

"I could. But they like it better when you sit in."

"Sure. I know. You're right. God, I get tired of it." Above the trees was a chill grey sky.

"Say Jake, remember you asked Linnie about his wife?"

"Yeauh?"

"Well she's crazy. Been right here in Grant City in the State Hospital for twelve years."

"By God I remember now. Wha'd I say?"

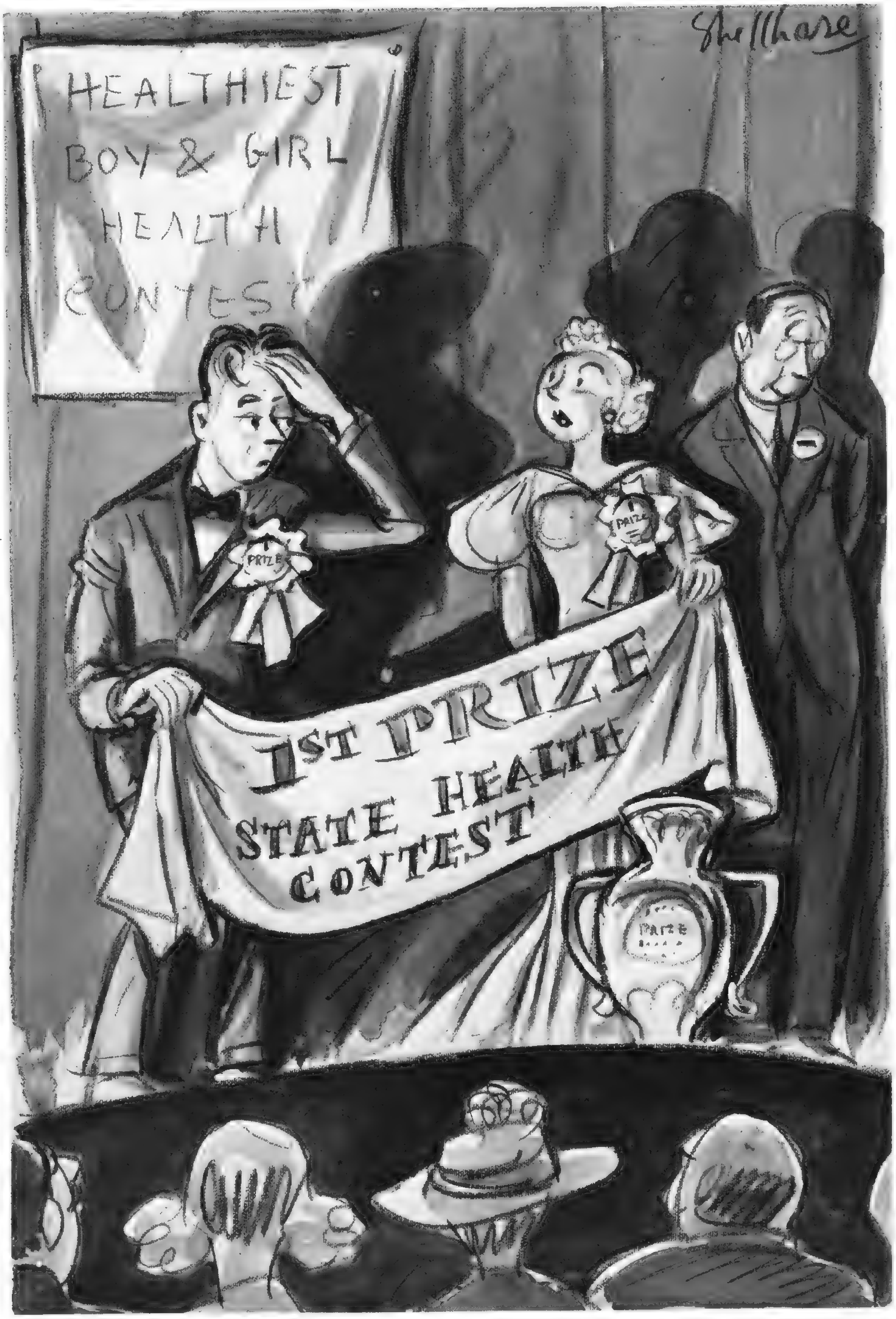
"It was all right. You just asked how she was. But I thought you must of forgotten it."

"I had. S'pose Linnie noticed anything?"

"Linnie wouldn't mind. He's prob'ly used to it."

"Better make a note of that on Linnie's card, Ed, so's I'll remember not to do it the next time he comes in."

Ed made a note of it. With a pencil he lightly wrote "wife crazy" in a small neat secretary's hand just under Linnie's name, typewritten on Linnie's card. Then he put it back in the steel filing cabinet in its place. #



HEALTHIEST BOY & GIRL HEALTH CONTEST
PRIZE
PRIZE
1ST PRIZE STATE HEALTH CONTEST
PRIZE

*"I think I'm getting one of my dizzy spells"*

## "I Hate a Man Who Smokes a Pipe"

*Continued from page 82*

ladies in the company of these pipe addicts. However, should a Polite Pierre even as much as look askance at these gentlemen's pipes, he would be shivered on the spot. The only places abroad where a pipe is tabooed are those frequented by cigarette-loving American sweeties. You are not allowed to smoke a pipe at any of those pseudo-French restaurants resembling our old time de luxe speakeasies which now are the rage in London. Nor will a pipe be tolerated at the Ritz in Paris or the main dining room of the Gresham in Dublin. To the pipe-preferring native, such places are just so much hemlock. To be seen in them, he opines, might lead to embarrassing questions about his sex.

At formal affairs in America, even when they are stag, the man who has the courage to drag out his dudeen is rare. Somehow, there exists an imbecile conviction that it is traitorous to society to smoke a pipe when in tux or tails. Another prize exhibit of how American women completely prescribe their mates' social conduct.

In spite of the henpecked American male with his natural apathy towards a pipe and the omnipresent persecution rendered the users of the briar, pipe smoking is increasing. According to Charles K. Elliott, the well-known New York authority on pipes and pipe tobacco, the sale of pipes has doubled since 1932. The total sales of pipes wholesale in 1932 was $3,500,000. The total wholesale dollar volume for 1936 approximated $6,225,000.

"This six million dollar volume," explains Elliott, "is made up as follows: 125,000 gross of pipes retailing for twenty-five and fifty cents; 35,000 gross retailing at one dollar; 3,500 gross retailing at from three to ten dollars and on up. This last group includes imported pipes. The Depression helped to increase the sale of pipes, for folks thought pipes a less expensive habit than cigarettes. Oddly, the higher priced pipes are the ones which show the big sales increase while the cheaper pipes have remained much nearer where they were in 1932 or, for that matter, 1929."

It is surprising to note that, while the sale of pipes has doubled, the total sales of tobacco have decreased almost 10 per cent. Here are the figures on pipe tobacco, snuff, chewing tobacco, and loose cigarette tobacco:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1930 | 328,765,103 (lbs.) |
| 1931 | 327,995,697 |
| 1932 | 312,273,049 |
| 1933 | 304,902,282 |
| 1934 | 307,103,292 |
| 1935 | 304,249,609 |

Even the authoritative Elliott cannot tell exactly the reasons for this paradox.

"There are several reasons which may account for this decrease in tobacco sales and the increase in pipe sales," surmises Elliott. "I cannot say just which is most responsible. It may be that the sales of 'roll-your-own' types of tobacco have fallen off since 1931 due to the fact that people have been switching to regular manufactured cigarettes, including the ten-cent brands. On the other hand, this does not seem entirely likely because, as I recall it, the sales of 'roll-your-own' tobaccos, such as Bull Durham, Golden Grain, etc., were enjoying a very high degree of popularity in 1932-33—the depth of the Depression, and the years in which the sales of tobacco took a big licking. Another factor in the decrease might be the fact that the bowls of pipes have constantly grown smaller. You will realize that, if a manufacturer can squeeze a couple more small bowls out of a briar root, he will naturally make these small bowls in preference to large ones because it cuts down his raw material cost. Sounds silly but it is a fact that the bowls of pipes have grown smaller. In this way, a man might content himself with a pipe and still use less tobacco in a year than he would if he had a big bowl. Probably the real reason, though, is that men are buying more pipes and own two or three where they used to own one."

If my experience and observations are correct, that gain in pipe sales can be accounted for by the ever increasing number of hardy Americans who have tried a pipe and liked it, then double-quicked to a shop and annexed a flock more. The confirmed pipe smoker usually possesses an imposing array of pipes. As Lester Hutter pointed out in the pages of ESQUIRE some time back, the only way to enjoy pipe smoking is to have several pipes, which should be smoked alternately. I own thirty-seven pipes, ranging from corncobs to Dunhills and Kaywoodies. Included among my favorites are some pipes which cost me plenty and others I picked up for a pittance. The one I prefer most is a Peterson which I bought in Dublin for a couple of shillings.

Regardless of the price of a pipe, the addict has a very tender feeling for it. He considers it a true friend, a grand comrade. When Gavarni, the French caricaturist, was dying, he instructed a chum: "I consign my wife to your care, but oh, do take care of my pipe!" William Makepeace Thackeray paid homage to the social joys afforded by the pipe when he wrote:

"Honest men, with pipes in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like but breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoker; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation, no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner . . . The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected; in fact—I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home, I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it, which I own is a crime."

Perhaps I am slightly partial, but I hold that of the good guys in this world quite a few are pipe smokers. Just as Thackeray states, a pipe generates a style of worthwhile conversation between men. It helps to keep talk on a calm basis, offsets arguments and makes lads buddies in a jiffy. There is never anything high-hat about a pipe smoker. Being of a persecuted minority, he is usually a bit of a philosopher, sincerely interested in his fellow humans, and not prone to let off verbal steam. His words invariably reflect matured thought—there's no better spark plug for splendid thinking than a mellow, old pipe.

Instead of, as Elinor Ames decrees, forbidding guests to light up their pipes, hostesses should command them to do so. Their parties would be much more interesting and successful. If I had my way, I would extend to American social gatherings, the traditional custom at Irish wakes whereby the family of the deceased provides all males present with a clay pipe and a dram or two of whiskey. These make for brilliant conversation, good fellowship and a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Some of the best talk I have heard in my life has been over clay pipes at an Irish wake. I would not miss one, even for the swankiest party. I know at this sassiety fracas there would be no pipes permitted. Consequently, in comparison to the wake, it would be a very dull affair, indeed.

The American Indians, who were first to smoke pipes, always employed them as countersigns of peace among the various tribes. Today the savages of the Belgian Congo also achieve peace through the use of the pipe. However, their technique is a bit different from that of our Aborigines. The Belgian Congo bucks expertly carve their own dudeens out of the skulls of enemies.

Besides being a philosopher, your civilized pipe smoker is usually a man of personality and action. Though a vice president of the United States, General Charles G. Dawes managed to register his impression upon the country. And his underslung pipe was a big help to him in doing it. Everywhere that General Charley went, formal dinners and diplomatic teas included, the informal mickey went too. This alone is sufficient to establish that the General had the stuff from which tennis racket strings are made. While languishing last fall in a Terre Haute jail for getting the vote out, Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, found great solace in a meerschaum. The pipe smoking J. P. Morgan is a much more popular gent with the masses than was his papa who stuck to cigars and snuff boxes. All through those hectic tussles with Windsor, Stanley Baldwin was never without his stubby pipe. Perhaps 'twas the inspiration gathering from his comforting and reassuring briar that enabled Stanley to outsmart Edward VIII, convince Commons and the Dominions and save the Empire. Another British statesman who, when faced with complex problems, never fails to take some long puffs from his Dunhill is Ramsey MacDonald. Joseph Stalin finds relaxation in pipe smoking.

The pipe has always been and still is today a great favorite with the literati. So much so that Walter Winchell recently remarked that no author will consent to have his picture taken until he sticks a pipe in his jaw. Perhaps the reason why writers persist in being photographed with pipes is that it proves they have something in common with the great Mark Twain who was never seen without his calabash. He even smoked it in bed. Among the army of employed writers who pull on pipes are J. P. Priestly, Christopher Morley, Stanley Walker, F. Britten Austin, John B. Kennedy, Harford Powell, Matt Taylor, James Remington McCarthy, Marco Morrow, Corey Ford, J. P. Marquand, Fred Kendall and Richard Connell.

A goodly number of actors are now packing pipes. Leslie Howard, Ken Murray, Edward G. Robinson and Bob Burns are knights of pipedom. An attempt to convert Alexander Korda, the famed British film director, to pipe smoking failed miserably. J. P. Priestly, who is a sort of apostle of the pipe, convinced the Hungarian-born Korda that no man was a true Britisher until he took up pipe smoking. Korda hurried out and purchased twenty pipes—all of which he later threw away. Remember the dreadful effects of your first pipe? Well, multiply that by twenty! Then you will understand why Alexander Korda joins the ladies in their hatred of pipes and pipe smokers. ⧺

DID YOU SAY
ACTION?

There's plenty doing when Bob Bullock's in the game!

GOING into the Flamingo Polo Club, the first thing you see is a statue of Robert S. Bullock—one of the great No. 3's of polo—a courageous defense man and a consistent hitter.

Polo enthusiasts will agree with Mr. Bullock that it takes healthy nerves to play polo—nerves that don't fail in a pinch. And millions of Camel smokers will nod assent, too, when he says:

"Camels deserve the blue ribbon for mildness. I've smoked Camels for years. They never jangle my nerves."

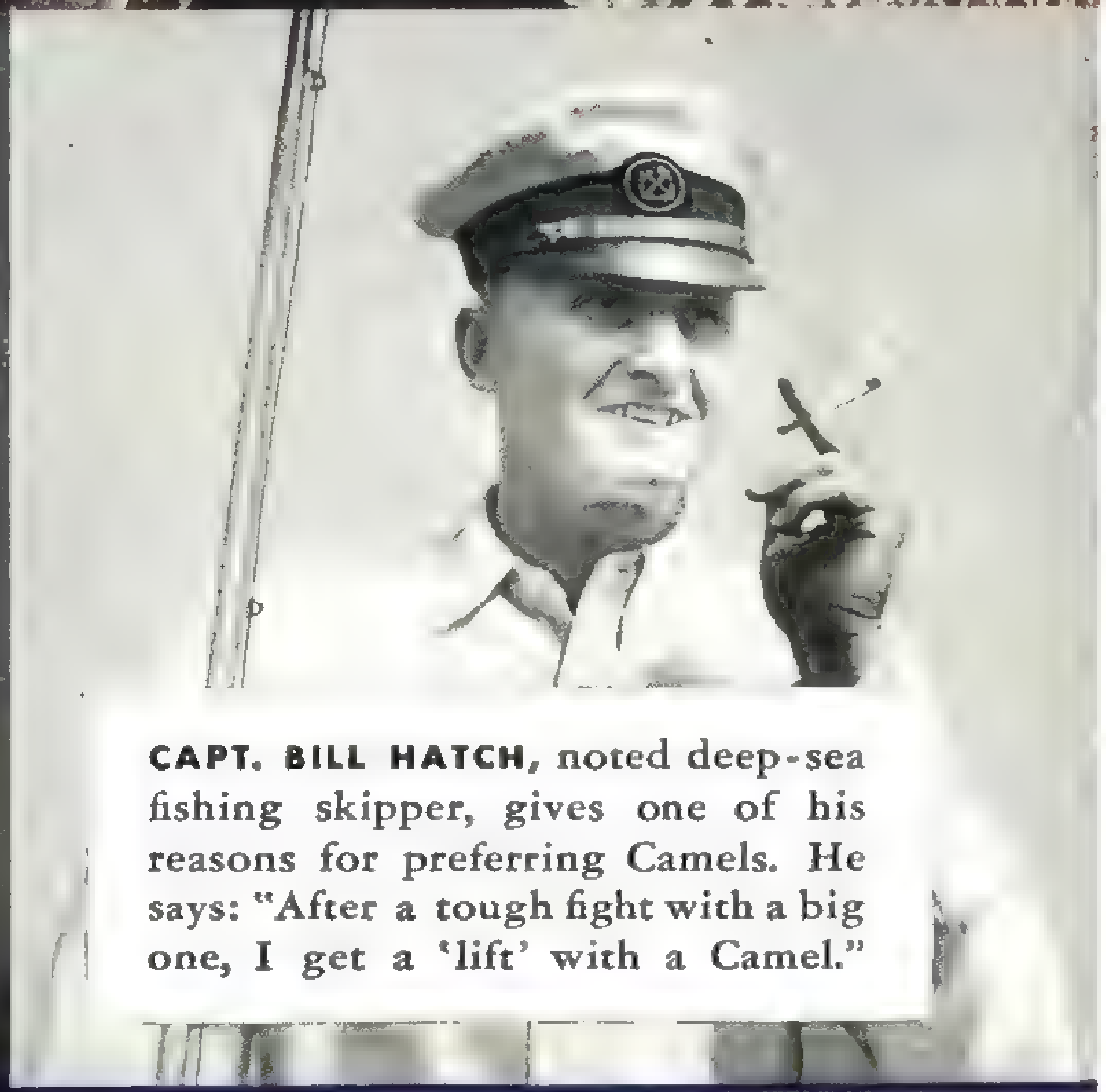
Mealtime *(right)* finds Bob, as usual, enjoying Camels. "Smoking Camels at mealtimes and afterwards adds a world of enjoyment to eating," he says.

Tobacco Experts say:

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

**WHERE EFFICIENCY COUNTS.** A busy secretary, Miss Rosamond Morse, says: "I can't afford to have jangled nerves—ever. That's why I prefer a milder cigarette—Camels."



**CAPT. BILL HATCH,** noted deep-sea fishing skipper, gives one of his reasons for preferring Camels. He says: "After a tough fight with a big one, I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

Costlier Tobaccos!

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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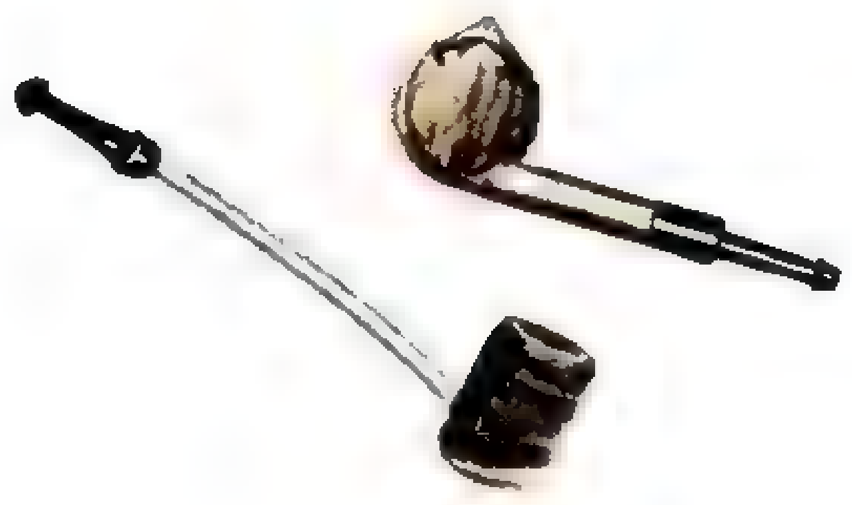
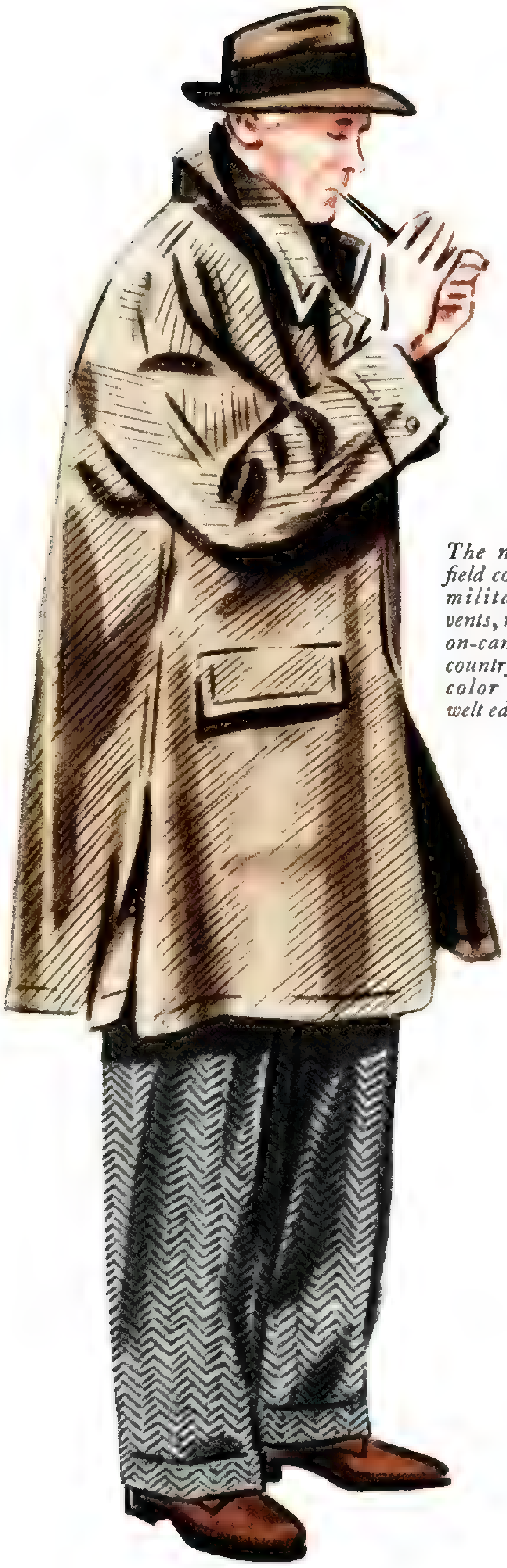
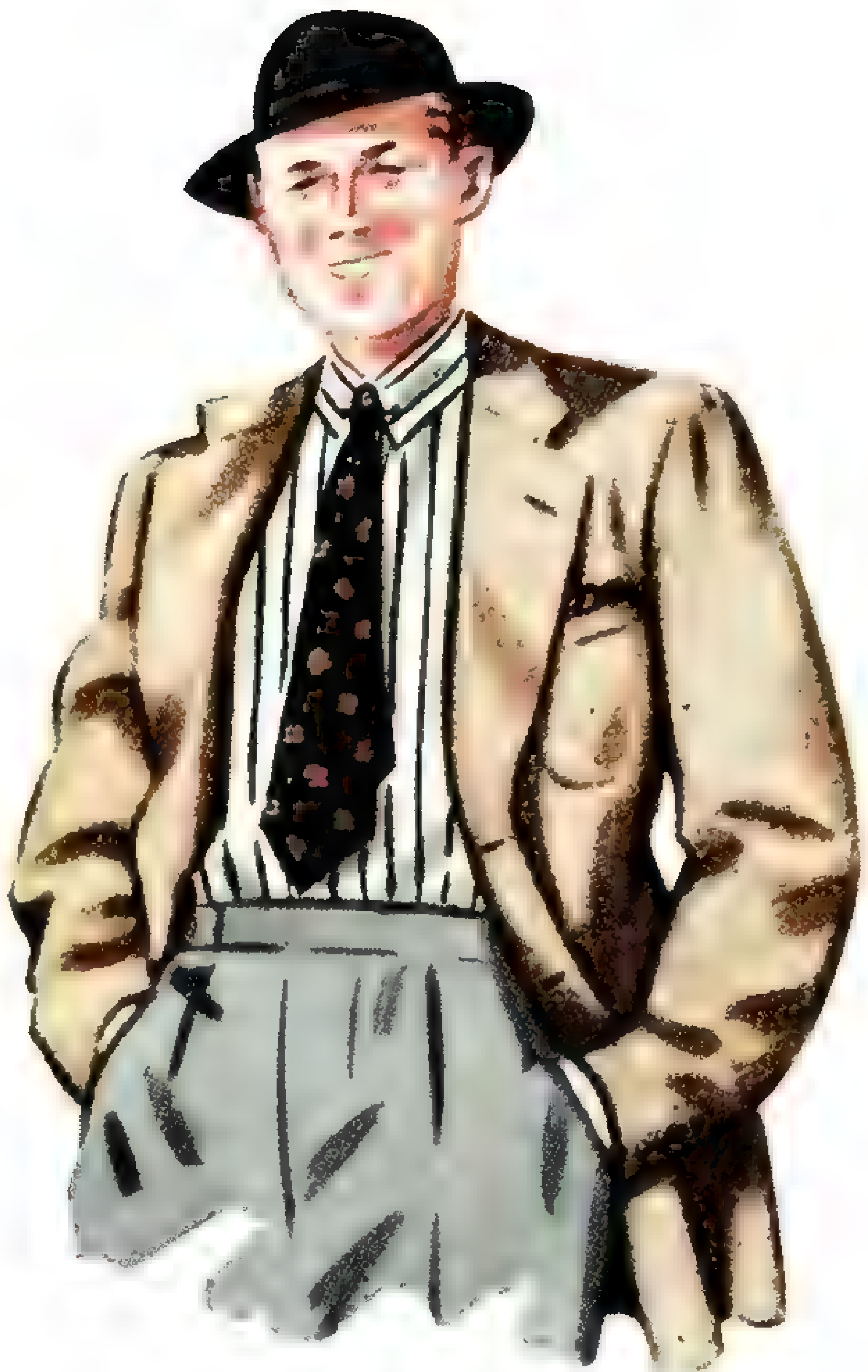


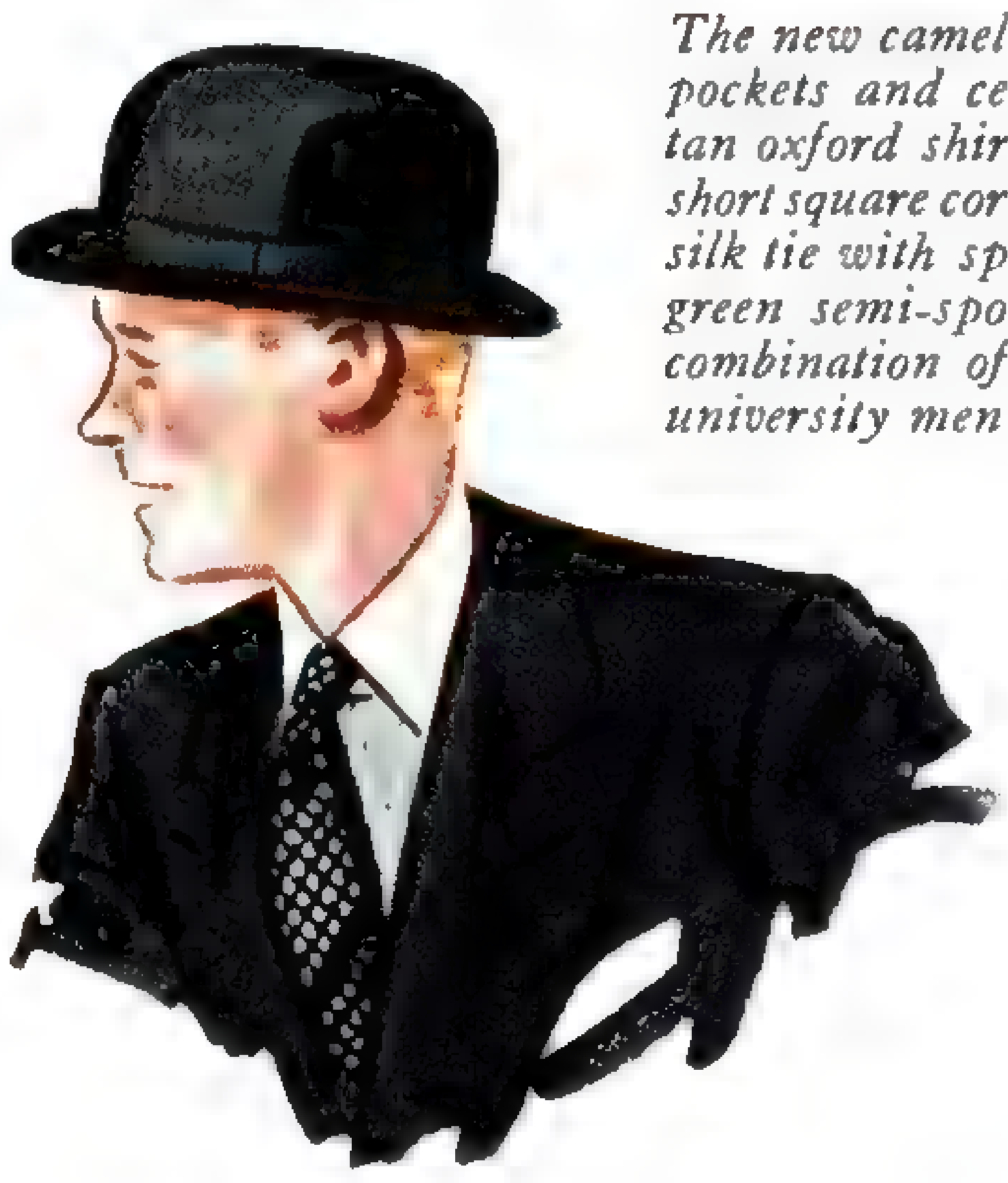
*The upper illustration is a new walnut shaped pipe that may be smoked while driving a car. The lower is the Newmarket pipe of cherrywood with quill stem.*



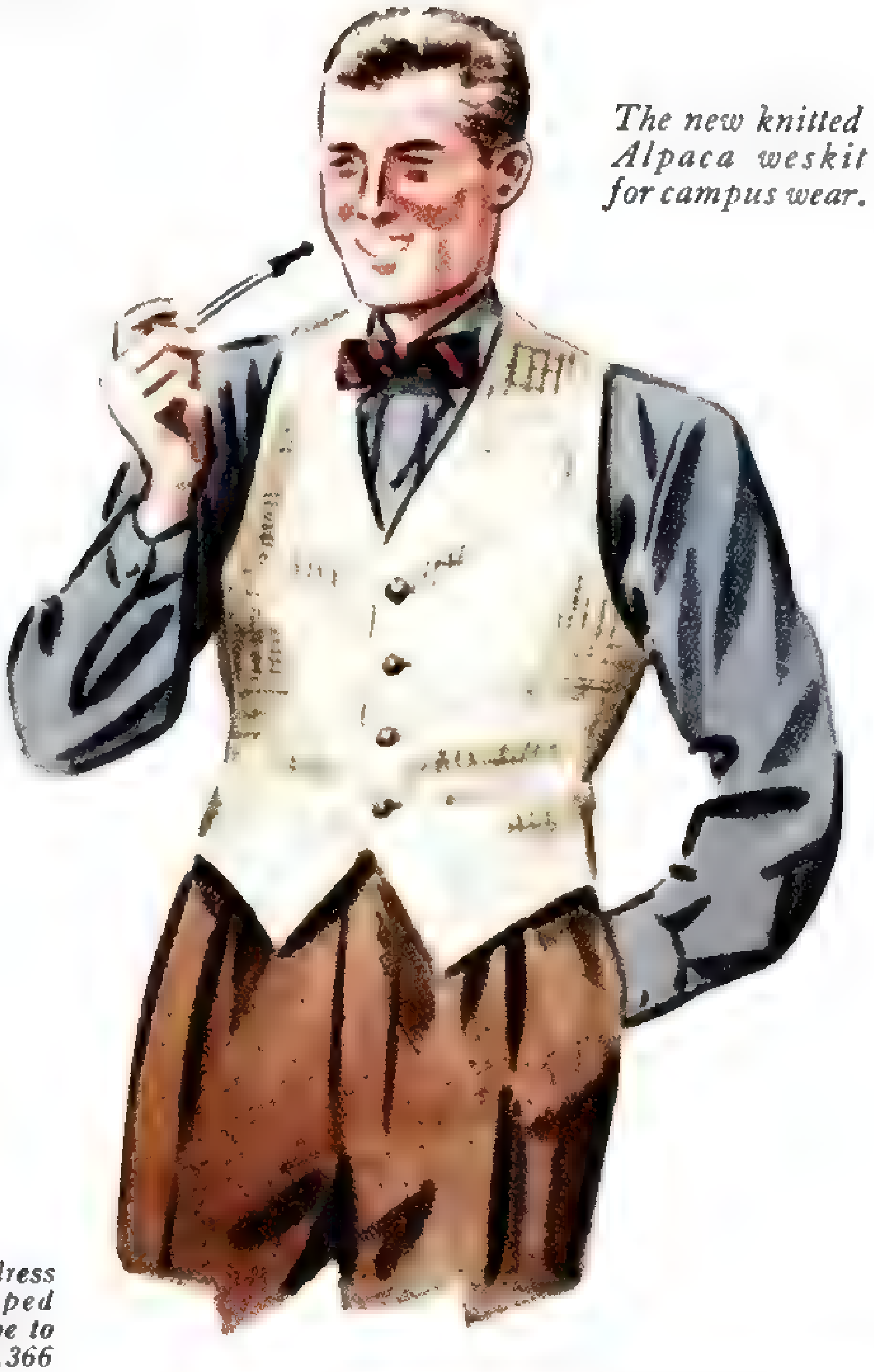
*The new fingertip length field coat with raglan sleeves, military collar and side vents, made of gabardine. For on-campus, motoring, and country wear. Note the snuff color snapbrim hat with welt edge and piecrust crown.*



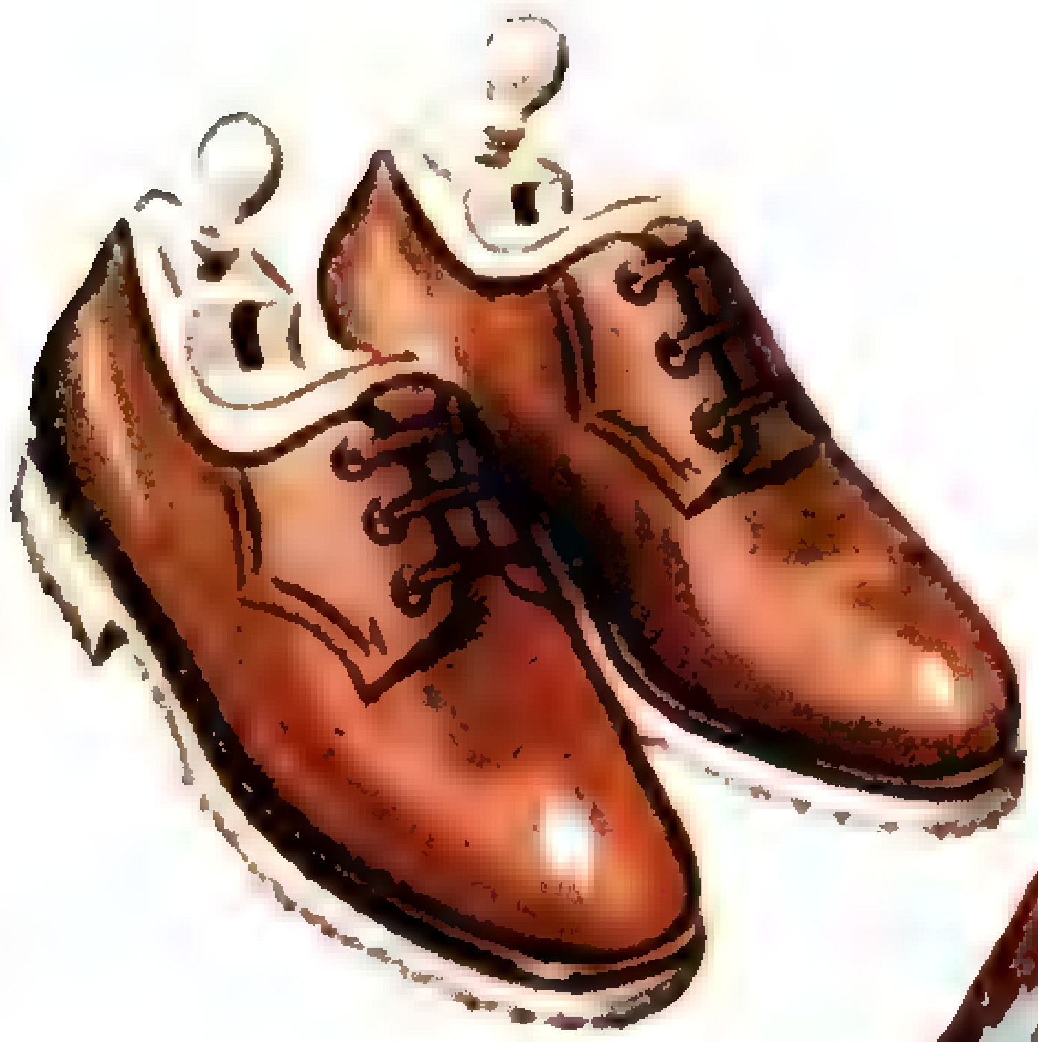
*The new camel's hair sports jacket with patch pockets and center vent in back. Worn with tan oxford shirt with spaced green stripes and short square cornered pinned collar. Green woven silk tie with spaced red and yellow figures and green semi-sports hat. Note the smart color combination of shirt, tie and jacket. Recently university men have taken up green accessories.*



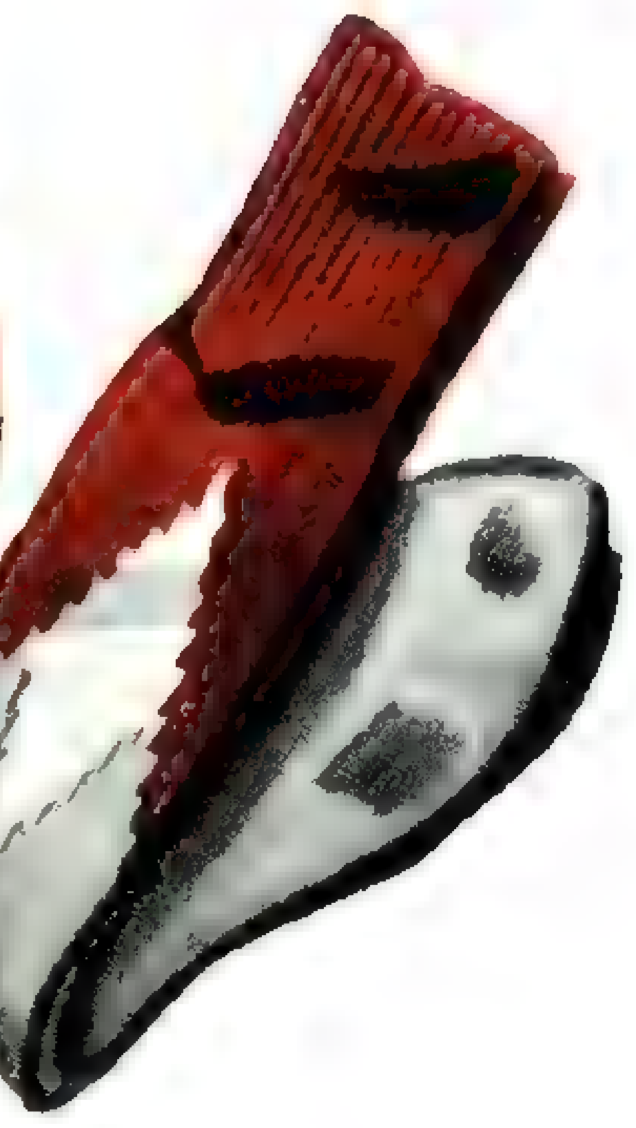
*Small shape bowler with flat set crown and white separate stiff collar favored by college men for weekend wear in town.*



*The new knitted Alpaca weskit for campus wear.*



*Brown calf blucher front shoes with crepe soles and heels for on-campus wear.*



*Simplified pattern Argyle wool hose.*

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# UNIVERSITY FASHIONS AS SET BY UNDERGRADUATES

# Do You Body-Surf?

*Continued from page 88*

bather, the sport still remains a deep mystery. The uninitiated swimmer tries time after time to catch a wave, but nothing happens. He is left behind, sputtering foolishly, while the rider next to him races shorewards as though an outboard motor had been fastened to his stern.

Body-surfing is, in actual fact, a fine art, quite as difficult to learn as surf-board riding. Some persons claim it is even more difficult. Surf-board riding has received reams of publicity but, according to the local zealots, it cannot compare with body-surfing for thrill, excitement, and pure unalloyed pleasure.

One of the Coast's most versatile body-surfers admits that he practiced for a year and a half without achieving much success. He watched the other surfers, and imitated their technique. But he could not get the timing. Then, one day, the "knack" came to him, he caught a wave, and rode it victoriously to shore. Since that time he has never experienced the slightest difficulty. Because he received no instruction he has developed a slightly different technique from that of the average rider. He starts with his back to the shore, facing the breaker, and rolls into the wave as it approaches, like a porpoise, without taking the initial swimming stroke. On reaching the wave's crest he brings his hands to his sides with a quick motion, which serves to throw him ahead of the wave. He trails his hands at his side, using them for steering and balancing. The surfers who ride with their hands clasped behind use either their shoulders or the upraised leg for this purpose.

This surfer's experience shows the necessity for instruction if the sport is to be learned in a reasonable length of time. Had this surfer been taught in the beginning to keep his hands back and his shoulders curved it is certain he would have acquired the art in a much shorter period.

In riding a wave you are, in effect, sliding down a steep slope, and you continue sliding until the pressure of water back of you carries you on to the beach. If you are unusually expert you can ride in a zig-zag fashion along the side of the wave as you progress shorewards. Or you may turn flips as you slide down the incline, or do a barrel-roll and continue the ride on your back, or use another rider for a surf-board. There are infinite variations.

To get the full effect of the wave's pressure the water must bear against some part of the body. And the easiest way of obtaining this pressure is by bending the knee and forcing the body down. But the most important factor seems to be the hunching of the shoulders.

Flattening the chest and hollowing the shoulders causes a pocket to form under the body that acts, in effect, exactly like a sea-sled. This inverted V-shape allows the forward part of the body to rise up out of the water. Thus the swimmer can breathe comfortably, and even carry on a shouted conversation during the entire length of the ride.

Just what to do with the hands is a subject of heated discussion among the body-surfers, but all agree that they must be kept back. Experience has demonstrated that the "behind the back" position, as advocated by Duke Kahanamoku, is essentially correct. A radical modification of this position has, however, been recently developed by modern surfers which, it is claimed, tends to prolong the ride. This latest development consists of placing both hands between the legs, thereby accentuating the hump and the hollow under the chest. An experienced lifeguard who has tried every style maintains that this position is by far the most effective.

There are three distinct operations in body-surfing—timing the moment for the pushoff—propelling the body forward with a speed synchronized to that of the wave—and maintaining a position so balanced in the wave that the pressure will carry the rider shorewards.

The most difficult part of the art is the first one, the initial kick-off. It must be properly timed, and this timing can only be acquired by practice. It is safe to assert that, until the timing has been mastered, body-surfing will remain a deep and salty mystery. This is the "knack" that the beginner hears so much about.

It is usually advisable to stand a little in front of the point where you think the wave will break, as it is easier to take a step forward into the wave than it is to swim towards shore to catch it. The usual cause of failure is that the swimmer is too far out, the result being that the wave breaks in front of him instead of behind him.

If the wave has been properly timed the rider will find himself poised at the crest, his head and shoulders completely out of the water. It is at this point that he needs to screw his courage to the sticking point for, if the waves are large, he may be hanging ten to fifteen feet in the air, with what looks like a terrible drop beneath him.

However, if the swimmer will maintain his balance and keep his body relaxed he will slide swiftly down the green slope of the wave and be shot out in front of the bore.

If the rider loses his nerve at this crucial moment, and bends his body, or stretches out his hands, he will be pounded to the bottom with a probable loss of skin from his nose. Or he may be rolled over and over helplessly, and absorb a few quarts of salt water. This is called "being boiled." Cases of broken ribs, dislocated shoulders, and sprained backs have occurred when riding exceptionally large waves but, as a general rule, nothing more serious than a few scratches or bruises will result from an error of judgment.

Because of the speed of the crawl, most of the younger surf-riders launch themselves with a few fast crawl strokes. Some body-surfers, however, prefer a side-stroke, as this enables them to watch the breaking wave over one shoulder. By standing sideways, it is possible to gauge the exact breaking point as the swell approaches. Then a quick step forward or back will put the rider in the correct position.

Just as the wave is about to break the surfer takes a deep breath, making the body as buoyant as possible. Then he gives a strong pushoff from the bottom in the direction of the wave. One or two fast strokes will give the required momentum, and he is off.

In riding large waves, which must be caught in deep water, it is not possible to kick-off from the bottom. And here the swimmer with a fast crawl has a decided advantage. One or two strong strokes should launch you.

The rider should be exactly at the crest of the wave the moment it breaks. If he is too far ahead, the wave will break on him; if he is too far behind, he will have to "work for it." In either case he is liable to lose the ride. After the wave has curled, and made white water at the crest, it is too late to attempt to ride it. All the rider can expect is a good boiling. And that is what usually happened with the old system of riding.

Assuming that you have successfully negotiated the start, the next thing is to keep going. Most beginners lose the wave after the first few feet, and try to catch up by swimming. This, as a rule, is impossible. There should be sufficient pressure of water back of you to keep you out in front of the wave. If you feel yourself losing momentum raise the foot a little higher and drop the head. This will depress the body so that the pressure area is increased, and the wave will then hurl you forward. Sometimes it is advisable to raise both legs with the feet crossed, or even, at the end of the ride, to give a couple of kicks. But these are merely subterfuges, held in anathema by the expert surfer. If the position is correct, and a perfect balance is maintained, the wave will deposit you neatly on the shore.

Both balance and steering are controlled by raising or depressing the shoulders. This part of the art is not difficult to acquire, and can be learned perfectly after a few attempts. If the beginner will remember that his body is being synchronized with the speed of the wave he will quickly acquire the proper technique.

There are two types of waves so far as body-surfers are concerned, waves that roll, and waves that crash. Usually the waves that roll will be found breaking in deeper water, and these are the easiest to ride. The rolling wave comes to a crest with a large shoulder of green water in front of it. It is down this shoulder that the crest breaks, giving the body-surfer a swift, smooth toboggan slide down the steep slope.

On the other hand, the crashing wave, known as a "sand-buster," is nearly always found breaking on a bar or close to shore in shallow water. It rises to a perpendicular wall, and drops straight down instead of curling gradually. As it falls it entraps air, which causes the old familiar booming sound. It would seem that this type of wave was almost impossible to ride, yet the experts ride it easily by a system known colloquially as "breaking the wave down." This difficult feat is accomplished by getting slightly in front of the wave's crest. As the wave begins to break, the head, and at least a quarter of the body, are projecting out of the wave. In this position there is not enough water to support the body, so the surfer drops faster than the wave, with the result that, when he hits the bottom, he is safely out in front of the terrific volume of water falling behind him. If he fails to break the wave down in the correct manner he will be boiled at the bottom of the wave in a most undignified manner.

In breaking a wave down the advice to hunch the shoulders is disregarded. Instead the swimmer arches his back like a swan-diver, so that the under part of the body becomes curved. Immediately, however, as he is hurled into the bore he assumes the standardized riding position.

Not many women have become proficient in body-surfing, but the few that have mastered the technique are as expert as the men. Miss Diane Henley, of Pasadena, the holder of several Junior College swimming records, is an expert body-surfer, riding even the largest sand-busters. Miss Helen Powers, and Miss Peggy Page, both of Santa Monica, are also expert riders.

As one might expect, the lifeguards are among the best body-surfers on the coast, mainly because they have unlimited opportunities for practice. Occasionally, however, one finds a guard who is unable to get the technique. Ron Drummond, Bob Butts, and John Macmahon, all lifeguards, are said to be the finest body-surfers ever developed in this country. The general consensus of opinion among the experts is that any swimmer, no matter how poor he may be, can become a good body-surfer if he will follow the rules and practice faithfully for a few months—or a few years. #

# Speedboat Mania

*Continued from page 79*

four 12-cylinder motors, possessing 7,600 horsepower, everything else stands aside. Safely over the 50-year mark, Gar is comparatively slight of build, looks older than he really is, talks little and thinks much—especially when a race is in the offing.

What wealth is to most persons, boats are to Wood. It was on one gloomy, miserable day, years ago, that Gar, wondering what he was going to do for a living, stood watching some men unload a truckload of coal in Minneapolis, Minnesota Then and there he conceived the idea of a hydraulic hoist to lift the bed of the truck and dump the coal out. Fortune followed, but Wood followed boats. He has been following them since.

High speeds have come only through unrelenting competition. During the nine years when Gar was playing the lone hand in establishing new one-mile records, the mark was increased from 74.87 miles an hour with *Miss America I* in 1920 to 93.12 miles an hour with *Miss America VII* in 1929. Then began the international drama of machinery. England chafed at the bit. Lord Wakefield sought to surpass this bloomin' Yankee—and did, temporarily.

The battle started in the Summer of 1930, when the late Sir Henry Seagrave, driving Lord Wakefield's *Miss England II*, shot over the surface of a Scotch lake at 98.76 miles an hour. That British challenge was all Wood needed to "get going." Gar took *Miss America X* to Indian Creek, a placid body of water in Miami Beach, Florida, and regained the record early in 1931 at 102.25 miles an hour. It was the first time man had ever gone more than 100 miles an hour on water.

But the fight had just begun. Think what he would of the British, Wood had to admit they were stubborn. With the American record only two weeks old, Kaye Don of London took *Miss England II* to Argentina and made 103.49 miles an hour. Not satisfied with that, the British driver took the boat to Italy several weeks later and clipped off a mark of 110.22 miles an hour. The situation looked dark for Gar. How fast could man go without committing suicide? Already the record had exceeded the wildest of dreams.

But Gar was not to be outdone. Early in 1932, throwing caution to the winds, he increased the record to 111.72 miles an hour, then settled back and smiled with assurance at the little island across the Atlantic. Imagine his amazement when Lord Wakefield built a new boat, *Miss England III*, which Don drove at 119.81 miles an hour that summer. Was there to be no end to such a struggle? More brute horsepower was added to *Miss America X*. Her engines were supercharged. Wood would bust a record or a boat, he resolved. He succeeded in the former. On the St. Clair River near his summer home in Algonac, Michigan, that fall the gray thatched veteran blazed over the water at 124.915 miles an hour. That stopped the British.

Following in the footsteps of his father is young Gar Wood, Jr., a high school youth of Algonac who won the interscholastic individual outboard championship last year and will defend that crown this year. It was an eventful day when young Wood had his first racing experience in Florida in 1934. His debut was far from resembling the ability of his shrewd father. If he didn't fail to get his motor started in time, he failed to get anywhere after he did get it started. Gar stood on the bank, a classic picture of meditation, shaking his head in philosophical disappointment.

Something had to be done. No son of Gar Wood could make such an exhibition of himself before thousands of spectators. The "something" was left to Orlin Johnson, the unsung hero of many a thrilling race; the mechanic who rides with Gar, Sr.; the man who has had his skull battered in crack-ups and come back for more. Under the coaching of Johnson, who knew Gar, Sr's. technique as well as the latter, young Wood shot to the fore and some day, undoubtedly, will step into the shoes that have made international speedboat racing famous.

But what about the colleges? How and when did outboard racing gain a foothold on the campus? No playwright ever wrote a funnier comedy than the birth of intercollegiate racing in 1930. When the Colgate University Outing Club announced it would sponsor the first intercollegiate regatta there were derisive smiles. The college boys, it seemed, were about to get their hands dirty and their kidneys jarred on rough water.

But, like most guesses born of condescension, the prophecies of the seasoned onlookers were wrong. What football had meant to stadiums, the college boys transferred to the regatta course. Their initial regatta at Lake Skaneateles, New York, breathed the air of the campus and made the ordinary regatta seem as colorless as a bookkeeper's conversation. With oil-besmeared faces the youngsters proceeded to invade the confines of the top-notch drivers of the country. In 1933 a high school youth, Lewis G. Carlisle of East Islip, New York, won the American high point championship. The following year he was succeeded by Joel Thorne, racing under the colors of Rutgers University. Today the attitude toward the school boys is one of profound respect.

With most youths who go in for racing the initial obstacle always is the same—parental objection. But that barrier usually is removed. At first anxious mothers wring their hands on shore as grim-faced sons streak past them. After the race, proud fathers claim the credit and the worries of the mother are relegated to the background as another embryo champion spirals his way to fame and glory. The same holds true of daughters, although there are only a limited number of the "weaker" sex participating nationally. Cylinder oil and rouge make a nasty blend.

But injustice must not be done to the women of speedboat racing. When man, disgruntled at the loss of his domain of golf courses, deserted dry land and fled to the open water for sport, he felt secure in his belief that he had gone where woman could not follow. But not only has he been followed, but passed—passed in several of the important racing events of the country.

Only the sympathetic mind of a mother is capable of accurately perceiving the chagrin which gnaws at the masculine heart as some "frail" woman catapults over the finish line ahead of the field at a regatta. Time was when man was prone to converse in solemn tones of alleged profoundness on single-step hydroplanes, four-cycle motors and piston displacements, considering the mere presence of a woman as insulting to the intellectual depth of the brotherhood, but, like other masculine shams, this one has been gaily revealed to public derision by feminine hands. There are at present only about thirty women actively engaged in racing, but they are doing a masterful job of it.

Imagine a member of some varsity football squad being forced to look at the back of some sorority sister's head as her boat whizzes past him. Or, even more humiliating, to finish second to a high school girl, not to mention the fact that many a "man's man" has been beaten by the mother of several children.

So, you conclude, motorboat racing cannot, after all, be a very rough sport? Climb into a dry-goods box, strapped to the "hurricane deck" of a bucking bronco, and go for a ride—on your knees—and let your reeling brain and bruised body answer the question. But let us have a look at some of these women. Are they of the Amazon type? Most of them are comely college or high school students, the remainder being sports-loving women who refuse to be relegated to the bridge tables.

Not only are most of these women superior on the water, but they are equally capable in the arts and similar activities. Take Mrs. Ruth Herring of Fort Worth, Texas, for instance. She, the mother of a 12-year-old son, was the peer of American women outboard drivers in 1935, holding two world's records. Those records, it should be emphasized, were not limited to feminine competition, but were open to any one who could surpass them. Her one-mile time trial record in Class A, Division 2, was established at Lake Spavinaw, Oklahoma, the speed being 48.25 miles an hour. The record which she surpassed also had been held by her. Her five-mile competitive mark in the same class was made at St. Louis, the speed being 43.43 miles an hour.

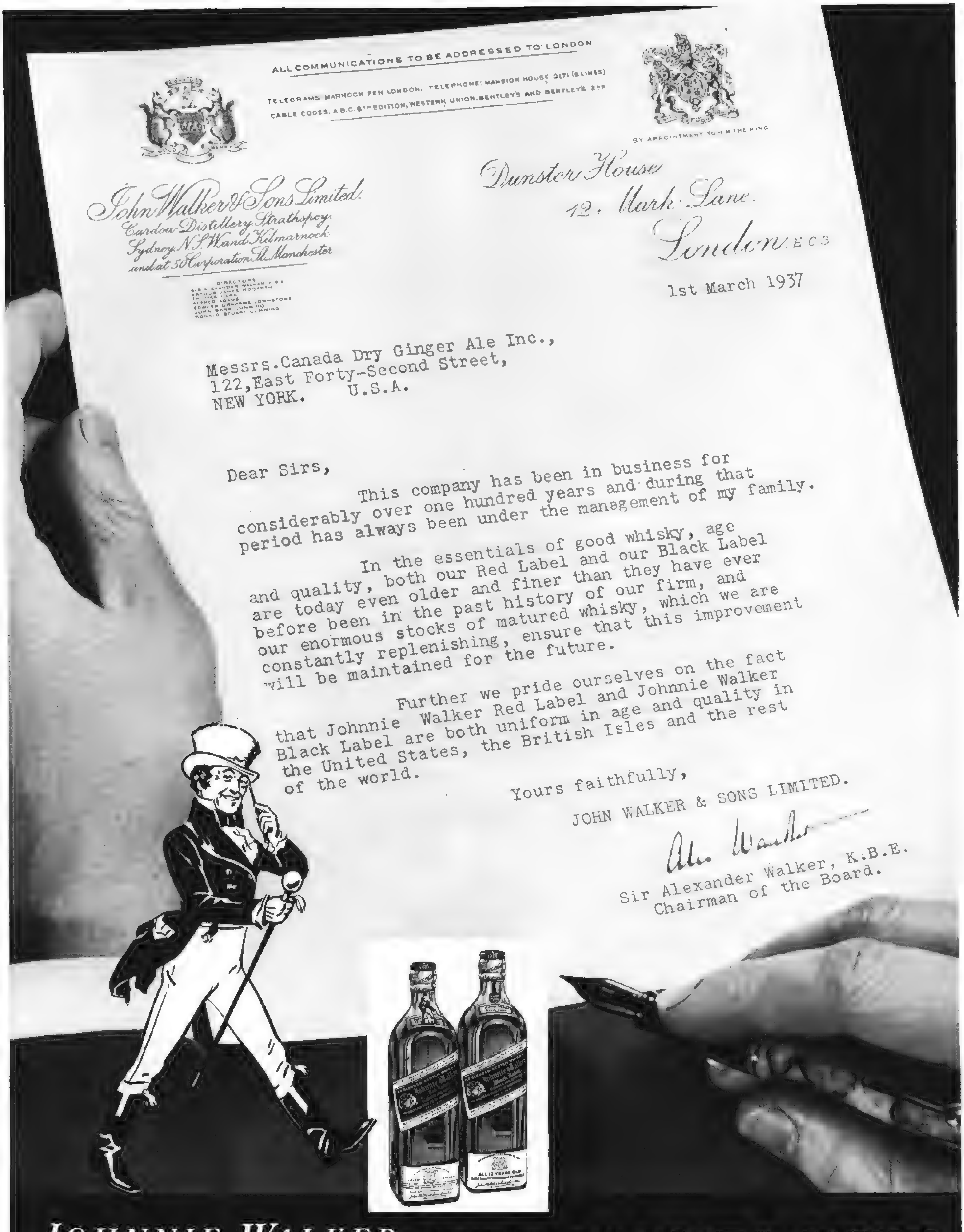
And there is Mrs. Maude Rutherfurd of Sands Point, New York, and Palm Beach, who established a lap record in the National Sweepstakes at Red Bank, New Jersey, and boosted the record of Class E inboard runabouts to 45.045 miles an hour in Palm Beach, competing against many of the best men drivers in the country. She is small, slender, blonde and extremely tanned; always ready to take a chance in a close race.

Besides being an expert horsewoman, Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp of Tulsa, Oklahoma established an outboard record, since surpassed, of 50.070 miles an hour. Twenty-year-old Ruth De Roo of Flint, Michigan, a junior in Michigan State College, persuaded her father to buy her an outboard racing boat in 1932 and, at the age of 16, won the national championship in Class A, Division 1. Since that time her trophy room has presented a problem of space. In 1935 she won the Michigan state championship in her class for the third time. To her, racing, swimming, skating and trapshooting are "great fun," but her real hobby embraces good literature and cooking, she says.

Pretty little 16-year-old Marion Rowe of Vinton, Iowa, who requests that she always be referred to as "Miss" for fear some one will think "Marion" is a boy, never had seen a racing boat prior to 1935. What she did after stepping into one, however, comprises a story far too long for this space. Imbued with the tense eagerness that could be expected of a high school dramatic student, she readily accepted the invitation of Commodore Hamilton Tobin of the Mid-West Power Boat Association to take a ride. The next day she bought a racing boat—and won her first race. Speedboat racing claimed another "incurable."

When Mrs. Veryl Pantages married into the theatrical family she confronted the prospect of either becoming an "outboard widow" or buying a racing boat of her own. She chose the latter course and proceeded to set a fast pace that was stopped only by motherhood. Her husband, Rodney Pantages of Los Angeles, gladly would exchange trophies with her. Today their small daughter, Nanette, "pilots" a specially built toy racing boat, *Little Shot, Jr.*, around in the Pantages bathtub.

Whether speedboat racing is an ephemeral or permanent addition to major sports remains to be seen, but just now there are no earmarks of decay.



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# Pirates? Hide the Gin

*Continued from page 97*

palace, San Souci, receiving the counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses of his empire. He could not read or write, but he built an empire in twenty years, and was the only man who defeated Napoleon without outside help. He started from scratch. He knew he had to have a currency. With the defeat and departure of the French there was no money left. So he sent out his soldiers and had them bring in all the gourds. Every family had to have a gourd to drink from the springs. So when they wanted gourds they went to him! "Bring me a pound of coffee!" he would say, "or a pound of sugar, and I'll give you a gourd." Then he sold the sugar and coffee to the English and took their gold. To this day the unit of currency is known as a gourde. He sent some thirty millions in gold to England to be banked for his wife and daughters. Travelers still tear down the brick walls hoping to find some of the gold he didn't take with him when the insurrection came and he shot himself with the golden bullet."

We had stopped at a spring where Blake and Gargan were making themselves a cup of spring water, gin and orange juice. Their ears caught the story of the buried gold. Or maybe they knew about it. Anyway, after we had followed the guide all over the fortress, a mighty thing that had taken twenty years to build, defended by three hundred sixty-five guns, one for each day of the year, Blake and Gargan left the guide and joined the Doctor and me. The Doctor was conducting a tour of his own.

The Doctor was expanding his favorite theory of behaviorism.

"You see the patterns. As a slave, Christophe was the marker boy in the Hotel de la Courrone. He stayed in the billiard room and brought the officers and the planters their gin swizzles, and bitters, listening to all the tales of rebellion and freedom in the World. He had had one short trip as a cabin boy on a warship to America. The Revolution gave him the idea of freedom, blacks and whites fighting together. His treatment by the French gave him the desire.

"After the insurrection when he had made himself emperor, he sent architects to France and they came back to build him San Souci and this citadel. To this day, architects marvel at these roofs and vault, all done without steel. This place would house ten thousand troops and their families, enough food and water for a year. He caught the water on the roofs and filtered it down through broken stone to cisterns below. That hadn't been done since the days of the Pharaohs.

"Most of the days, toward the end, he came into this billiard room and played billiards by himself, calling now and then for a black boy to bring him his gin and bitters. He designed this room himself, and it is as beautiful architecturally as anything you can find. See these old patches of blue and red where the murals ran. At night he would leave the room and go out on the terrace to build a section of the wall. His followers always claimed he was burying his gold. See where the vandals have dug after it."

It was too bad that the Doctor had kept on about that gold. When finally all the tourists had been counted and on our horses down the hill, the Doctor turned to have one last look at La Ferrier, standing against the evening sky. "Look," he said, "there are two people up there. Those damned pursers have left a couple behind."

So we turned the weary nags and went back up the hill. Before we got there, however, we came face to face with Gargan and Blake. They looked pretty worn and their hands were the worse for wear. The Doctor let their horses pass and we followed on. When they were out of earshot, the Doctor turned to say, "they were after Christophe's gold."

I told him I thought they had found it, as I saw something protruding from under Gargan's blouse. The Doctor thought not. Toward the foot of the mountain we heard the strange, rhythmic beat of the drums. It sounded pretty goofy to me. But the Doctor said it was only boys, playing. They still retained the racial heritage, though, as their beatings sent shivers through you.

"That was how the rebellion started." The Doctor dug up a few more facts out of his lore. "The whites wouldn't allow the slaves to communicate, but they did it anyway. They had a code of the drums, as extensive as the Morse code, and through these drums told each other of the rebellion against the whites."

Just then we saw Gargan and Blake running up the rocky path. Their mounts had left them. They were white and scared. The Doctor said college boys seldom know how to drink.

"It's the natives, they've found out about the gold!" Gargan sat down panting, holding on to the Doctor's stirrup.

"What gold?"

"We found it in Christophe's billiard room. Just like you said. But we figured the old boy must have buried it in his favorite room where nobody'd see him do it. So we waited until after you had all left and started to dig . . ."

The Doctor flicked his horse with impatience and the nag started suddenly. Gargan was still holding the stirrup. He was yanked to his feet. There was a crash. Something had slipped from beneath his blouse and broken on the rocks of the path.

"Ah," said the Doctor, "there's your gold."

"We found it, I swear we did, back of some loose bricks in the billiard room."

The Doctor dismounted and picked up the pieces of the broken jug. It had been an oblong affair, he imagined a crock, to hold half a gallon. It had been well sealed and there were traces still of the liquid after a century perhaps. The Doctor smelled the chards.

The Doctor shook his head. "Well, boys, you found the tipple of an Emperor, his gin; it lasted longer than his gold."

And as the boys were on their first trip and were due back in school in a few weeks, we said we'd keep our mouths shut. And we did, for a time. Anyway, if the boys read this, they can say it was a couple of other fellows.

* * *

We are glad to learn that several American firms now make quinine water, for our favorite gin drink. A new one going the rounds is a "Ginsicle," a variation of Havana style Daiquiri. Fill a champagne glass with chipped ice, shaved fine. Pour over this half a jigger of fruit juice or prepared syrup, then add a jigger and a half of gin.

Of great warm weather popularity is the Tom Collins. Squeeze the juice of a lemon in a tall glass, add a heaping teaspoon of sugar, a generous jigger of gin, plenty of cracked ice, and fill with soda water. It is well to stir before each drink, as that keeps the sugar mixed and the drink effervescing.

The Gin Fizz is a smaller drink of the above number. Instead of a whole lemon use only a few drops of juice and serve in a smaller glass.

The Gin Rickey is served in the same size glass as the Fizz, the ordinary bar glass. Instead of the lemon, use the juice of half a lime, with the gin, ice and soda water.

The two above can be varied (especially for the ladies who like pink) by the use of sloe gin, instead of dry gin, with the ingredients designated.

To my way of thinking, the New Orleans or Ramos Gin Fizz is one of the noblest works of man. Their persuasiveness creeps upon you slowly and you are unaware just how you have reached that stage of Nirvana. There has always been a great ritual about this drink, and much secrecy about an ingredient missing from the recipe books. Huey Long used to claim that the secret ingredient was vanilla, but you have only to try that to know that the ex-dictator was wrong about that also. I can remember in the old days watching the bartender at the Knickerbocker Hotel mix them and there seemed no secret except the long shaking. Twelve minutes is stated as the proper time. Few bars will do that for you except the places where they have the mechanical shakers. Here is the simple recipe; supply your own magic:

1 jigger of gin
Few dashes of orange flavoring
Juice of half a lemon
Half teaspoon powdered sugar
White of one egg
1 tablespoon of rich cream
Ice, shake and pour into large glass, filling with soda just before serving.

Perhaps because the ladies learned to take it during prohibition, and no longer require a pretty drink, the Clover Club is not as much in demand as formerly. It still is a good drink:

Squeeze juice of one lime into shaker
Add white of one egg
Two dashes of grenadine
1½ jiggers of gin
Shake thoroughly and serve in cocktail glass.

Speaking of ladies, the Alexander is one of their favorites:

½ jigger of gin
¼ jigger of crème de cacao
¼ jigger of cream
Ice, shake and serve in cocktail glass.

The Bronx also is not as much in favor as before. However, you probably get a Bronx every time you order a Martini in an Italian restaurant, the boys being so patriotic they feel that they must throw in some native vermouth:

⅔ jigger of gin
⅙ jigger French vermouth
⅙ jigger Italian vermouth
Dash of orange juice. Ice, shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

Some good old-timers you may not know:

*POET'S DREAM*

⅓ Benedictine
⅓ French vermouth
⅓ Gin
Lemon peel squeezed on top.

*PRAIRIE CHICKEN*

1 pony of gin
1 egg in claret glass
Pepper and salt
Cover top with gin and serve.

*ROSE*

¼ Grand Marnier
¾ Gin
Ice, stir and serve.

*SAVANNAH*

Juice of one-half orange
1 jigger of gin
White of egg
Dash of crème de cacao

*SWAN*

Juice of one lime
¼ jigger of gin
½ jigger of French vermouth
2 dashes Abbott's Bitters
2 dashes of Absinthe

*THIRD DEGREE*

⅛ French vermouth
⅞ Gin
Several dashes Absinthe

*TIPPERARY*

⅔ Sloe gin
⅓ French vermouth
1 teaspoon lemon juice

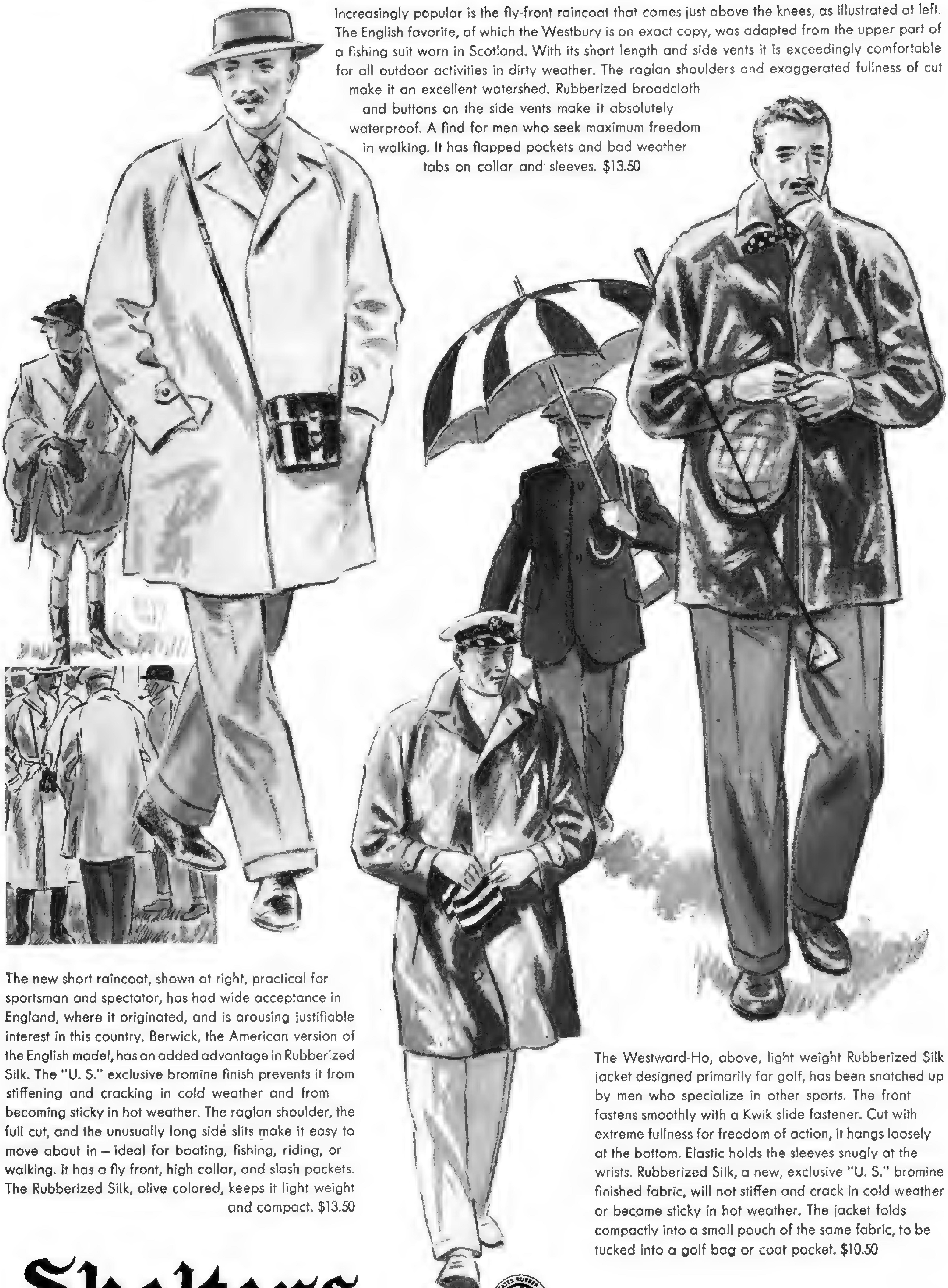
*TRILBY*

Dash of orange bitters
⅓ French vermouth
⅔ Gin
1 dash Creme Yvette

*TUXEDO*

⅔ Gin
⅓ Sherry
Dash of orange bitters ⧻

Increasingly popular is the fly-front raincoat that comes just above the knees, as illustrated at left. The English favorite, of which the Westbury is an exact copy, was adapted from the upper part of a fishing suit worn in Scotland. With its short length and side vents it is exceedingly comfortable for all outdoor activities in dirty weather. The raglan shoulders and exaggerated fullness of cut make it an excellent watershed. Rubberized broadcloth and buttons on the side vents make it absolutely waterproof. A find for men who seek maximum freedom in walking. It has flapped pockets and bad weather tabs on collar and sleeves. $13.50



The new short raincoat, shown at right, practical for sportsman and spectator, has had wide acceptance in England, where it originated, and is arousing justifiable interest in this country. Berwick, the American version of the English model, has an added advantage in Rubberized Silk. The "U. S." exclusive bromine finish prevents it from stiffening and cracking in cold weather and from becoming sticky in hot weather. The raglan shoulder, the full cut, and the unusually long side slits make it easy to move about in — ideal for boating, fishing, riding, or walking. It has a fly front, high collar, and slash pockets. The Rubberized Silk, olive colored, keeps it light weight and compact. $13.50

The Westward-Ho, above, light weight Rubberized Silk jacket designed primarily for golf, has been snatched up by men who specialize in other sports. The front fastens smoothly with a Kwik slide fastener. Cut with extreme fullness for freedom of action, it hangs loosely at the bottom. Elastic holds the sleeves snugly at the wrists. Rubberized Silk, a new, exclusive "U. S." bromine finished fabric, will not stiffen and crack in cold weather or become sticky in hot weather. The jacket folds compactly into a small pouch of the same fabric, to be tucked into a golf bag or coat pocket. $10.50

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## The Boy and the Can

*Continued from page 65*

ditch-edge. And there was the timber-railing, gaping, swinging out over the twelve-foot drop where it had torn through.

People crowded the bridge, milled on the sandy ditch-bank, shouting like camp meeting. Men splashed into the water, snatched the tarpaulin, cut its cords with knives. The trailer started spilling things like a squirrel's guts when you clean it for eating. Boxes, cans, bottles, swirled off down the swift current, boys diving instantly after them.

Men swarmed over the cab-body, stood on the trailer stanchions, the fenders, heaving baskets, packages, whatever came uppermost to the bank.

One woman in a blue dress caught a bundle of brooms staunchly on her chest. Women around her jumped at her, grabbing, yanking, wrestling. The string popped. They fell sprawling, legs in air, gingham skirts ballooning. Then they were up, racing back along the road, each waving a broom, squalling as if the devil were after her.

A gang of children swooped on a hamper of candy, yelping like hounds after a rabbit, plunged elbow-deep into the manna, stuffed mouths, pockets, aprons, knocked each other fiercely, fought, finally upended the basket, sending its contents rolling over the sand. They grovelled on hands and knees, clutching at the escaping sweets.

A great whopping man, chest-deep in the powerful current, stood waving a woman's pink garter, laughing bawdily. One dandy made for land with a rack of brilliant ties. A ravening pack met him head-on, ravished his trophies, slung him cat-fishing back into the shallows.

The tarpaulin, ripped to rags, was speeding away down the ditch. The trailer lay bare to the scorching sun, its treasures glittering, blinking. The water was alive with bobbing heads, grabbing hands. The bank was a clutching mass, pushing, shoving, jabbing, pulling, catching whatever was thrown by the men who gutted the rich mine.

The boy edged into the crowd on the bridge, and rested his trading on the broken rail. He stared at the mob below hacking down the green willows on the canal-bank, scuffling, elbowing, cursing, clowning, bellowing, laughing like drunk people, like crazy people, like sinners rolling up the aisle at revival to thank God for being delivered and converted.

Two boys his own age stamped in the muddy shallos, squabbling over a batch of firecrackers, yipping, breaking packages, slammimg fists. Shrieking girls scratched, pulled hair, kicked to get at rolls and rolls of dress goods.

"Why, them ain't they things!" The boy goggled.

Lord in Heaven! Just look. Looka there!—Men's hats, children's hats, women's hats with roses and daisies. White shirts. Work shirts. Gaudy shirts for a Sunday. Warm underwear. Socks. Stockings. Safety pins. Rolls of elastic. Diapers. Thread. Shoes. Boots. Dresses. Gloves. Caps. Needles. Sweaters. Ribbons. Laces. Braid. Embroidery patterns. Coats. Pants. Whole suits with vests. Collars. . . .

"Why—! Abody could get a whole catalogue outfit!" the boy gasped.

Cigarettes. Cigars. Hame trees. Washing-powders. Post-hole diggers. Cotton sacks. Pencils. Chill tonics. Bridles. Harness. Soap. Liver pills. Plowlines. Shot-gun shells. Hammers. Brassieres. Scythes. Rings with glass stones. Toy pistols. Corn knives. Belly bands. Chewing tobacco. Rakes. Hoes. Checkerboards. Saws. Blueing. Snuff. Paraffin. Buckets. Plowblades. Kerosene. Spring tonics. Fruit jars. Rolls of fencing. Female regulators. Rouge. Hairpins. Nails. Liniments. Tablets. Face creams. Powder. Wash tubs. Flower seed. Step-ins. Ink. Belts. Aspirin. Chewing-gum. Rattles. Tin wagons. Starch. Well points. Pump heads. Baseball bats. . . .

The boy grasped his trading, awe-struck, dazed, at this flood, this tide, this unbelievable, overwhelming glut of glorious plenty.

A woman behind him shrilled, "They find the bastard driver?"

"Naw," rumbled a man. "He's drownded, and good riddance."

Nobody had bothered to look. The driver crawled out the cab-window, cut, bleeding, spluttering.

"You thieving, no-'count swamp rats. Git yore filthy hands to hell-and-gone off that stuff. It's Stack's to Smithtown. I'm responsible. Where's a phone?"

"To the store," the crowd roared. "Only one in fifteen mile. Twenty cents ever time you ring it."

"Give one you fellers four bits to go call Stack, and git a wrecker."

The crowd slapped its thighs, it yelled, shouted, guffawed. Here was a miraculous, God-given spate of all things that made life bearable, of the things they sweated and froze for, plowed, hoed, and wrestled with the earth to gain—theirs for the taking. And this outlander offered them four bits to leave it for others to plunder!

"You cross-eyed ignorant peckerwoods! Don't you know they's Law in the land?" raged the driver. "You cain't rob this stuff. I'll git The Law. Do ye hear?—The Law!"

He thundered to deaf ears. The crowd whooped, fell again to its looting. Fuming, wiping his cuts, he limped towards the store. He met fresh hordes coming in to the kill whom late word had reached by grapevine telegraph. Looters loaded to staggering passed him on their way home.

The boy stood on the bridge, paralyzed. He wanted to holler out that he'd go to the store for four bits, two bits, a nickel. But a man came up beside him balancing a hoop of cheese on his hip. He was gouging creamy hunks from the center, stowing them carefully in his capacious mouth, gorging voluptuously, swallowing at satiated intervals.

The boy crouched still as a bird a cat has hypnotized. When the man swallowed, he swallowed, gulping emptiness. The mellow cheese-smell choked him, so that he could not cry out that he'd go to the store and earn that four bits.

He watched the man eat cheese.

Suddenly, a great sluice of sound burst from the frenzied, seething crew below. They had dug into the edibles.

Bananas. Apples. Oranges. Cabbages. Cheese. Bologna. Lightbread. Crackers. Cakes. Candy. Potatoes. Oats. Lard. Jams. Jellies. Pickles. Sugar. Baking powder. Vinegar. Salt. Coconut. Salad dressings. Oleomargarine. Chocolate. Breakfast foods. Peanut butter. Flour. Meal. Soda. Molasses. Pie-fillings. Catchup. Dried fruits. Spices. Flavorings. Coffee. Prunes. Yeast. Tea. Soda water. Coca-colas. And cans. Pile on pile, row on row of cans with pictures of fabulous lusciousness wrapping their silver roundness.

One old, old woman, scare-crow gaunt, began stalking the bank, raising her arms stiffly to the beat of: "Heaven! Heaven! Heaven on earth! I ast the Lord! I ast the Lord! And here it is! And here it is!"

The crowd-sound crescendoed to a scream, then leveled to deep growling.

"Stop bugging my cheese!" snarled the man by the boy. "You was God-saking Peck for grub. Go help yoreself. This is free."

The boy gaped uncomprehendingly. Then he grinned, slowly, jerked his trading from the rail, laughed, and ran from the bridge, down the bank toward the working crowd.

His foot tripped on a root; coal oil spilled. He caught precarious balance on the slope, steadying the box on his shoulder.

That coal oil had to last till gin-time. But—. Spread before him were riches a million times his trading. Why—? He hesitated, balancing his burden. No. Best hide the trading.

Behind the earth-rampart thrown up by the dredge-boat when it cut the canal lay a cypress slough. He stowed Maw's things in a hollow log covered with blackberry vines.

His claw hands trembled. His legs felt weak. He'd never dreamed air dream like this. He didn't know such things happened. It was like Sunday, a day of rest, with everything in the catalogues and Cato's store dumped on top of you. His eyes blazed clear. His breath caught at the slendor and grandeur.

("White trash steals. Never take nothing don't belong to you. Niggers steals.")

He gazed up through the cypress and called to God.

"You cain't expect me not to eat. I'm gonna. I'm gonna eat. Yes, sir. Eat till I bust wide open. I'm gonna git me catalogue clothes, and a white shirt. And I'm going on down the gravel. I'm gonna see. I'm gonna know. I'm gonna find out where it goes to. Yes, sir. Yes, sirree. I shore am."

He tore through briars to the ditch-dump, scrambled to the top, leaped down to the weaving wrestling mob, to the bait of food sailing from the foundered trailer, thudding on the bank, thumping into waiting arms.

"Here comes the God-saker gonna steal some groceries."

"Ole man Cartwright's a gone booze-head. They hafta steal to eat out that way."

The boy butted into the crowd, boring for the ditch-edge, to get at the precious stuff. A blow knocked him spread-eagling. A kick stabbed his ribs.

"Scrowge me, would ye?" A pair of paunchy overalls straddled over him.

He bounced upright, flew at the mass of writhing bodies, arms flailing. He fought towards the food, clawing, shoving, kicking.

"You God-saking ninny! Go ast the Red Cross!" A hand gripped the flesh of his shoulder, flung him thrashing up the dump. Something banged his jaw. He lay quiet.

He couldn't fight grown men. The crowd no longer laughed. It growled, surly with the seriousness of grabbing all it could before this miracle was snatched from them. Women and children retired to the bridge out of harm's way.

He cried from the blows. They hadn't ast the Red Cross. Paw said he'd not have the danged screens. Just something else to be a-fixing.

He squatted on the ditch-dump, watching the big grown men plunder his dream, his catalogue clothes, his gorge of store-bought delicacies. They were working their jaws, munching, swallowing, as they packed loads of goodness up the bank.

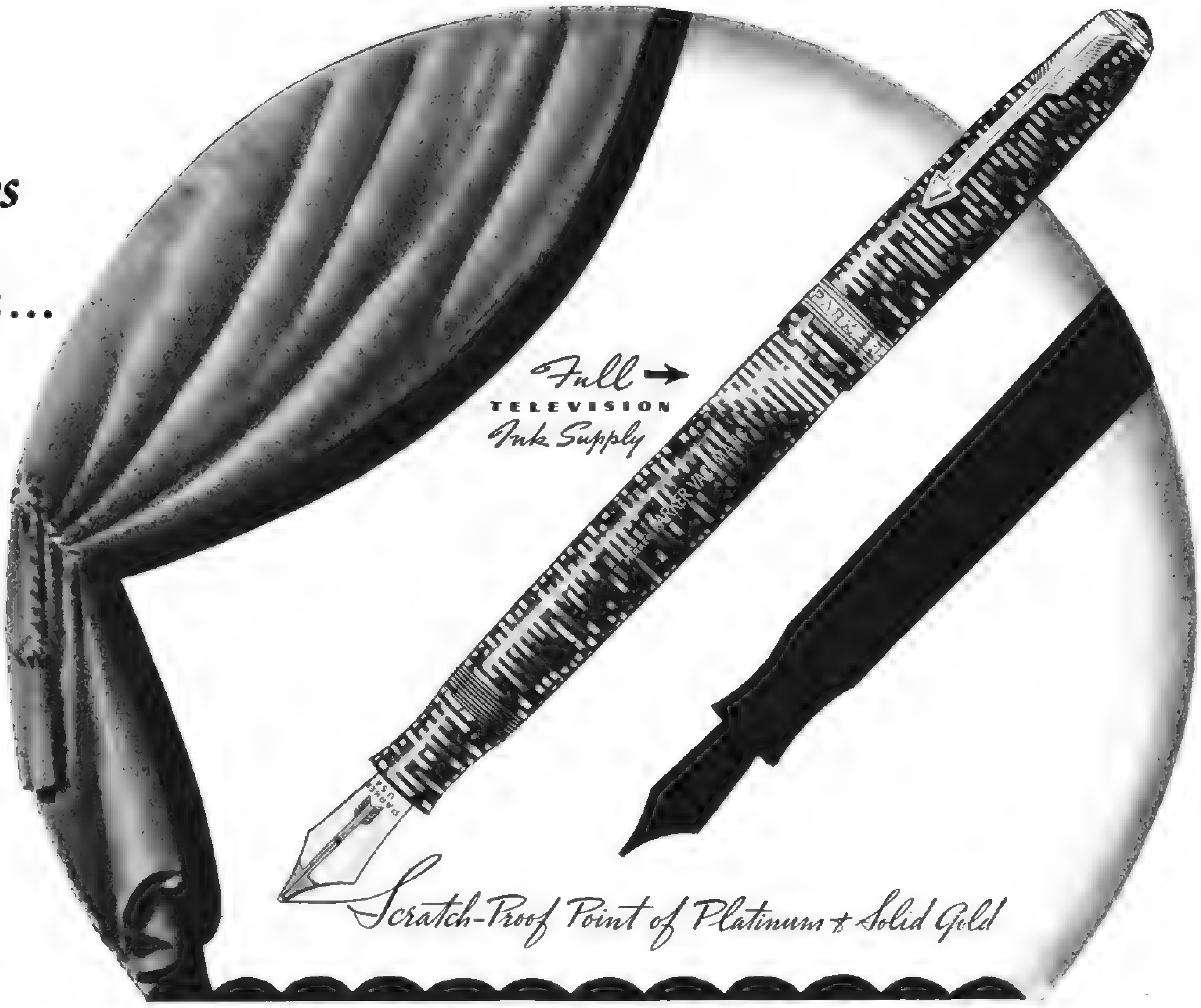
Once he tried sneaking in again to pilfer some morsel, but was cursed, buffeted, crashed aside. He gave up, whimpering, and sat and stared above the hub-bub down the yellow gravel that wound on even past the bridge. He saw a tiny dust-plume swirling distantly.

On the road three men stooped, grunting as they put their weight into worrying a barrel of flour up a plank into a wagon. The man in the wagon bickered nasally over his share for hauling.

"Gosh all Hemlock! We could of had the road lined with wag-

*Continued on page 122*

*Today*
*the Curtain Rises*
ON THE PEN OF
HIGHEST PEDIGREE...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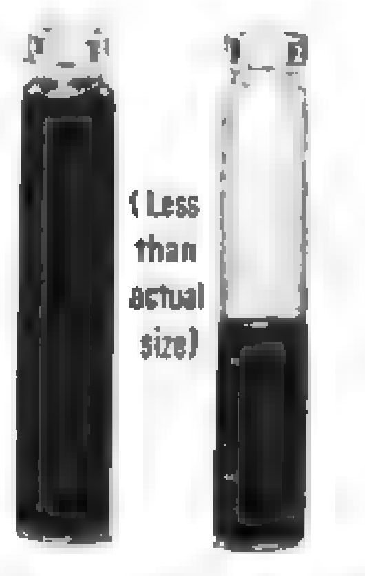

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## The Boy and the Can

*Continued from pages 65-120*

ons, if we'd just knowed!"

As the flour barrel kerplumped into the wagon-bed, the truck-driver came, running. The wagoner yippeed, slashed his mules; the wagon galloped away, the barrel jolting thunderingly. The wagoner about-faced to thumb his nose.

"I got The Law. You snitching, shiftless, rawbone country-jakes! The Law's coming from County Seat. You'll see whether you can rob and thieve like this. You'll see!" The truck driver gesticulated impotently.

The crowd paused.

"The Law?"

"Yeah. Coming from County Seat."

"The Law!"

"The Law!"

"Law's coming!"

They surged up the ditch-dump, scattered through the woods, made off up the road, capering, hooting, catcalling—hands and arms grappling prizes, pockets, shoulders, backs laden with pillage.

In five minutes all that remained of them was wreckage, broken glass, shredded paper, trailing strings, bashed boxes, smashed baskets, trampled scraps of looting.

The truck driver cursed a steady stream of curses. The boy sat and listened. He saw the dust cloud down the gravel grow bigger, roll across the bridge, turn into a one-seated car. The Law from County Seat.

He heard the driver tell The Law.

"Fool shoat wouldn't budge. Got the trailer to weaving—"

He heard The Law say, "Well, now. What can I do? Search ever house in the County? Clerk'd faint if I told him to copy out that many warrants. And I ain't wanting Night Riders waking my wife of nights, neither. I tell ye that, Mister. Best git yore truck out what way ye can, and leave things lie."

"But I'm responsible. Stack to Smithtown'll fire me. He'll blacklist me from here to Memphis. I won't have no job for a year. You're The Law. You got to do something."

"Yeah. I got to go home and git some supper. Sun's gitting low!"

"Christ!" gritted the truck driver. "I thought this was a civilized country!"

" 'Tis," The Law drawled above his starting engine. "Ast the Night Riders. They'll tell ye."

He took his dust cloud back down the gravel. The truck driver came sliding down the ditch-dump almost on top of the boy.

"Strike me for a green bullfrog!" he yelped. What're *you* doing here?"

"Nothing," the boy said.

"Well, do something, dammit. Don't set there like a heathen idol. Git this junk cleaned up so's we can burn it. Git grass and underbrush so's the wheels'll take holt. Wrecker'll be here, and it'll be so dark I cain't see."

* * *

Dee Boy Cartwright heard the mockingbird that nested in the honeysuckle on the unused smokehouse chuttering and knew it was day. He raised up from his floor pallet and saw golden light rushing down the bloom-spangled green of the cotton rows. Paw'd likely whale him for sleeping so late.

He pulled on his jumper, ran to the pump. Paw was already in the field. He sloshed water, loped to the kitchen.

"You got it, Maw?"

"Yeah. Paw said hitch up, eat yore breakfast, and git that middle-buster to South Slough patch."

Dee Boy hid his eagerness, raced to the barn. He worked the mule into harness excitedly, blunderingly, his thoughts alive, shining in his sunken eyes.

He remembered yesterday and its outlandish happenings.

"Bite me, would ye? Take that bit, drat yore ornery hide!"

The hot walk. The ride in the red truck. Him God-saking Peck Cato for groceries. Peck filling out Maw's list. And then all the grand things in the world plumped into his lap, and him missing the chance. Maw said he done right not taking things didn't belong to him. Paw'd say he was loony not toting off much as he could grab, seeing as everybody was doing it.

But the men were too big and mean to buck. His bruised ribs were sore; the flesh on his jaw lay open. My! But that was a sight to see! All them folks yelling and snatching.

Then The Law. And the truck driver asking him to help. It all whirled in his head, pictures flashing by like the fields when he rode in the truck.

The driver wanted to give him something for helping. He'd lost his pocketbook. Any stuff left was too heavy to carry. They'd rummaged around, and finally unearthed a box of marshmallows and one can.

"Hell!" the driver said. "I don't see how the rats missed these. Here, bub. Take 'em. They're all I got now. What's yore name? I'll mail a dollar to the only Crunkle County man didn't rob Stack. What rural route's this?"

"I dunno."

"You dunno? Don't you git mail?"

"Naw. Never have that I know on."

The truckman couldn't understand. He kept asking questions, and saying, "Christ! Not even livestock law to keep pigs off bridges!" Once he said if he made five dollars more a month, he'd take the boy to Smithtown, damned if he wouldn't. But he was ruined. Stack'd collect his bond. Then who'd bond him again?

He wound up giving Dee the mashed marshmallows and the can, standing on the ditch-dump shouting after him, "It's god-awful. So long, kid. See you in the funny papers."

Dee retrieved his trading, set out for home. When he'd covered the mile-and-a-half of gravel, he took off his shoes, and made good time across the three miles of turn-row, swamp, and plowed land. Second dusk had come, owls were hooting before he reached home.

He remembered how cool the gray dust was to hot feet, how tired he got the last mile. Then Maw hovering the back doorstep, blubbering a little when he said, yeah, Peck filled her list.

Paw and the kids were asleep. Maw said just eat a cold hoecake, she'd fix a good breakfast. He told about the things the truck driver gave him.

"I'll give you and Paw and the kids the marshmallows, if ye'll share me just one. But could I have the can, Maw? Could I?"

"Ye'd ought not to be stingy, Dee Boy."

"Naw. But it's mine. He give it to me. And I always did wonder what was in them cans. I seen them when I go to Peck's. And I always did want me one."

"All right, then. Ye can have it afore the kids wakes in the morning. Go to sleep now."

And he was mortal tired, but he couldn't sleep for guessing what was in his can. Paper around it was torn off, so you couldn't tell. It was small, flat, not like any cans in Cato's store. Likely some fancy sort the fancy folks in the gleaming cars ate, too fancy for even Peck to keep. And *he'd* open it, and see what goodness glowed inside. *He'd* eat what the fancy folks ate just once.

He dropped to sleep trying to dream about that place where the cars went when they shot around the bend. But he guessed you couldn't dream much less you knowed about things. He dreamed about cheese and bananas, and waked to crawl to the stove; but the hoecake pan was empty, so he he went back to sleep.

Now it was morning, and he had the can. Something from his strange, exciting day. Something he'd know about to dream of afterwards. Something grand, and strange, and fancy. Something they ate in that other place out there. It'd be almost like traipsing off down the yellow gravel in the big red truck, seeing what that place was like, knowing things.

"You, Dee! Tie that mule, and come feed yore face. Paw'll be chewing nail-heads terectly."

"Yes'm, Maw."

Biscuits this morning from flour Peck let him have. Drippings saved for a treat. Even coffee.

"But, Maw! My can. D'ju open it?"

"I ain't the strength. Ye'll have to hammer a knife or somethin' sharp into it, I reckon."

Dee Boy struggled with the little half-can, cut his finger.

"How folks gits into 'em!" puzzled Maw. "I've heard sich stuff was black pizen, store-bought that way."

" 'Snot pizen. Them folks eats it—Look. Maw! Just looka there!"

From the ripped tin on the rough plank table glistened something incredibly orange-scarlet, gemmed with luscious brightness. It looked like a redbird's breast—no, like a scarlet twitteroo.

"Pretty. Ain't it?" Maw stuck out a tentative finger. "Now, what could that be? Why, they's two-three of it!"

"Take one, Maw! Take one, hear? It's—. Maybe it's ambrosia Miss Taylor told about. I'm gonna put some on my biscuit. Taste it, Maw. Taste it!"

The boy shook with the miracle of it. This was something he could dream about. Something from his shining mixed-up day. Fancy stuff out of a picture can. Something he'd never knowed. Shining, sleek, blazing color like the cars, like the people out there. He'd have this, anyway.

"Well, Eat it, son."

Dee cut the glamorous thing into hunks on his biscuit buttered with salt-meat drippings, raised a forkful to his mouth. He felt as if he'd been running hard after something and had finally caught up with it, and was laughing, all out of breath.

He bit down, and chewed, closing his eyes to taste the better.

His eager face screwed into pained grimace. Tumbling back his chair, he leaped to the door, and spat as hard as he could.

"Pizen?" squawked Maw.

"Gimme water."

"Well—" Maw nibbled her share of the treasure-trove. "Why, that there ain't nair tarnation thing but them mango peppers some uppity folks like that ginman's wife grows in they gyardens. Sweet peppers, she calls 'em."

" 'Tain't sweet. 'Tain't—'tain't nothing, goddammit. I might of knowed! I might of knowed!"

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," quoted Maw. "Likely this'll learn ye not to hanker after high-faluting foolishness. Git to yore plowing."

The mockingbird fluted from the barn. The kids were waking up. Golden light flooded the long cottonrows. For an instant it looked like a broad, level road, a shining yellow road that you could walk down—

Dee Boy's face was wiped clean of expression. His eyes were dull and dead again in their deep-turned sockets. He gazed at the road the light made and spat once. Then he flicked the mule with plow-line and set off across it to South Slough field.

"See you in the funny papers," he muttered.

A. Gilbert LEVINE

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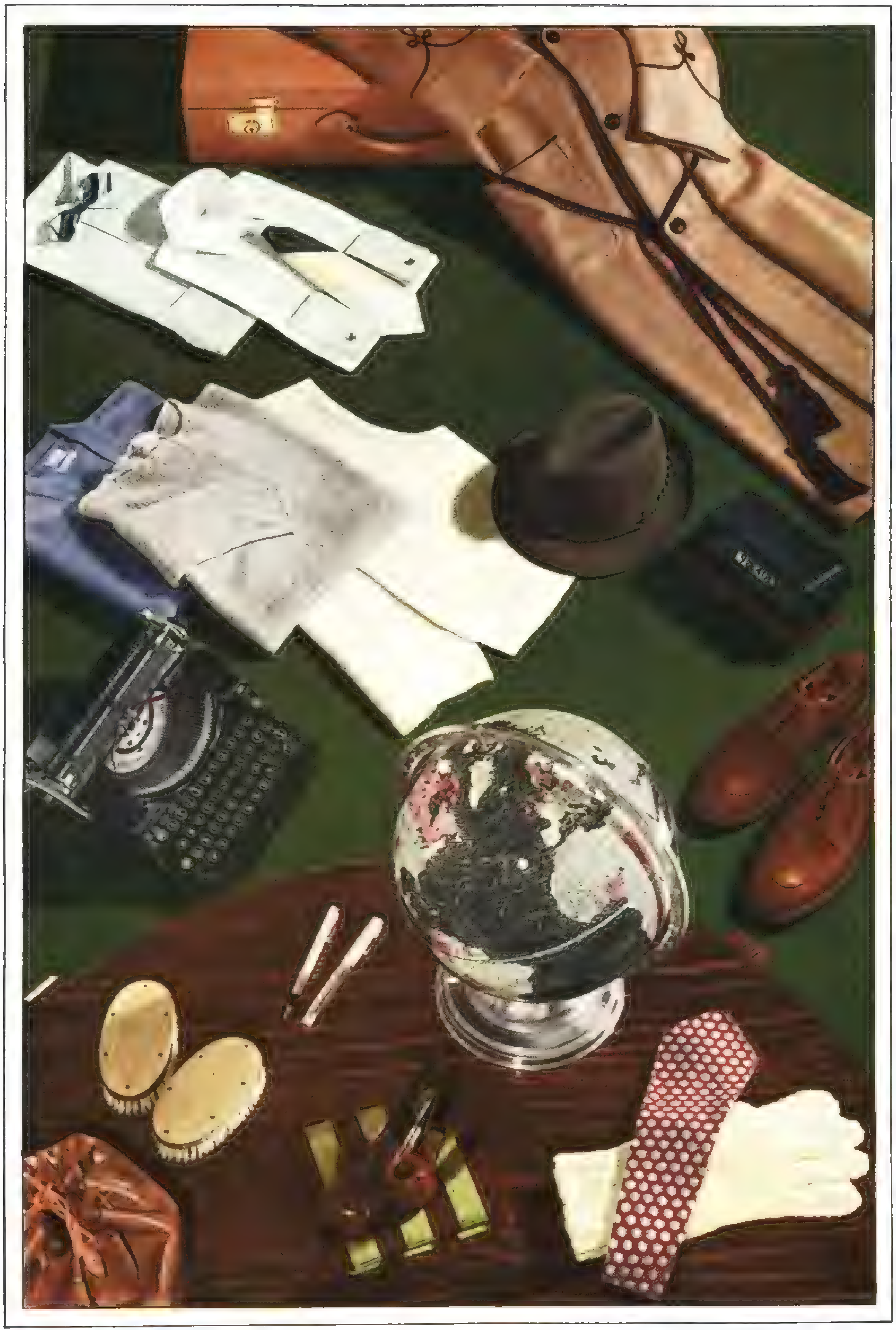


COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

# "OH I WANNA GO BACK, I GOTTA GO BACK"

"FATHER and Mother pay all the bills and we have all the fun, in the friendly rivalree of college life, Hooray" and it's time to be packing a Helluva lot of such things as: saddle leather suitcase, camel's hair robe, blue oxford collar attached shirt, club striped silk bow tie, striped starched demi-bosom shirt, striped silk four-in-hand tie, braided silk cuff links, heather mixture semi-Tyrolean hat, electric clock, cashmere wool sweater, V-neck cardigan, crew-necked woolen sweater, sleeveless cardigan, brown calf Norwegian shoes with leather tipped gum soles, portable typewriter, double shelved round mahogany table, globe, black and silver pen and pencil set, string gloves, wool four-in-hand tie, oilskin lined silk tobacco pouch, pipe, round bowl, long shank, pipe, long shank, short bit, with connecting silver band, pipe, round bowl, medium shank, military brush set and collapsible leather collar case.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 98*

suppression, no distortion of news.

There is an organization in New York, the Associated Film Audiences, at 250 W. 57th street, which is watchful against all censorship. Associated Film Audiences consists of a great number of social service organizations, church groups, liberal groups, who are uniting in an effort to secure better films, and to keep films free of censorship and suppression. It appears to me that this organization offers a gathering point for all citizens who have groused against certain abuses of the Hays office, against control of film policies by powerful minorities, against the de-vitalizing of certain photoplays that might otherwise project a mature point of view, against pro-war propaganda in films.

Those who want to suppress things are always quick to get together, and to exert pressure. The liberal minded citizen, by his very nature, is reluctant to unduly influence others to conform to his ideas. He believes if the truth is freely spread around, the majority of the human race will have sense enough to recognize it, and that the truth will prevail. The liberal is a persistent optimist.

But it is at the point of suppression of truth that he gets mad. He has to do something to save his own mild theory about the effect of the circulation of truth. The liberal's enemies, to his mind, don't fight fair. They use all sorts of tricks and pressures to get the world channeled into their narrow lanes.

Now, for instance, there is a general movement being started for national censorship of "subversive films." What are "subversive films?" Any picture whose idea displeased the tight-minded little group in control of this movement would be branded as "subversive." The usual line-up of arch-conservatives may be found promoting this campaign. The Veterans of Foreign Wars are there, and the Legion of Valor, and the American Legion. Warriors, all. Against them will be the groups in the Associated Film Audiences. They don't ask for any kind of censorship. They believe that the American public can judge for itself.

### *HOW TO BECOME*

The best way to become a great motion picture producer is to emulate the methods of Mandeville Morris. When other boys from Brownsville were wasting their time hanging around the tracks trying to pick winners, Mandeville was making a systematic and studious hunt for a loser. The superfine loser, in Mandeville's estimation, had to qualify on three points: first, he had to lose consistently; second, he had to lose heavily; third, he had to lose gamely: meaning he would always come back to lose again.

Mandeville kept his own set of charts; after two seasons of intense study he was certain he had his man. It was a certain young millionaire named Rodney Redney who maintained his own stables, and entered his horses in all the great races—shipping them to England and Australia, where he lost as handily as he did in the United States. Redney attended the auctions at Saratoga every year and paid the highest prices for colts sired by such winners as Man O' War. He bought thoroughbreds whose blood flowed out of derby winners on one side and darby winners on the other side, way back to the days of William the Conqueror. He maintained a three million dollar air conditioned set of stables, bred his own jockeys out of a line of winners, and kept sixteen university professors busy conducting researches into equine diet. And best of all, he had inherited the world's largest silk factory, where 20,000 girls worked for from six to fourteen dollars a week, providing him with a certain income so he could keep on trying to win a race.

When Mandeville Morris had checked on all these facts about Rodney Redney, he was certain he had his man. So he went directly to his office on the top floor of the 79-story Redney building and said, "A man like you ought to be in the show business."

Like all great showmen, From Barnum To Billy Rose, Mandeville Morris was a master-psychologist, so the first show-idea he suggested to his new partner was something not too far away from horses. "You love horses," Mandeville stated, "and the whole world would love horses the way you love horses if they could only see them once in a while. If they could only see them as you see them. Not only would they love them, but they would pay for the privilege."

This struck a chord in Rodney Redney's heart. He listened further. In Mandeville Morris he speedily recognized a man of great vision. For Mandeville thought of things on tremendous scale. "A glorified, gargantuan, old-fashioned horse-show, right on Times Square," was Mandeville's idea. What so dramatic, what so thrilling as a real horse-show with pacers, gigs, surreys, steeplechase, and a chariot race for a grand finale! And for an eye-opener, they would get two hundred chorus girls, put them in tight pants, and train them to be equestriennes in a mass cavalry drill!

Morris had the thing all figured out on the back of an envelope. They could buy the Times building for twelve millions but that was just an investment as the lot would always be worth the money. They'd tear down the building, and put up a great circus tent. Forty thousand, complete. Two hundred girls at twenty a week was four thousand. But the great, triumphant, tantalizing idea, the thing that clinched the deal with Rodney Redney, was that the Redney stables could supply the horses free. Clear profit.

Need anyone be reminded about the Cavalcade of Cavalcades? From the moment Mandeville Morris tore the first brick off the top of the Times building, and accidentally dropped it so that it crashed through the street and landed on the head of a subway guard, killing him, the Cavalcade was front page copy. It got more advance publicity, by actual yardage, than any previous theatrical enterprise including *The Eternal Road*. The cross-country cavalcade, which preceded the grand opening, crowded round-the-world plane flights into the want-ad sections. Mandeville Morris invited so many celebrities of stage, screen, and salon to the opening night that he had to have three opening nights. Then Rodney Redney held two special nights for his most intimate friends. The show ran another week for the general public, at a $14,000 loss; then Mandeville Morris appealed to the equestrienne chorus girls to take a five dollar cut so the show could go on another week; they consented, and there was only an $11,500 loss the following week, as attendance was picking up. By this time, the horse-opera genius, as Mandeville was lovingly called on Broadway, had another idea and his interest in the Cavalcade was waning. So he turned the show over to the girls, persuading Rodney to let them use the horses as long as they paid for the feed, and the girls ran the show co-operatively another week before closing.

The total loss on the Cavalcade of Cavalcades was eighteen million dollars, but Rodney still had the Times Square lot, and the wise boys on Broadway figured he would hold it till he sold at a profit, and therefore credited Mandeville Morris, the financial wizard, with a success.

We need not enumerate each step in the career of the horse-opera genius. Suffice it to recall his Babylon. But Babylon in which he offered a troupe of girls equaling the combined shows of Ziegfeld, White, and Carroll, the show ending in a spectacular goldfish number in which one thousand mermaids disported in an eight-story tank on the stage.

Like all truly great impresarios, Mandeville Morris was a deep student of scriptures, and dreamed of producing the old testament in its entirety. With his last forty cents, he hired a cab and went cross-town to the Redney building, where he revealed his vision to his old partner, Rodney Redney. "Have I ever been wrong?" he challenged. And Redney was forced to admit that every one of Mandeville's fourteen super-spectacles had been greater than the last, and that every one of them had stood a chance of making money. So they rented the Radio City Music Hall, and tore out the main floor seats. On the main floor they built a replica of Jerusalem. The audience, in the galleries, would be angels looking down from above; each member of the audience would receive a white gown and a pair of wings, thus entering into the spirit of the play.

The crowning stroke of genius was revealed when Mandeville showed his estimates for the production. He proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that if the house sold out every night and the show ran for eight years—and why shouldn't it—it still couldn't quite break even. In the ninth year, however, there might be a two per cent profit.

One would have thought that man could achieve no more. Only the mind of Mandeville Morris could conceive a greater dream. As soon as The Bible had opened, he revealed plans for a private world's fair to rival the New York world's fair. His would be built on the roofs of Manhattan, with bridges from building to building, and ferry service by blimps.

It was at this point that the movies heard of him. Metromount had a hundred million dollars to spend on a production of the Odyssey, or pay taxes on same amount. A man of vision was needed for the job. A thousand-dollar-a-day talent scout was sent to Broadway, in seven days he wired back, "Street whispers Mandeville Morris on the beach again since Rodney Redney, his b. r., has won the Derby and retired. Stop. Morris needs kale to finance private world's fair stop think we can get him for million a week if deal involves picture rights to Bible and fair."

Metromount wired back, "Nab him." And that's how Mandeville Morris, like all great producers when they have exhausted the limits of the stage, came to Hollywood.

### *HOW TO ADAPT*

When a book has sold a million copies it has elements of popularity, and will most likely be purchased for pictures. It then becomes a valuable property; it is destined for a super-production; the screen adaptation should be entrusted only to the world's greatest writers.

A canvass is made of the great writers who have never before written a motion picture scenario. Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, Eugene O'Neill, and Knut Hamsun are hired at ten thousand a week each and told to take their time, but please have a rough draft of a few scenes in tomorrow morning. They work independently of each other. They take this adaptation very seriously, as each of them considers the motion picture the most significant of the popular art mediums, and hopes to be able

*Continued at top page 126*

## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from pages 98-125*

to reach a world audience through films. Lewis feels that *Great Grand Winds* needs a satiric touch and introduces the character of a wind-salesman. He works day and night, and feels that he really has contributed something significant and original to the script. Pearl Buck feels that the scene ought to be changed to China, so she has the boat captured by Chinese pirates and half of her film is entirely new and original, out of her own head, but dovetailing perfectly with the rest of the story. Eugene O'Neill works backwards and forward in time, extending the story into the past and future, and creates a twelve-picture sequence, only six programs for the double-feature houses.

Knut Hamsun works from a translation, in collaboration with a Russian who has been added to the writing staff, and they add the character of a tramp-revolutionist.

All these writers turn in their scripts. Then a new flock of writers is hired at $12,000 a week to take the best out of all of them and put a script together. Among these writers are old hands like Kaufman, Hart, Connelly, and Odets.

Still the studio is not satisfied. This adaptation must be the supreme article, no mind is too good to work on *Great Grand Winds.*

On the lot is a real Hollywood article. He started in pictures at sixteen as an assistant prop boy. Last week he sold a gag to Ted Healy. Why not give him a whirl at *Great Grand Winds?*

The wonder-boy takes the book home and reads the first six chapters.

Then he gets a stenographer. Holding the book in hand, he dictates, reading verbatim the dialogue parts out of the book. As he figured, there's enough talk in the six chapters to make ten reels. Anyway the hero and heroine get hitched in the sixth chapter, the other 1200 pages are about their troubles afterward, and who is interested in anything as simple and ordinary as that?

The wonder-boy's adaptation is used in toto. "But every cent that we spent on those great writers was worth it," say the studio heads. "It was worth it for all those great, original ideas they contributed that we worked into the script."

*HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE ACTOR*

Don't go to Hollywood, let Hollywood come to you. Study something. Anything but acting. Become a specialist in your line. Become the world's champion high-diver, ice-skater, aviator, horseshoe pitcher, or manicurist. You might go to college, as talent scouts annually haunt every campus. Do not enter a bathing beauty contest. A few motion picture actors have made their way into films through related arts, such as radio, tap-dancing, night club acts, and stage. This, however, is a long chance, and you will not achieve stardom right away. The quickest and surest way to get your chance in pictures is to hold the winning ticket in the Irish sweepstakes. ⧺

## Madison Avenue Episode

*Continued from page 59*

Mr. Krantz felt ill. He was *sixty-three.* All these men around him averaged thirty-five.

He didn't know that a "manager" had to do the work of a machinist, a designer, a pattern maker and a cutter, all at the same time. And *late hours?* He had a vague idea that in some firms they hung around the place until ten, eleven o'clock at night. The Dixie-Land closed up regularly at 5:30 p.m. and 2 p.m. on Saturdays.

Pulling himself up, he staggered toward the elevators. No use trying, not even hoping.

Outside, the chill air didn't do him any good. It started to rain, obliterating the promising February morning.

Mr. Krantz shuffled along in a daze. The dampness began to get into his skin. What if he got sick, caught pneumonia? All sorts of catastrophes began to pour into his mind. He stopped under an awning, by a cigar store, to catch his breath. He caught sight of an old man staring at him. Pale, shabby, water dripping over his face. Michael groaned, realizing that it was his reflection in a mirror.

What had he tossed away just because a woman kept harping all the time!

Maybe the phone was out of order all week, and they didn't know it. It was impossible that whoever had his job now, didn't need any lead or information on details from him. . . .

He entered the cigar store and called up his home number. No answer. The nickel came back. He thought so! Again no answer. But at last Stella's voice came.

"Hello, what's wrong, dear?" he asked, trembling.

"Oh, Michael, I'm sick. Come home . . . come . . . h . . ."

His eyes filled. He ran into the subway, an old man lost in the storm of life. Home to Stella.

Friday both Mr. and Mrs. Krantz were laid up in bed, unable to account for any particular ailment. Even Eaglebeak the parrot was affected, for food placed before him remained untouched.

Finally they thought of phoning their married children and seeking their advice.

They held a conference until midnight, the children bitterly denouncing the bosses. After so many years of hard work, they let a man go for the sake of a few dollars, and didn't give a damn about him. They risked losses of thousands of dollars, by slighting their father's services, the fools.

Jack finally evolved a definite plan, which they put into execution the next morning, Saturday. "They must take you back, papah, they must take you back," was Jack's theme. "The first thing we do, folks, is to employ a ruse. I'll phone Dixie-Land—they don't know my voice—and ask to talk to the manager." The suggestion was clever. They would find out if there was a new superintendent.

"Hello, Dixie-Land. I represent the New York Lace Bargains. Like to speak to your superintendent."

"Just one moment, please."

Jack paled. Yes, they have a new man. He waited, breathless.

"Hello. Sorry, the manager must have just stepped out. Any message?"

Down went Jack's receiver. The dirty crooks, they took his father's job for good. But they wouldn't get away with it.

For hours they planned. By midnight they had everything mapped out. Monday morning papah was to see Mr. Bornstein, and beg him, if necessary, to give him back his job. (It was a mistake; everybody makes mistakes.) Even wire to the other bosses in Florida, for forgiveness. Remind them that he's worked his entire life building up the business. It wasn't fair to toss him aside at this stage of life. But—

"If they should show reluctance, and just express sorrow, papa, then take a militant stand! That job belongs to you. Everybody knows it—and the courts will know it, too. Don't leave your post! Ignore the other man who pretends to be doing your work. Shout, yell at the top of your voice!"

Jack was smart. It was the only way to clear up this nightmare.

Somewhat heartened, Mr. and Mrs. Krantz made ready for bed, after the family left. But Mrs. Krantz couldn't sleep a wink. That Saturday had been the first in all these years when Michael didn't bring the sealed envelope home. The first Saturday they had no chicken for dinner.

"Oi, Gott. Only six dollars left. Ten dollars in the bank. No job —and the rent only a week off . . ."

Sunday passed slowly, without much discussion. Both Mr. and Mrs. Krantz were afraid of new plans, or further conference. Jack's suggestion had to be carried out to the letter.

On Monday morning, when Michael left, his wife was crying, wishing him luck. Only Eaglebeak gave him a cheerful send-off, with *"Bye-bye big boy!"*

Mr. Michael C. Krantz pulled himself together, entering the elevator at two minutes to nine. Five or six fellow employees nodded, "Good morning."

Mr. Krantz was bewildered. He asked at the information desk if Mr. Bornstein was in, and just then there was Bornstein, coming in from the elevator. Mr. Krantz paled—was almost ready to drop on his knees. Bornstein grabbed hold of him.

"What's the matter, Mike? You look sick. Didn't have to come in today, if you don't feel so good. I know that you worked hard last week. We had the biggest production week on record!"

"But, Mr. Bornstein . . ."

"Well—good old Mike—at least come in my private office and rest a bit."

Krantz followed him mechanically, in a dream. Did not believe his eyes, thought his ears were drums.

"Mr. Bornstein . . . what?"

"Here, Mike, a little schnapps . . . You ought to take things easier. Don't work so hard. You've been with us a long time. Just direct the works! What this firm needs is your brains. Let the others do the actual 'horse work.'"

And while Krantz was turning the whiskey glass upside down over his quivering throat:

"Anyway, Mike, congratulations on your last week's production. Twenty thousand dozen slips! Pfew! Unbelievable. Wait till the two loafers down in Miami hear about it. You certainly did it, Mike. When I got the weekly report on Saturday, I wanted to look for you in the shop, but thought I had better not bother you."

The girl cashier walked over with his pay envelope. "Here's your pay, Mr. Krantz. You forgot it Saturday."

Michael Krantz began to see daylight. Color came back to his features. Feeling the weight of the pay envelope in his pocket, he turned towards the shop, while both cashier and boss smiled.

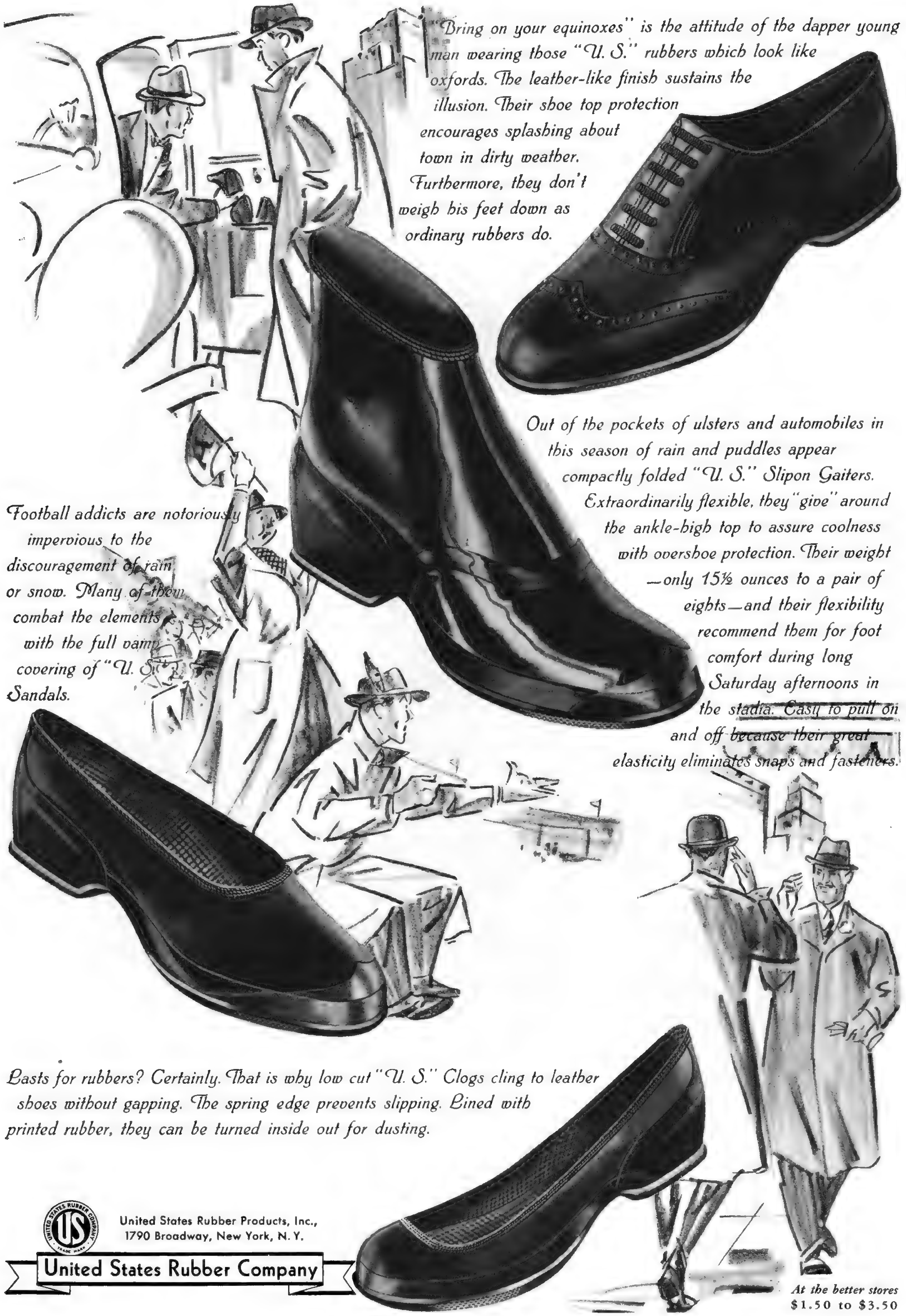
"Forgot his money, hey? What a man! No wonder we're lucky, and grow bigger all the time. It's workers like him who make it possible. Add a five dollar raise to his pay next week—as a surprise!"

The shop was running in full swing. Mr. Krantz found his desk just as he had left it a week before. He hung up his hat and coat, and started to march through the factory. No one took notice of him. They were all absorbed in work.

He thought of Stella and ran into the booth.

"Hello, Michael dear. Did you get your job back?"

"Did I get my job back? Why darling, I was here all the time last week, and nobody—not even you or I—knew about it!" ⧺



"Bring on your equinoxes" is the attitude of the dapper young man wearing those "U. S." rubbers which look like oxfords. The leather-like finish sustains the illusion. Their shoe top protection encourages splashing about town in dirty weather. Furthermore, they don't weigh his feet down as ordinary rubbers do.

Out of the pockets of ulsters and automobiles in this season of rain and puddles appear compactly folded "U. S." Slipon Gaiters. Extraordinarily flexible, they "give" around the ankle-high top to assure coolness with overshoe protection. Their weight—only 15½ ounces to a pair of eights—and their flexibility recommend them for foot comfort during long Saturday afternoons in the stadia. Easy to pull on and off because their great elasticity eliminates snaps and fasteners.

Football addicts are notoriously impervious to the discouragement of rain or snow. Many of them combat the elements with the full vamp covering of "U. S." Sandals.

Lasts for rubbers? Certainly. That is why low cut "U. S." Clogs cling to leather shoes without gapping. The spring edge prevents slipping. Lined with printed rubber, they can be turned inside out for dusting.

United States Rubber Products, Inc.,
1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**United States Rubber Company**

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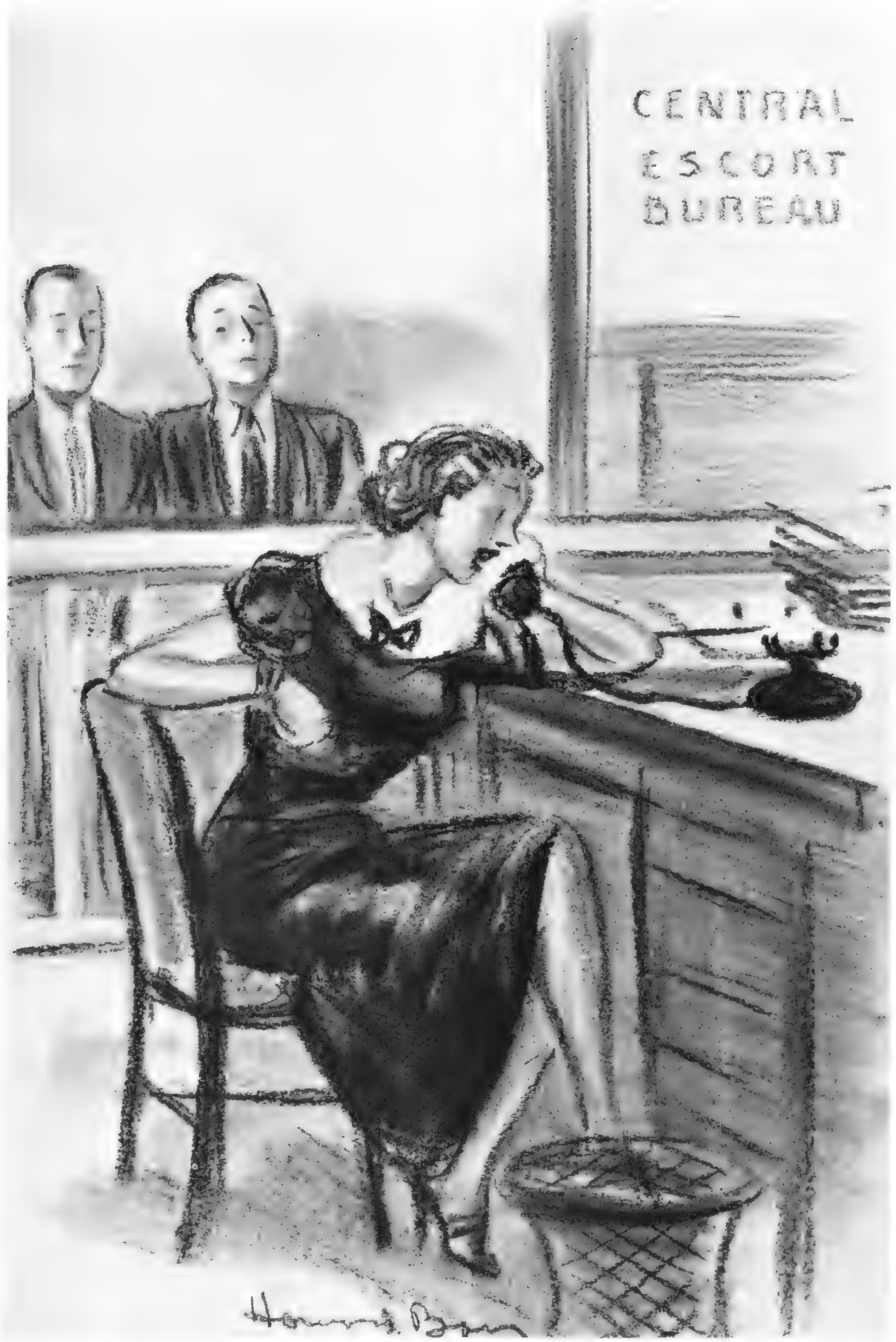
$1.50 to $3.50


CENTRAL
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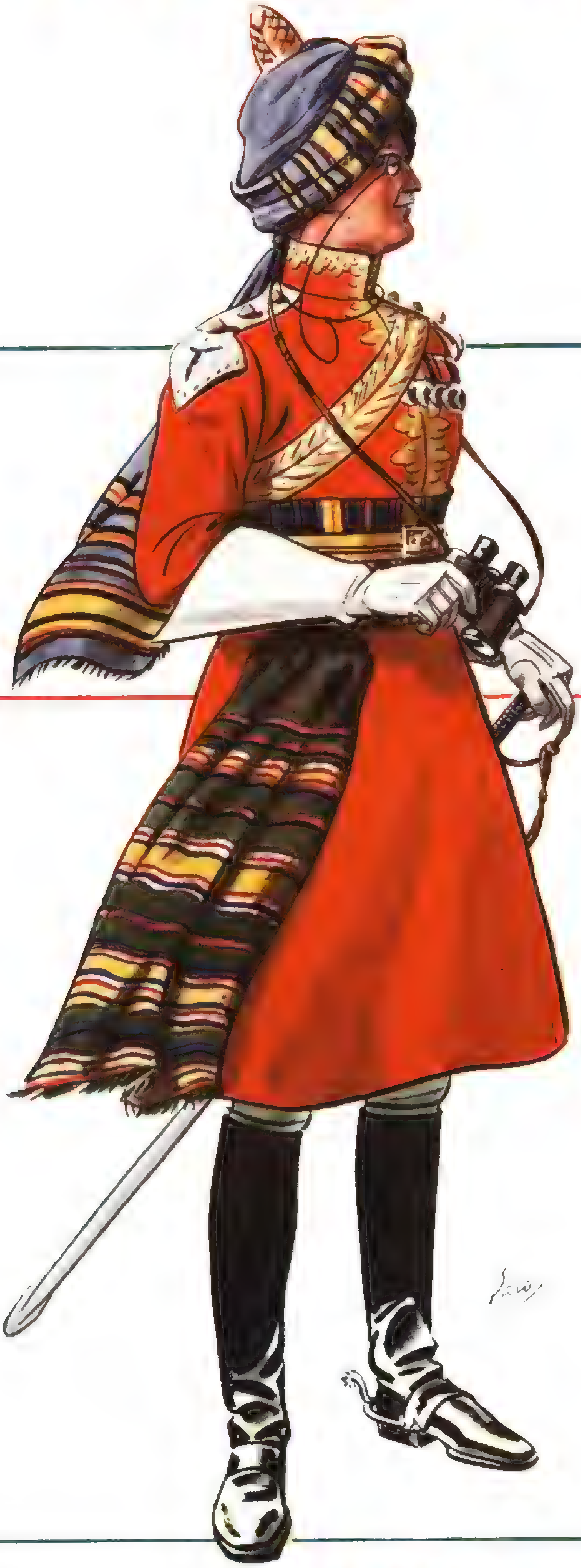
BUREAU

*"Sorry! We're all out of Harvard escorts, but we can give you two Yale men at the same price"*

# For Distinguished Service



*HONOURS OF THE*

THIRD INDIAN CAVALRY

| | |
|---|---|
| *Mooltan* | *Punjab* |
| *Afghanistan, 1878-80* | *Mesopotamia, 1917-18* |

*HONOURS OF*

DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL

*Award of the International Exposition of Progress, Cairo, Egypt, 1895 ...one of more than 60 Medals Honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.*

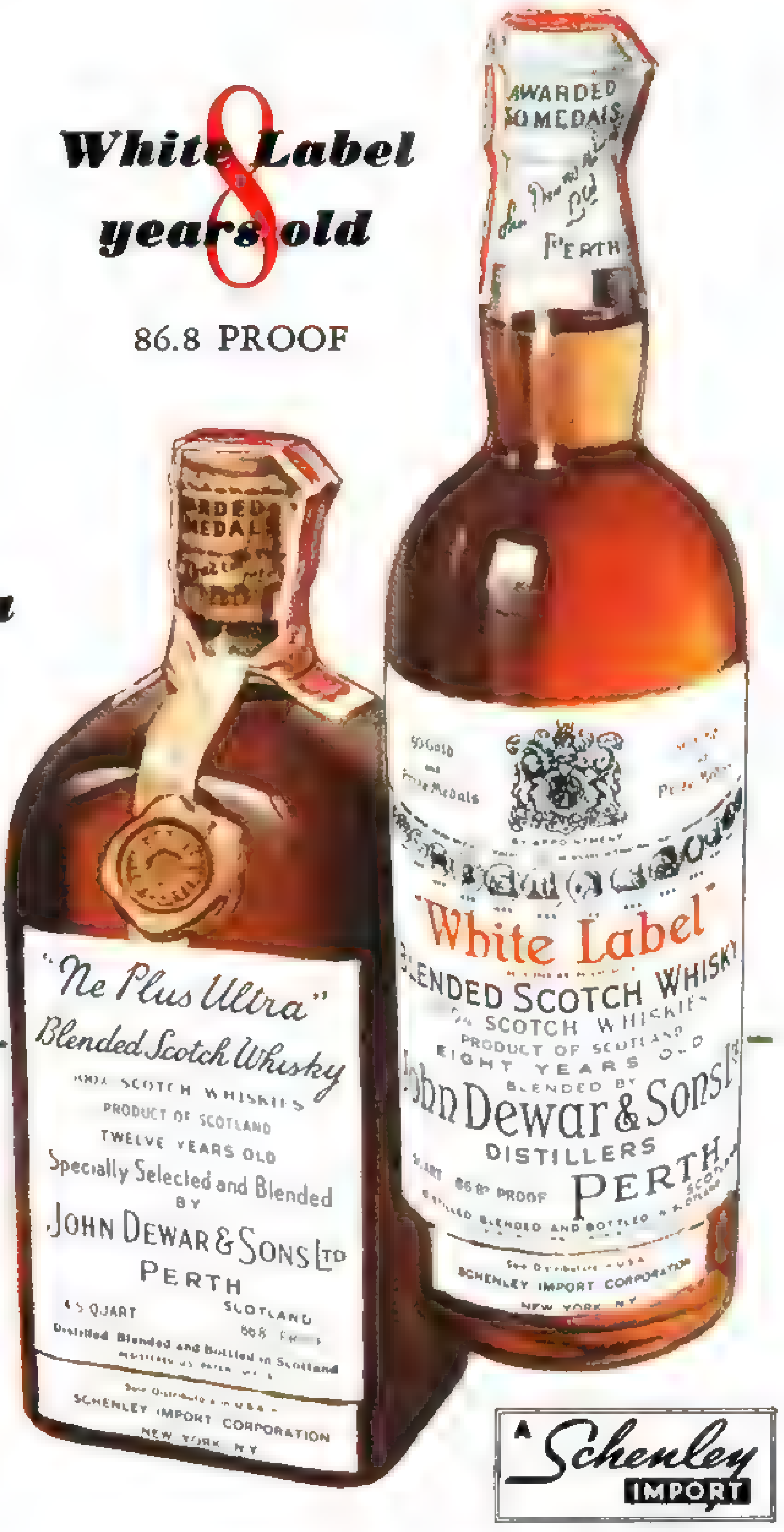
In the far-flung outposts of Empire...India, Burma, Africa ...men wise to the ways of the tropics call for long, tall DEWAR'S *White Label,* Medal Scotch of the World. Command the whisky decorated with over 60 medals for distinguished service, DEWAR'S *White Label*...highball of the highlands...and be "At Ease."

**White Label**
**8 years old**

86.8 PROOF

**Ne Plus Ultra**
**12 years old**

86.8 PROOF


AWARDED 60 MEDALS
PERTH
"Ne Plus Ultra"
Blended Scotch Whisky
SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially Selected and Blended
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## Dewar's White Label

(Pronounced Dew-ers)

*The Medal Scotch of the World*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Schenley IMPORT

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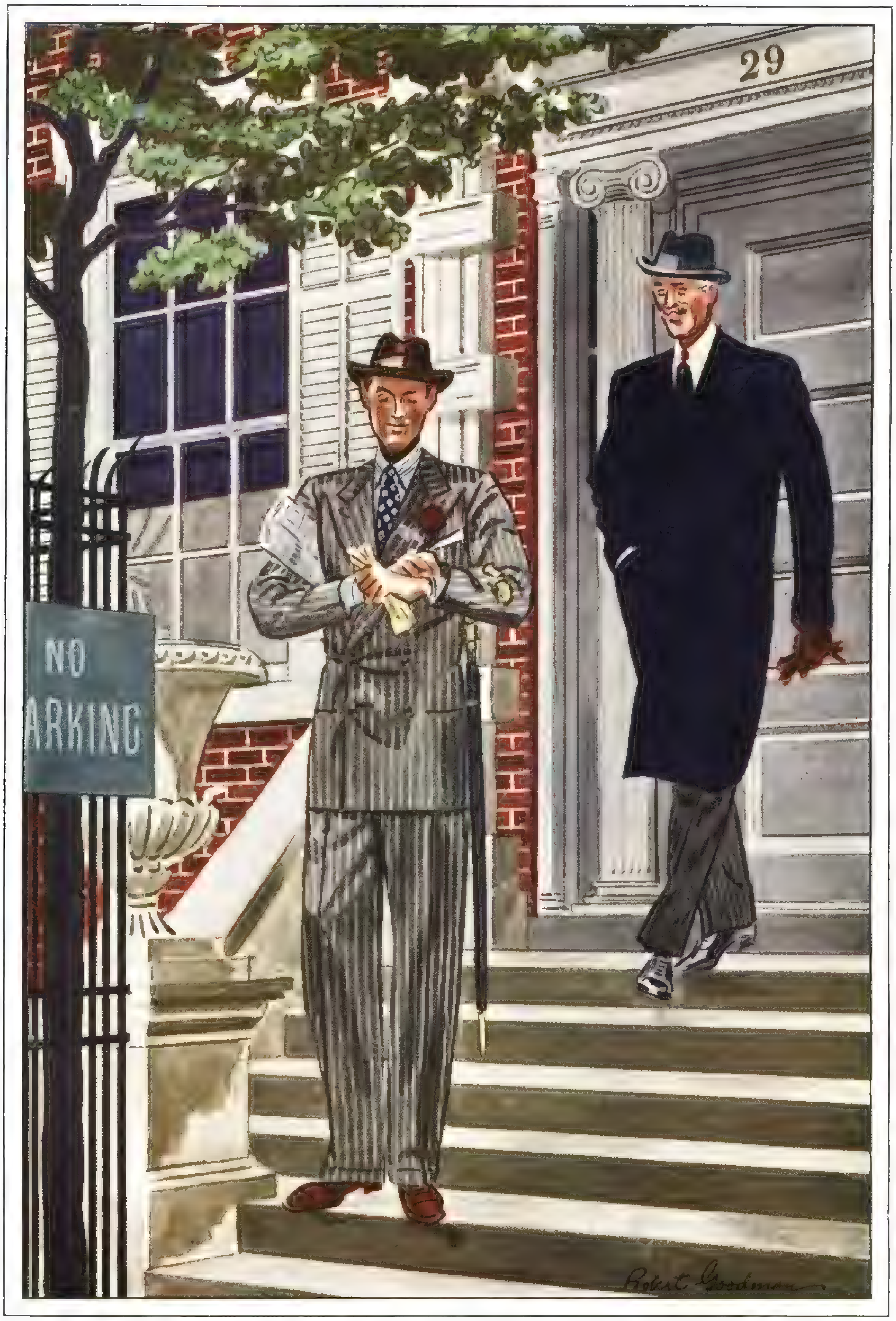

# TWO MEN WHO DWELL ON QUALITY STREET

PEOPLE, including wives, sometimes write us wistful letters wondering why the clothes that look so nice in our pictures don't always look so hot in the actual course of everyday wear. And the answer is that pictures can show only the cut of clothes, the outward characteristics of color and fashion. Fashion is important but it isn't everything. This sobering thought is prompted by the reflection that even these two authentically inspired and correctly depicted outfits for early fall business wear can turn out to be either the last word or an unholy mess, depending upon whether or not they are well made up, of worthy (and shape-holding as well as merely wear-resisting) materials. The fashions themselves seem to be relatively self-explanatory, except that it might be nice to know that the older man's tie is not a slip of the artist's brush but a regimental that is distinguished by a red knot and a blue ground.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

# Surprise for the Boys

*Continued from page 76*

Holy smokes what a man! Why, I bet Kosky wouldn't even make a Monday feature. I'm discouraged, Stew.

O.K., Stew, I won't hang up. I'll keep the wire open as long as you're not doin' nothin' in the big city. Say, if you want, just to pass the time, I'll give you a blow-by-blow account o' this burning.

There ain't a single newspaperman except me up here. I'm phonin' as usual from my seat of honor which took me twenty years to wangle. You remember, Stew, I showed it to you the time you was up here—the seat by the glass window that looks right into the execution chamber. On big executions Warden Roth shuts the window and don't let me use the phone at my elbow, on account of some of the other boys might claim special privilege. But on small burnings like this he don't care a damn. The window's open a little and I can look right in and down on the oak electric chair fitted with that screwy plush headrest; but on account of the window is heavily glazed none o' the bigwig politicians in the witness stand can see me. In fact, nobody except the Warden knows I'm up here lookin' down on the goings-on.

The Warden didn't have no trouble roundin' up the ten witnesses for this burning, as small as it is. Steve Blathery, the biggest and crookedest politician here in Anatomie County is present, as usual, with a bunch o' his wardheelers clingin' onto him like little barns. Blathery enjoys watchin' 'em burn. Maybe he figgers some day the tables'll be turned. Ho hum.

Father McCauley is standin' on the rubber mat in the center o' the concrete floor. The Warden's standin' in a corner lookin' tired. Burnings always make him sick. Dr. Sugar and Dr. Blint are in the other corner with their deathoscopes. Four or five guards are scattered around the room.

Here comes Kosky now! This is hot. He's comin' through the Death House door and do you know what the sign on that door says? "SILENCE." Ain't that a scream? As if you need a sign to keep Kosky quiet. Two guards are escortin' him in, one in front and one in back, and he's comin' very quiet. There won't be no trouble with Kosky at all, Stew. Take my word for it.

Well, if you're still listenin', it'll be over in two minutes. Executioner Pettigrew has stepped away from the control board, which is at the far wall, and is dustin' off the hot seat. You oughta see Kosky glide over to that seat! There won't be no trouble . . . no trouble at all, Stew. He's walkin' like in a dream; he's practically tiptoein' those last couple o' steps to the hot seat like he was scared o' disturbin' his own last thoughts. Father McCauley starts comin' over to him, but Kosky shakes his head and waves the priest away. A strange lunkhead Kosky is, Stew. You oughta see the smile . . . a happy smile like he was glad the fatal moment has come.

Pettigrew has just pushed Kosky down onto the hot seat, and Kosky acts a little scared when Old Pet touches him. But he sits down all right without makin' no demonstration. Old Pet has stepped back and I can see the two guards fastenin' the leg electrodes on poor Kosky. The headrest'll be on him in another minute. You know, Stew, I actually feel sorry for Kosky . . . he's so helpless. Just a big hunk o' flesh and bones without no brains. Why do guys who can't afford good lawyers go around killin' people? Well, ain't no use feelin' sorry for him now. Old Pet is walkin' over to put the black mask over Kosky's face and in just one more . . .

Holy smokes. *HOLY SMOKES!* Stew, Stew, Stew! . . .

Stew, for Pete's sake stop the presses! Have Brady listen in on the extension! Get ready to replate! Holy smokes! What a story! *AND I GOT IT EXCLUSIVE!*

Hello, *hello, HELLO!*

Fallow?

This is Brady.

What's the matter? Speak up. What's happened?

*WHAT!*

Kosky . . . swallowed . . . dynamite! . . .

What do you mean? Are you nuts? How can a man swallow dynamite? Not dynamite, eh? Fulminate of mercury, you say. *FULMINATE OF MERCURY!* Wow! *Is* that a powerful explosive? You're damn right it's powerful. It's the most powerful they make.

Oh BOY what a yarn! Fallow, if you're horsing us up I'll have you deported. Now hang right on this wire.

Stew! Take everything Fallow's got . . . a running story.

Boy! Run into the composing room—tell the makeup to be ready to replate.

Boy! Get the managing editor.

Tell him to hurry in here.

Tell him a guy on the electric chair has swallowed a cylinder of double dynamite.

Tell him the guy has just told the Warden if they turn on the juice he's gonna *EXPLODE* and blow everybody straight to hell!

Stew? Fallow. Lemme catch my breath. Now in the first place yell over and tell Brady I'll give you this exclusive for one hundred fish. Not a penny less. If he tries to bargain I'll hang up and call the opposition . . . he says O.K., eh? Well, well, that's fast work! Tell him he better not double-cross me.

Now listen, Stew, and take down every word. Clamp on your earphones tight:—

Everything is runnin' smooth in the execution chamber. The witnesses are sittin' quiet. Father McCauley is movin' his lips in prayer. And Old Pet walks over to put the black mask on Kosky's face.

Suddenly Kosky raises his right hand very slow, and looks at the Warden.

"Pardon me for troublin' you, Warden," Kosky says very slow, "but I gotta say a few words."

Everybody stirs uneasy; 'specially Steve Blathery and the wardheelers in the witness stand. But it don't make me worry 'cause I have seen these mugs askin' to make farewell speeches many times before. Only it sort o' shocks me to see Kosky really knows how to talk.

You know how the Warden is about these last requests. He likes to be nice. So he looks at Kosky and says: "All right, say what you want; but make it snappy."

And then Kosky says it. Very slow a nice fat smile spreads all over his face, and he takes his time before he starts in talkin'.

"Warden," Kosky says, "you think I am just a Hunky without no brains. Well, you are wrong. I happen to be Dr. Waldemar Kosciuhowicz, Bachelor o' Science from the University o' Lodz. And I also happen," Kosky drones, "like everybody else who graduates from the famous University o' Lodz, to be an expert chemist and engineer." And he looks around the room and boy, Stew, are those small-time politicians turnin' green in the face.

"Now what I want to say," Kosky goes on, after a nice big pause—and get down every word o' this, Stew, 'cause it's hot—"is that just before comin' in to the death chamber I have swallowed a sealed cylinder."

Now he starts pronouncin' his words very even, and by this time you can use Steve Blathery's face for a traffic light. "This cylinder," Kosky yawns, "contains fulminate o' mercury—the most powerful explosive in the world—ten times more terrific than T.N.T. And it contains *enough* fulminate o' mercury to blow up me, and you, and everybody else *in* this room and *near* this room for t'ree hundred yards around. The cylinder is the size o' my thumb," Kosky says, holdin' up his big thumb very slow to the amazed audience, "and is cleverly built with a detonating cap so that any sudden or violent *MUSCULAR* movement will cause the necessary spark to explode it. *Like frinstince*," Kosky says, "the muscular spasm caused by electrocution! So," Kosky smiles, "everybody please sit or stand exactly where you are, because if anybody makes the slightest move I'm gonna hiccough and knock the walls down!"

That is what Kosky says, Stew, word for word, and then he shuts his mouth very slow and a terrible silence falls over the Death Chamber that is broken only by one o' the wardheelers fallin' on the floor in a dead faint. Kosky just sits there on the hot seat, grinnin' very funny, with that bald spot on top of his head shinin' like a moon in the water. Old Pet, the mask in his hand, stands a few feet away, his mouth wide open and his eyes glassy. All the witnesses hunch up in their seats. The guards stand with their beefy hands straight down at their sides. Dr. Sugar blinks his eyes and Dr. Blint bites his lips. The Warden turns pale and grim and Father McCauley stops prayin' and just stands there, his hands clasped over his chest.

The Warden finally breaks the silence. His voice is very husky. "You can't get away with this, Kosky," he says in disgust. "Do you think we're all crazy fools?"

A murmur o' voices starts risin' from Old Pet, the guards and the witnesses. But Kosky just raises his right hand like he is sippin' tea at the Vanderbilts, and the noise stops.

Kosky looks all around the room. "I don't think you're crazy," Kosky says. "I think you're all very smart men—and that's why I know you know I'm not lyin'."

The Warden takes a step forward. I never saw his eyes so hard, Stew.

"Kosky," he says, "you picked the wrong Warden to pull this trick on. Because when I was a youth I worked in a construction camp—and I happened to be the powder monkey. So I know everything there is to know about explosives. And I know that what you claim you done won't work, even if you did do it, and anyway I think you're lyin'."

"That's a matter of opinion," Kosky says, very cool, "and the Lord knows every man is entitled to his opinion"—pipe that for gall, Stew!—"So if you think I'm lyin' or I won't blow up if I ain't lyin' go right ahead and electrocute me. I'll let Mr. Pettigrew move around for that, though I'm warnin' you nobody else make the slightest move or you'll find out soon enough I ain't lyin'. The second Mr. Pettigrew pulls the switch you'll all know who was right and who was wrong."

There is another dead silence after these words. But the Warden just can't keep his mouth shut; it's too much for him.

"I know all about fulminate o' mercury," he says. "It's what we use in detonating caps to explode dynamite. And damn right it's a powerful explosive. BUT—it's absolutely harmless unless a spark hits it, and how are you gonna create a spark in the middle o' your stomach?"

Kosky smiles again. "Very simple, Warden. There's a tiny coil inside that cylinder that is held in place by a little rod. Now any harsh muscular movement will jolt that rod and unspring the coil—against a little contraption that works like a cigarette lighter."

"Cigarette lighter!" Steve

*Continued on page 132*

# Surprise for the Boys

*Continued from pages 76-131*

Blathery rises all of a sudden, shriekin' like a madman. But Kosky just puts up his hand and Blathery is quiet again; only there is a weak look in his eyes.

"I guess," the Warden says to Kosky, "you expect us to believe the cigarette lighter gadget will create the spark to set off the explosive—in the middle o' your stomach where there ain't no air."

"Oh there's air all right," Kosky says. "It's a sealed cylinder and there's enough air inside to feed the spark. The watchmaker who made the cylinder for me tested it and it worked fine."

"I guess," the Warden says sarcastically, "they teach watchmaking, too, at the University of Lodz."

"I should say they do," Kosky says. "That's one o' their best courses."

"And you swallowed that big cylinder," the Warden says heatedly, "containin' the explosive and the coil and the rod and the little cigarette lighter all at once down your own throat. Ha! Tell me another."

"Well, it wasn't very big," Kosky says. "Not for me, anyway, 'cause over at the University of Lodz we don't play baseball or football or anything like that, but we do have a lot o' fun practicin' sword swallowin'. Anyway," Kosky goes on, "I doused the cylinder in a lot o' butter, and it went down nice and easy."

"Holy smokes!" a guard suddenly pops out. "He did use a lot o' butter! All he ordered for lunch was bread and butter, and I brought it to him, only he didn't eat any o' the bread."

Kosky suddenly puts the palm of his hand very slow over his stomach and presses in a little—very gently. "Why, I can feel it," he says like he is in a dream; and then he turns to the Warden. "Come over. I'll give you a feel..."

Steve Blathery is on his feet and his head almost hits the ceiling. "Let me out o' here!" he shrieks.

"Shut up!" Kosky shrieks right back. "Yellin' like that puts me right on the edge o' blowin' up."

Blathery sinks back into his seat, lookin' more dead than alive. And then Kosky starts laughin', Stew, and you oughta see everybody duck! He's laughin' now; long, loud peals o' laughter; only he's managin' not to shake his sides too much—I hope.

Fallow?

This is Brady.

What a man, Fallow! Not you—I mean Kosky. Now you stay right where you are because . . . What! What do you mean you're scared? What kind of a newspaperman are you to be scared at a time like this? Am *I* scared? Is Stewart scared? Are you yellow, man? How would you like your kids to go around hearing other kids chanting their old man is yellow? So what if the walls *do* fall down on top of you? You'll be dying with your boots on, won't you? Is there a more glorious way of dying than with your boots on? Well, I have no time to argue about that now. I'll send the check to your wife in case you die. *You'll haunt me if I don't?* Is that a nice thing to say? Did *I* ever go back on my word?

Now look, Fallow. You gotta keep Kosky in the Death Chamber for a couple of minutes. I want a personal interview. I want pictures. Find out about the sister. Did she smuggle in the cylinder? Find out who made the cylinder. Where did he get the idea of doing this? Find out if he's in love.

Don't think we're letting you down on our end. I've got the wires burning. We're looking up all the clips and all the encyclopedias on explosives. We're contacting the head of the Bureau of Combustibles. We're getting in touch with the research head of the American Explosives Company. We're looking up all we can find out about the University of Lodz. I never heard of it before.

Now you yell right down to Kosky and tell him you want that interview. What do you mean you won't do it? Do it! What do you think we're paying you fifty dollars for?

All right, Fallow, a hundred dollars. I made a mistake . . . slip of the tongue.

WHAT!

Kosky's getting off the hot seat!

He's unstrapping the leg electrodes!

He's standing up!

Wow!

Boy!

Stop—the—presses. Another ray-pleat . . . another plea-rate . . . . another replate!

Hello, Stew? What the hell's the matter with Brady? He's talkin' tonguetied. Ouch! Who's foolin' around with this phone?

Oh, you're still on the extension, Mr. Brady. Pardon me . . .

Stew? Where did I leave Kosky last time I spoke to you? He was laughin', eh? That's right. Then he stops laughin' and just looks around and everybody is quiet again. Now get this picture:

Warden Roth shoves his jaw forward a full two inches and glares at Kosky.

"This is all a good gag, Kosky," the Warden says, "and I'm glad to see you're enjoyin' yourself so much at our expense."

Then the Warden looks at Old Pet, who is just standin' there with his mouth wide open.

"Go on with the execution, Pettigrew," the Warden says in a very low voice.

"Yes sir," Old Pet says. He looks at the Warden and grins. "In my opinion, sir," Old Pet says, "this man is bluffing. In all my experience I never heard of such a fantastic thing."

Well, Stew, Old Pet is prejudiced; he makes one hundred and fifty fish for the job, and I can see where he don't want to lose it. I hear he just bought a new car. Don't ask me, Stew, if Kosky is bluffin'. And I don't know if he *can* blow us to hell even if he did swallow the cylinder. I ain't an editorial writer; I'm a reporter.

The silence now is much worse than before. Warden Roth glares at two of the guards. "Stand on each side of him," he says.

They go over and stand on each side of Kosky. Old Pet walks over and holds out the black mask. You ought to see the smile on Kosky's puss now. A beautiful smile; a lovely smile!

"Excuse me," Kosky says, "but I have heard the black mask is optional. Is that so?"

"Yes!" The Warden howls. "Yes! Pettigrew—Damn the mask. Hurry it up!"

Kosky's smile grows bigger and prettier. "You see—" he says in a very clear voice, lookin' around the room— "you see, I don't want the mask because when I blow up I want my eyes to pop out like machine gun bullets." And then he starts laughin', very quiet, all inside, but you can see what a good time he's havin'.

Old Pet slips on the chin strap that holds the electrode on his head. The laugh stops but the smile remains. Kosky sits there still. All of us act like we're sittin' on hot coals. Kosky is silent, his eyes shinin' like rhinestones.

"All right," the Warden says between his teeth. "Pettigrew, hurry up over to the control board and thud that switch!"

Old Pet looks at Kosky and shakes his head, maybe in admiration at the guy. Kosky sits there very cocksure. Then Old Pet goes over to the control board. He walks very slow, 'cause somehow everybody is in a daze and you just can't do things fast in that death chamber. He finally arrives and you can see him monkeyin' around with that switch. "Pretty soon," we all are thinkin'—"pretty soon we'll know whether Kosky is the greatest liar the world ever saw or the smartest hombre that ever honored the hot seat."

Then, so help me, Stew, Kosky starts puffin' out his cheeks. I never seen anything like this before in my life! He puffs 'em out farer than you'd believe, and to the witnesses, the Warden, the guards, the doctors and Father McCauley he looks like the world's biggest bomb achin' to explode.

That cinches it. Steve Blathery is off his bench in a jiffy, wavin' his hands and shriekin' like a madman. "No, no!" he yells. "For God sakes don't pull the switch!" His hair on end, his fingers clawed like a gorilla, he jumps over the rail and tries to rush over to the control board. The suspense is so terrific that several more o' the boys in the witness stand faint. I bet there ain't an ounce o' blood above the necks of everybody at this moment as Blathery hotfoots for the control board shoutin': "Don't pull the switch! He'll blow up! I *know it!* The man's mad and he's tellin' the truth!"

The sight of all this disorder in the death house is too much for Warden Roth. At first he looks at Blathery in amazement, as if he can't believe his own eyes, but when he sees Blathery racin' for the control board he loses his temper. The Warden makes a football dive for Blathery. Both of 'em land on the floor in front o' the hot seat, where Kosky is sittin' chucklin' to himself.

Poor Warden Roth! I seen the same thing happen in many a football game—Blathery only lands on his shoulders and ain't hurt at all. But the Warden, who did the tacklin', is not so lucky, and that hollow sound maybe you heard in the phone a minute back was the Warden knockin' his head against the cement floor.

He's still out cold.

What a night!

No, Stew, Old Pet didn't jam the switch. He sees the commotion and comes tearin' over and when he spots the Warden lyin' out cold on the floor somethin' snaps in Old Pet's mind. He sticks out his tongue and just sits down on the floor, too dazed for words.

Then Blathery gets up on his hands and knees, and finally he manages to stand on his dogs, though he's very unsteady, like when he's drinkin'. I can't tell you how thunderstruck everybody is; like the whole world is fallin' down around their ears.

Dr. Blint finds his tongue. "Mr. Blathery!" the doc says. "This is unheard of, preposterous, ridiculous. We must go on with the electrocution!"

"Dr. Blint!" Blathery yells. "Let me remind you I'm head of this county. And let me tell you," he says, lookin' at the guards especially, "all of you owe your jobs to me—and if a single one of you don't do what I order you won't have jobs tomorrow—"

"If you are here to *have* jobs tomorrow," Kosky suddenly says, which is his first remark in many minutes, and everybody just keeps quiet and looks at him.

Then, very slow but very sure, Kosky bends over and starts unstrappin' his leg electrodes, and not one of the guards makes the slightest move to stop him. He works as if he has all the time in the world, and finally he gets 'em off and wiggles off the hot seat and stands up like a lazy man wakin' up in the morning.

FLASH! Kosky just hotfooted out o' the death chamber! He escaped. And he took Steve Blathery along with him as hostage!

Fallow, it can't be true. It can't. Sure this is Brady. Who the hell did you think it was?

I say it can't be true. I just spoke to Dr. Fullerton, head of

*Continued at top of page 134*

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## Surprise for the Boys

*Continued from pages 76-131-132*

the American Explosives Company. He says a man can't explode.

No, Fallow, he's not absolutely certain. He said it never has been done before. I told him Kosky invented a new kind of deadly machine. He says he'd like to see it. I told him we haven't got time to arrange it—

Wait a minute. Hold on Fallow. Wow! One of the boys just got Chief Bentley of the Bureau of Combustibles. Bentley says even if all the fulminate of mercury in the world exploded inside a man's stomach it wouldn't do much damage because the body would muffle the explosion. Yeah, Fallow; Bentley says the fulminate of mercury would only "pothole" and though Kosky would be a mess on the floor nobody would get hurt. He never could knock the walls down; he couldn't even shake the walls!

What a man! What a MAN! Good old Kosky! Hope he makes it!

Stew? Fallow. Yeah, he's gone. And it looks like he won't come back. Here's the picture:—

Kosky gets off the hot seat and walks over and grabs Blathery by the scruff of his neck. You ought to see Blathery squirm. It did my heart good. The Warden is still out cold, so he ain't no use at all, and all the others are standin' there, 'cause Blathery holds the power o' life and death over their jobs, and they damn well know it.

"Mr. Blathery," Kosky said in a very gentle voice—and ain't it surprisin' that he knows Blathery's name?—"Mr. Blathery," he says, "you're my friend, ain't you?"

You ought to see the smile creep over Blathery's map. He lights up, Stew, like a Roman Candle.

"Why Kosky," he howls, "Kosky! Of course I'm your friend! You know that."

"Well," Kosky says, "that's fine. Because," he adds, "you and me are goin' for a little walk together right this minute, and if you come gentle and do what I tell you I ain't gonna harm a hair on your head."

By this time the witnesses still awake are bitin' their lips or their knuckles, and Old Pet, the guards, the doctors and the Chaplain are either numb or dumb.

"However," Kosky continues, as Blathery tries to remove his neck from Kosky's hand, "however, if you act the slightest bit like you wasn't going to do exactly what I tell you, or if any of the men in this room try to follow us, or if anybody gives an alarm so that people outside starts shootin' at me, I am afraid I am going to suddenly get a severe attack of stomach cramps. And you know what that means," Kosky says sharp-like, givin' Blathery's collar a little extra tug.

Stew, Blathery at this moment looks more like a ghost than a ghost itself. He is barely able to talk. And all he can say is this: "Kosky," he says, "you can't do that to me. You can't! Why, I'm the boss of Anatomie County! Let me go, Kosky, and I'll get you a reprieve! You won't even have to stay in jail. I'll give you a job at the social club—anything you want."

Kosky's answer is: "Get movin'."

And very gently he shoves Blathery forward.

Well, Stew, I ain't capable, I guess, of describin' the rest. Just before Blathery reaches the door he manages to turn his head. Tears are in his eyes, for the first time in his life, probably.

"You heard what he said, boys," Blathery says to us. "And all I can say is that if anybody gives Kosky the slightest cause to explode he might as well leave Anatomie County, but even that won't do no good, because my six brothers will trail the skunk to the ends of the earth and catch up with him some day. Goodbye, boys," Blathery slobbers, "and remember, that if anything happens to me, I'm a martyr to the cause of human kind."

"Come on," Kosky says, "and stop beefin'."

Then Kosky gives him a soft little shove and both of 'em march out of that door marked: "SILENCE."

That's exactly what we've been havin' for the last three minutes, Stew; except for the Warden. The Warden is still layin' on the floor moanin', but everybody is so scared to move that not even the doctors have gone over to see how he is. I bet the perspiration in the death house is enough to float a pocket battleship.

FLASH! Stop the presses! Here comes Blathery now—alone!

Kosky stole his pants!

Whoopee! Who'd o' ever thought Steve Blathery wears green and purple underwear?

Everybody's yellin' and excited, Stew, and I can't get very clear what happened. The Warden is sittin' up and rubbin' his neck.

FLASH! Kosky escaped in an auto! He made Blathery walk him out o' the prison. He made Blathery smile very nice every time they passed anybody. He walked Blathery half a block outside the prison. A car was waitin' down the block with a woman at the wheel. Kosky got in, made Blathery remove his trousers—yip-eee!—and then without a word sped away in the car.

Blathery is yellin' now for somebody to lend him a pair o' pants but nobody seems willin' to do it. What a man! What a night! The Warden looks like he's gonna sock Blathery in the jaw. Wow! Ouch. He *did!* Blathery don't need pants now; get him a stretcher.

Oh my poor heart!

Fallow? This is Brady. Here's something. The office boy just looked up the University of Lodz in the Encyclopedia.

It doesn't say anything about them teaching chemistry there, or engineering, or watchmaking, or sword swallowing. But it does say this:

"Lodz: University of: A small university in Europe—is famous for its courses in advanced psychology."

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from page 85*

which a cowboy rides a horse rapidly around a ring and, while going at top speed, picks up a handkerchief from the ground.

Getting back to the main section of the fair grounds, you know even with your eyes shut that plumb in the center there will be the Lagoon of All Nations, consisting of an exaggerated Hollywood swimming pool bordered by tall white poles floating the different national flags and illuminated at night by searchlights; that at the far end there will be a peristyle, its top also decorated with flags; and that somewhere around the place there surely must be a special structure dedicated to the progress of aviation and having on its roof a giant airplane propeller in motion which makes so much noise that no one can hear the inevitable brass band in the white and gold stand near the lagoon, thank God.

In an attempt partly to break away from the persistent and time-honored monotony of World's Fairs, the parties behind the projected 1939 New York World's Fair announce that its motif will be not the past nor the present, but the future. In other words, we are to be shown, they promise us, not the phenomena of yesterday and today but the greater phenomena of tomorrow. Fine and dandy, boys! But it is still a safe bet that somewhere around the lot we will be certain once again to get the big fireworks display by night, the pieces of wood from Australia, the Congo Free State and Iceland, La Belle Fatima and her belly-dance, the cow milked by the girl in the Tyrolean dress, the lagoon with the flags, and the fluoroscope. To say nothing of the same hot dogs, popcorn, ice-cream cones, ham sandwiches on sickly white bread and lemon pop that we have been getting since the 1880 county fair at Terre Haute, Indiana.

My second passing judgment concerns the young women of the stage and the cinema.

Simply because no one has seen fit to contradict it, and to substantiate the contradiction with facts, the legend flourishes that the girls of the screen are infinitely more blessed with looks than the girls of the theatre. As one whose public mission it is to cure the multitude of its misconceptions—for a properly fitting honorarium—I herewith offer some relevant and therapeutic statistics. They are based on the visual pull of those girls who have shown themselves in the films and on the stage during the past year.

I believe it will be commonly agreed that the twenty best looking girls in the movies during the period in question have been the following: Loretta Young, Joan Bennett, Jean Arthur, Virginia Bruce, Katharine Hepburn, Jean Muir, Adrienne Ames, Ginger Rogers, Dolores del Rio, Marsha Hunt, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Marion Davies, Carole Lombard, Anita Louise, Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Alice Faye, Madeleine Carrol and Kay Francis. For argument's sake passing over the fact that no less than eleven or twelve of these twenty went into pictures directly from the stage, let us balance against this film list twenty of the girls who have appeared on the local stage in the last season.

The stage twenty, several of them newcomers into the theatre, are: Grace McDonald, Helen Trenholme, Dorothy Hall, Ann Meril, Margot Stevenson, Lili Zehner, Jean Macintyre, Elizabeth Love, Martha Hodge, Kate Warriner, Louise Campbell, Claire Carleton, Lillian Emerson, Carol Stone, Linda Watkins, Constance Cummings, Francesca Bruning, Flora Campbell, Phyllis Brooks and Tallulah Bankhead.

While it is true that good looks are often little more than a difference of opinion, it would be interesting to convene a jury of twelve men and women to vote on the relative superiority of the two lists. If that jury possessed the proper taste, aesthetic judgment and discrimination, I believe that there would be not the slightest hesitation in its decision that the twenty stage girls named gave the twenty screen girls a pretty good run for their money when it comes to the matter of physical attractiveness.

All of the movie girls I have catalogued are well known to the public, most of them being film stars. Some of the stage girls listed are considerably more obscure. Grace McDonald made her first appearance this year in the musical show, *Babes in Arms*. Helen Trenholme has been on the stage for only a couple of seasons, appearing most recently in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*. Ann Meril, in turn, was introduced to the stage for the first time this last season in *Thirsty Soil*. Lili Zehner had a bit of a role in *Stage Door*. Kate Warriner, whom audiences hadn't laid eyes on previously, showed up in *Black Limelight*. Flora Camp-

*Continued on page 137*

The Smartest Class
a professor ever looked at

OUR artist thought this picture up. When we told him we wanted a back-to-school ad on Arrow, he said:

"I suppose you'll want a long spiel about how Arrow shirts are best, because they have the neatest collars—the nicest patterns—the form-fit Mitoga cut—and because they are Sanforized and never shrink.

"That's dandy, but if *I* had my way, I'd just show 'em the *shirts*, and let *them* and *the Arrow label* do the talking."

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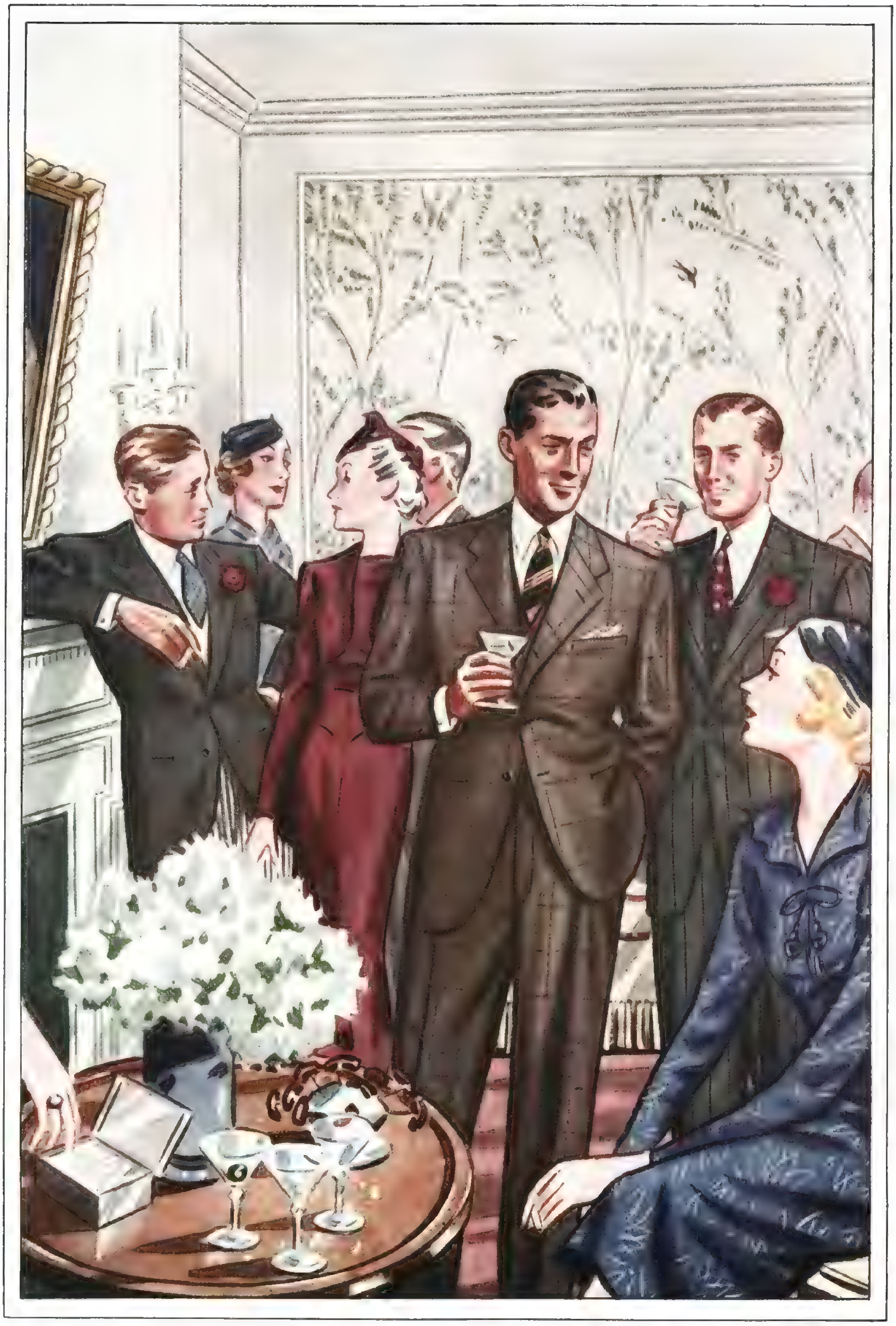

# LARGE PATTERNS FEATURE FALL SUITINGS

The new large subdued patterns, such as the subdued overplaid and the wide-spaced colored stripe of the two suits in the foreground, are an important new note for the fall season. By large we really mean big, as the overplaid squares on the silver brown suit in the center measure three and three-quarters inches. The fabric is a hard-finish sharkskin worsted, in a single-breasted three-button model with plain back and piped pockets with ample fullness in the chest and shoulderblades. The suit on the right is a two-button peaked lapel model, slightly more formal. It also has a plain back and piped pockets, but unlike the other, it has cuffless trousers. It is worn with a high white stiff collar and a charvet silk tie with spaced colored figures, while the lounge model is worn with a soft ivory colored shirt and a black tie with cluster stripes. At left, a man in currently styled formal afternoon clothes.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from pages 85-134*

bell came upon the theatrical scene in *Excursion*. Jean Macintyre hails from Honolulu and had a small role with the Lunts in *Idiot's Delight*. Phyllis Brooks, a native of Hollywood itself, emerged in *Stage Door*. And Martha Hodge, who came into the theatre not more than a year ago, had bits in *Spring Dance* and *Red Harvest*.

None of these comely stage chicks, it must be remembered, enjoyed the advantage of camera tricks, gauze camouflages and other such devices to safeguard and heighten their looks. They were thrust before us, as it were, largely *au naturel*. Yet in any fairly conducted beauty contest they would measure up very satisfactorily with the girls of the celluloid.

I do not in any way mean to reflect upon the screen young ladies. Certainly anyone would have to stretch his imagination considerably to find a girl prettier than, say, Loretta Young, or Marsha Hunt, or Anita Louise, or several of the other Hollywood lulus mentioned. But just the same—and this isn't solely a personal opinion but that, as well, of half a dozen observant artists and bartenders with whom I have casually imbibed the matter—anyone would have to stretch the same imagination to an equal width to find a screen young woman more attractive than such stage girls as, say in turn, Grace McDonald, or Ann Meril, or Helen Trenholme, or several of the other nominated cookies.

It may be thought by some that I have stacked the cards in favor of the stage. Far from thus stacking them I have, by way of making the case for the stage harder, stacked them a little in favor of the movies.

Take four illustrative examples in other pulchritudinous directions.

1. Among the older Hollywood girls whom thousands consider eminently tasty is Marlene Dietrich. Is she, apart from camera trickery, any more eye-beguiling than some such also older stage actress as Ina Claire? In point of fact, is she in her actual person half so galvanic?

2. There is a considerable body of men whose taste in the matter of physical attraction runs to the school represented by the Mlle. Mae West. While not denying that the Mlle. Mae has her points, I offer as theatrical Exhibit A against her the attrahent pre-censorship Minsky strip-tease girl named Della Carroll who, when it comes to what in the old-fashioned days was called sex appeal, can—if I still know anything about sex appeal—give Mae not only cards and spades but the baize right off the table.

3. Every now and then someone, with eyes more alert than the general, spots in the films some Hollywood extra girl or chorus girl of unusual good looks and duly raises the appropriate testimonial noise in her honor. This past theatrical season there was revealed in the chorus of *Red, Hot and Blue* a girl named Prudence Hayes, thus far uncelebrated in the public prints, who, according to the metropolitan connoisseurs of beauty, made the choicest Hollywood extra girl look in comparison like a Bohemian grandmother.

4. For a fourth comparison, we turn to the tinted race. The most attractive colored girl in the films is generally rated to be Fredi Washington who, incidentally, was taken over into pictures from the stage, where she had given an admirable account of herself in, among other exhibits, Jim Tully's *Black Boy*. But I believe that there would have to be considerable ballot-box stuffing to award the Colorado maduro looks-plaque to Fredi over her young colored sister, Winnie Jackson, who delighted the theatrical eye last season in *New Faces*.

That some of the girls who have been born directly into the movies are of an unimpeachable visual kick, no one would be oaf enough to naysay. But that for the greater part the movies have had to draft the great majority of their prettiest young women from the theatre is, though the fact is usually overlooked, equally true. I place just a few names in evidence: Sylvia Sidney, Margaret Sullavan, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Sothern, Florence Rice, Virginia Bruce, Kay Francis, Joan Bennett, Margo, Julie Haydon, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Miriam Hopkins, June Knight, Jean Arthur, Claudette Colbert, Marion Davies, Bette Davis, Frances Langford, Ginger Rogers, Jean Muir, Madeleine Carroll, Evelyn Laye, Barbara Stanwyck, Mary Rogers, Marguerite Churchill, Dixie Dunbar, Jane Wyatt, Jessie Matthews, Claire Trevor, Ida Lupino. And the list might be extended indefinitely.

The screen, with all its lovely girls, has still to produce its beauty legend as the stage has done. That is, women who will persist in the minds of men (and also of women) as enduring symbols of feminine beauty. The screen has yet to suggest a woman who in coming years will share the pedestal of enduring popular imagination with such stage Venuses as Mary Anderson, Lily Langtry, Cora Urquhart Potter, Lillian Russell, Lantelme, Maxine Elliott and even Lotta Faust. But—yell the devotees of the films—what of Garbo? Well, Garbo is primarily the adoration of the women customers of the films and the memory of beauty is perpetuated never by women but always by men. Thus, though I may be a poor clairvoyant, I doubt that even those women who now estimate the Garbo as sister to the Trojan Helen will remember and venerate her as a beauty longer than it takes Shirley Temple to reach the age of fifteen. ⧺

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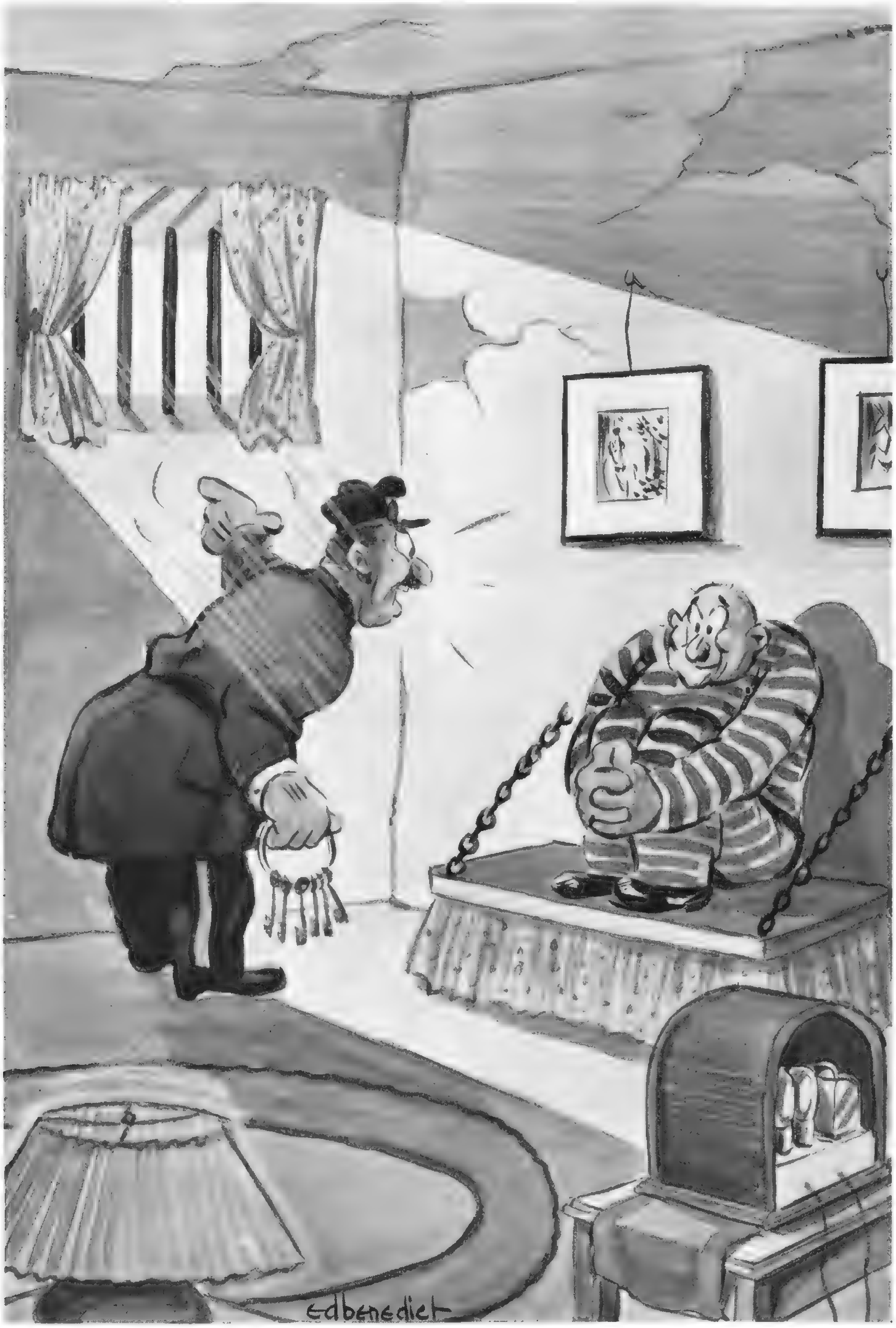
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*"I suppose the next thing you'll want is Venetian blinds"*

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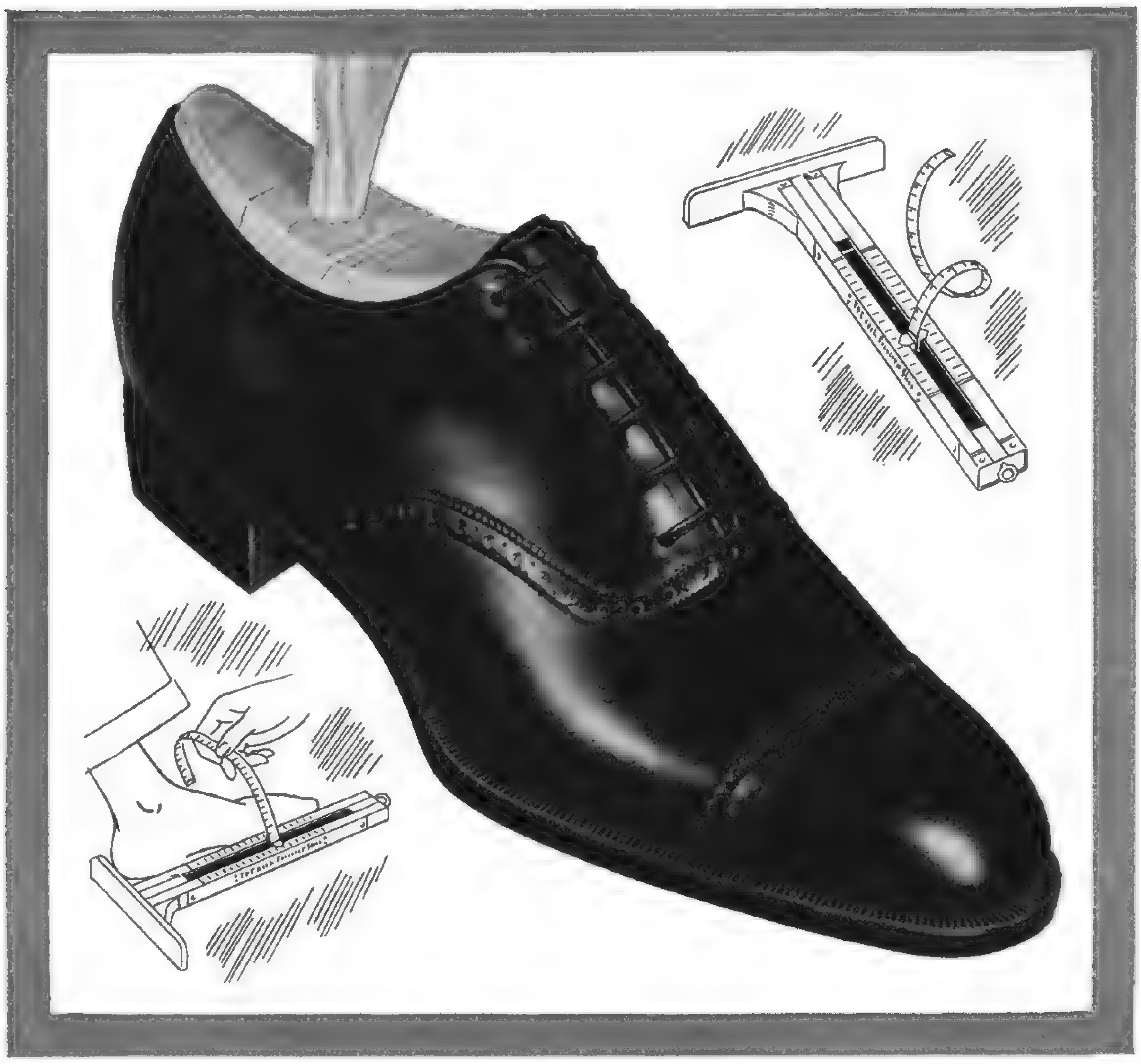

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| Gloversville | Johnson & Murphy |
| Grand Rapids | Paul Steketee & Sons |
| Great Falls | Perra Shoe Co. |
| Green Bay | Wittig Clothing Co. |
| Greensburg, Pa. | A. E. Troutman |
| Greenville, N. C. | Coburn's |
| Hammond, Ind. | Plaza Shoe Shop |
| Harrisburg | C. B. Rodney |
| Harrisonburg | Lovett & Garber |
| Hartford | G. Fox & Co. |
| | W. G. Simmons |
| Hazelton | Snyder's Shoe Store |
| Helena | S. L. Smithers |
| Hibbing | Sachs Bros. |
| Holyoke | Thos. S. Childs, Inc. |
| Hot Springs, Ark. | Ike Kempner |
| Houston | Sakowitz Bros. |
| Huntington, W. Va. | Ayres & Harwood |
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| Indianapolis | Marott's |
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| Joplin | Rosenberg's Shoe Store |
| Kansas City, Mo. | Miller Shoe Co. |
| Kingston, N. Y. | A. Hymes |
| Knoxville | J. S. Hall's Sons |
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| Lancaster | R. B. Todd |
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| Lima | Crawford Shoe Co. |
| Lincoln | Haney's Shoe Store |
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| | Gude's, Inc. |
| Louisville | Rodes-Rapier |
| Lowell | Dickerman & McQuade |
| Lynchburg, Va. | G. A. Coleman Co. |
| Lynn | Tanen Shoe Co. |
| Malden | Geo. F. Higgins |
| Manchester, N. H. | Morganstern's |
| Manitowoc | Koutnick & Schwartz |
| Mansfield, Ohio | H. T. Siegenthaler |
| Mason City | Nichols & Green |
| Meadville | Val J. Leone |
| Memphis | Henry Halle |
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| Milwaukee | Brouwer Shoe Co. |
| | Schuster's |
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| Mt. Vernon | York Shoe Co. |
| Newark | Arch Preserver Shop, 89 Halsey St. |
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| | 966 Third Ave. |
| | 251 Eighth Ave. |
| | 198 Third Ave. |
| | 117 E. Fordham Rd., Bronx |
| | McCreery's, Fifth Ave. |
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"Listen! You'd try anything, too, with a hangover like I've got!"

Spare, oh, spare your um-ber-ella!

An um-ber-ella's good for rain
Don't waste it on those hours of pain
When morning-after is a strain—
Take BROMO-SELTZER!

It's faster far, the doctors found!
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**P. S.** Bromo-Seltzer not only stops hangovers *faster* . . . it helps *prevent* them. Take it at bedtime. To relieve effects of fatigue from late hours—another Bromo-Seltzer in the morning. At drugstore soda fountains. Keep it at home, too!

THANK YOU, SIR!
DON'T MENTION IT! IT'S A PLEASURE!
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
Price, 60 Cents

## Fishing for Facts

*Continued from page 57*

wide defense of all winter fishing, for conditions differ considerably in other northerly states.

A close check-up on 23 winter-fished Michigan lakes revealed that summer fishing actually resulted in the removal of 61 times as many fish per acre of water fished than did winter fishing. This is important, for lake fishing comprises two-thirds of all fishing done in the state. It produces twice as many fish per hour as stream fishing and is an important attraction for the angling-minded tourist.

Of the 18,000 fishermen contacted in the statewide creel census, only one-third of this number went angling in the morning, while the balance baited hooks or tossed flies and plugs in the afternoon and evening. Too few persons fished at the time of day when fishing is at its best—at daybreak and at dusk.

As summer wore on and air and water grew warmer, it was found that the relative catch of brook trout decreased, but the relative catch of rainbows and brown trout increased. May was definitely the month for brook trout, three-fourths of all trout being taken during this period. June and July showed a drop-off in the take of brookies, but in August there was a marked improvement in biting.

Rainbow trout started off slowly in May, increasing steadily until August, while brown trout hit better and better up until July, then dropped off in August.

"In warm weather, warm-water fish tend to be taken more readily," Mr. Eschmeyer explained. "In cool weather, cool-water fish seem to bite better. What applies to lake fishes also applies to trout. It appears reasonable that fish would be more active and eat more when the environmental requirements, including temperature, are best suited for the species. This suggests again the desirability of stocking fish in environments best suited for them.

"On this basis, it is possible to predict what results would be if the trout season were extended through September. Since the temperature decreases in September, the relative catch of brook trout would probably increase. In other words, an extension of the open season to include September would probably favor the two perhaps less desirable species, since fewer fish of these species in proportion to brook trout would be taken. Extension of the season would be undesirable to brook trout, but a later opening of the season would favor them."

By coupling the general creel census with studies of fish growth, and promoting tagging operations as an aid in determining fish movements and population, authorities increase their knowledge of things piscatorial, and thus better manage the waters over which the average angler tosses his average plug. ⧺

## Genius Borderline Case

*Continued from page 48*

a modernistic search for Eldorado. You remember Edgar Allen Poe's whimsical ditty:

Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow
Journeyed long,
Singing a song
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,
This knight so bold,
And o'er his heart a shadow,
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

Eventually Poe's perfection seeker met a pilgrim shadow who gave him road directions. "Over the Mountains of the Moon, down the Valley of the Shadow, ride, boldly ride," the Shade replied, "if you seek for Eldorado." If you put MacArthur's private imp in the rôle of informative Shade and imagine Charlie riding hell-bent in a lunar direction, you can visualize his life quite clearly. Temperament must be added to the gallant knight's musical propensities, however. Helen Hayes calls Charlie the "prima donna of the family" and according to some of my friends in Hollywood he begins his search for Eldorado all over again every few days.

On one occasion MacArthur kept his studio waiting several weeks for a script he was supposed to be writing. At last the General Manager of the lot, tearing his hair, invaded Charlie's sanctum. MacArthur picked up a bulky, finished manuscript from his desk. Hardly daring to breathe, the studio executive reached for it. MacArthur scowled suddenly and shook his head. "No," he said. "I won't give you this. It's good, all right, but it isn't my best. This picture deserves a really great continuity—" and with furious gestures he tore the scenario into little pieces and threw them on the floor. "Come back in a week," he assured the man from the front office, "and I'll have something that's worthy of my genius." It turned out that the script MacArthur tore up was an old one written by somebody else. Charlie hadn't typed a word on his own story since he received the assignment. Pleased by the gag he had put over he got to work and wrote a first-class continuity. It wasn't altogether impishness that had kept him idle, it was also perfectionism. MacArthur has a keen sense of what is bad writing and he hates to write it. It is a case of Eldorado or nowhere.

The original Land of Promise toward which a youthful Charlie directed hopeful footsteps was churchly. He went to Wilson Me-

*Continued on page 143*

# "Let's live it all over again"

## Wherever you go, take along a movie camera

A NEW PLEASURE has come into the world—tens of thousands of people are now enjoying it—

The means of bringing back happy moments, beautiful scenes, adventures you have known—making them live again, fresh and vivid as when they first happened—is yours with a movie camera.

How delightful to be able to sit at home with your family and friends, whenever you please, and see your vacation days flash across the home movie screen in all their living reality; revisit places that thrilled you, see again the people you met and played with, re-experience the fun you had.

Take along a movie camera wherever you go this summer, and make some interesting films to show when you get back. You'll find it doubles the pleasure of any experience at the time—and gives you lasting pleasure and satisfaction afterwards.

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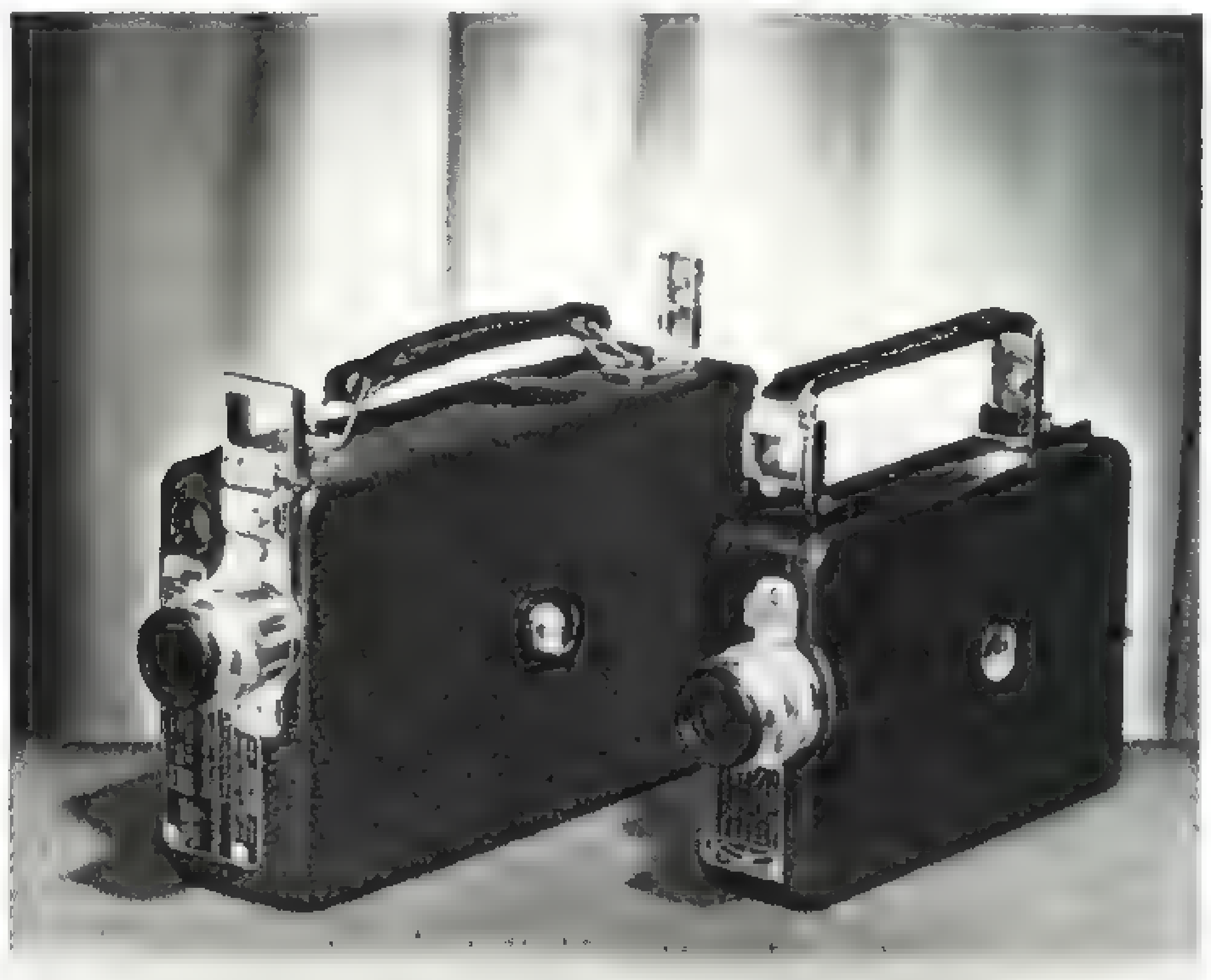
Drop in at your dealer's today—let him put both these cameras through their paces for you. He has some great reels to show you . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**CINÉ-KODAK "K"** is the most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100. A new low price.



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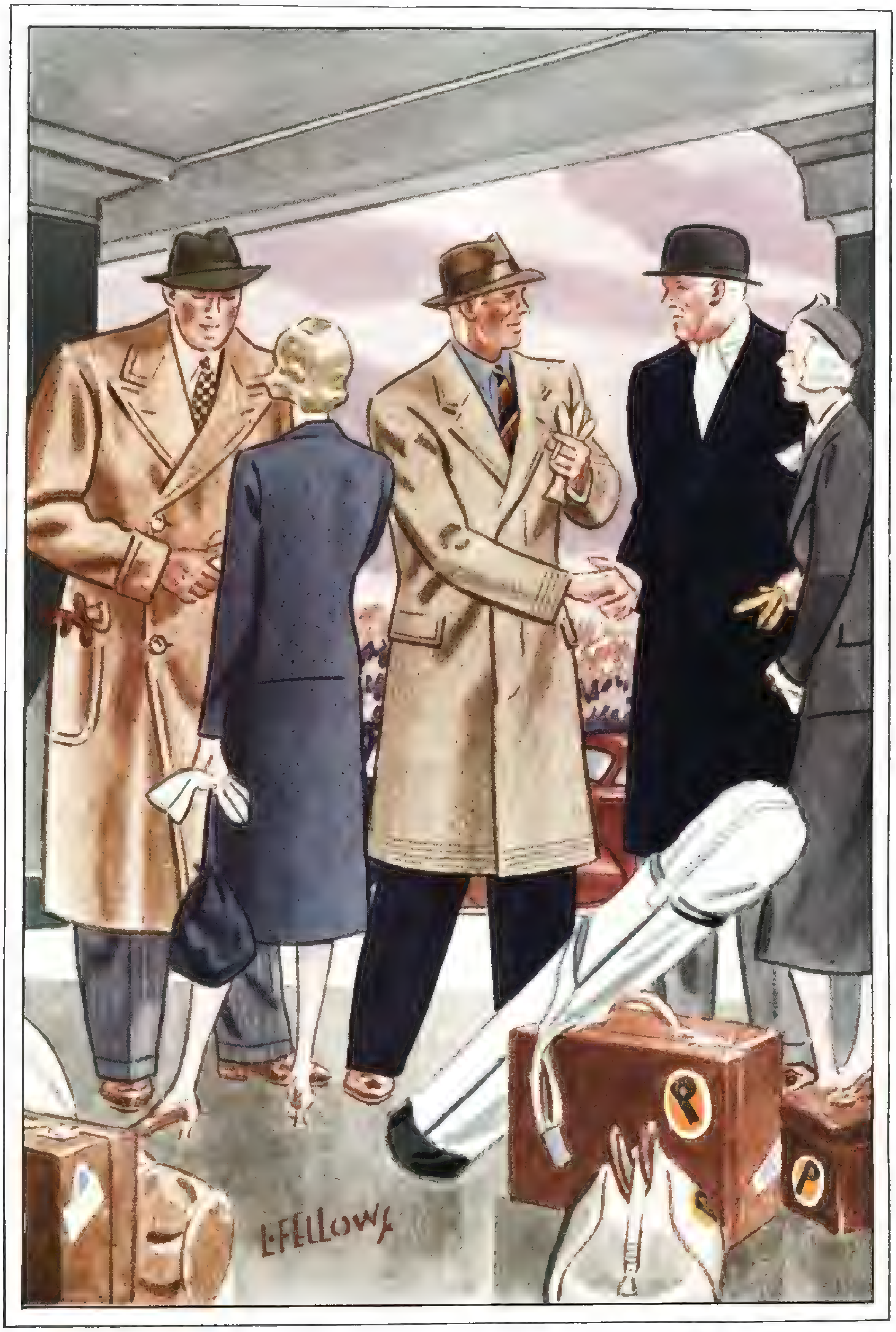


# THE SEASON OF UNDERGRADUATE GOODBYES

These two boys, back-to-school-bound, wear outfits typifying the trend of university fashions. The one on the left has on that perennial favorite, the doublebreasted camel's hair coat. With it he wears a chalk-striped flannel suit, a solid color tan shirt with soft lounge collar to match, a checked wool tie, brown Norwegian calf shoes and a green semi-sports hat. The latter is worn in any one of a variety of shapes, to suit individual taste, some wearing it like a pork pie, some like a Tyrolean, and others in any old nonchalant manner. The other student wears a singlebreasted flyfront notch lapel knee-length coat of covert cloth, with a blue basket weave suit of unfinished worsted, a blue oxford shirt with buttondown collar, regimental striped tie, brown wing-tipped shoes and the new snap-brim hat with lower crown and the wider brim that has a backswing. His gloves are pigskin; the other's capeskin.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## Genius Borderline Case

*Continued from pages 48-140*

morial Academy at Nyack, New York, a school for missionaries.

I can't help thinking it was fortunate for the heathen that the gates of newspaperdom opened a crack and showed a new vista to the young theologue before he pursued the path of his father's choice too religiously. Charlie's older brothers had brought themselves a lot of local newssheets in the Chicago suburbs. They offered Charlie $20 a week to scour the countryside for provincial gossip. He went off on this new tack instantly, as he always does, but soon quarreled with his relatives and got a job with a local press service. Wearying of routine reporting, he induced his reluctant city editor to run a story which Charlie thought was screamingly funny. It turned out to be one of those nutty MacArthur projects that clicked. A *Herald and Examiner* editor offered the youngster a job. It was then that MacArthur began to taste the true savor of that newspaper sharpshooting, which he later dramatized. Until his demon was sated with it Charles MacArthur was, as he freely admitted, a great reporter.

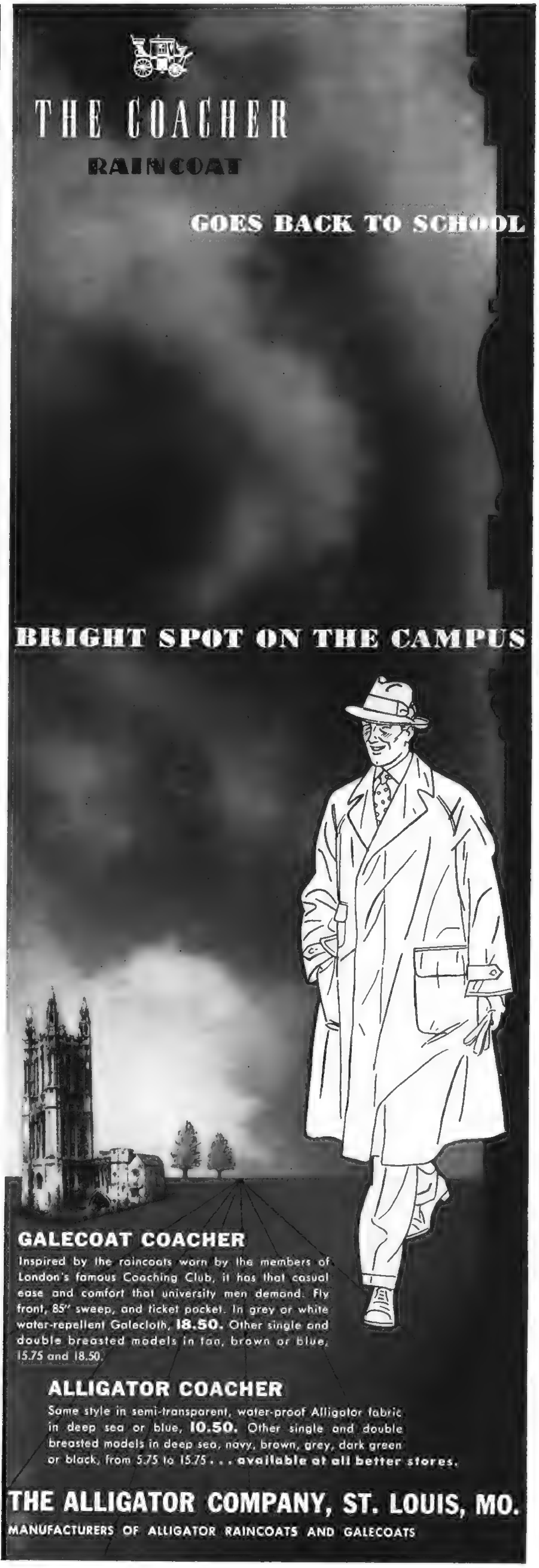
Part and parcel of the Fourth Estate is Carol Frink. She went to work on the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* in June, 1918, at $12 a week. Three months later she was signing a column called *The Girl Reporter* and her weekly pay envelope held $75. Charlie MacArthur, proud of his cashier's rating at $70 per, met Carol at the water cooler, an office oasis where romances and feuds frequently flourished. They talked together behind the files to the staccato clacking of innumerable typewriters. She was assigned to cover a convention and took a streetcar because the desk wouldn't okay taxi fare. MacArthur, hearing about it, rushed after her in a taxicab. He overtook her streetcar, signaled frantically from the cab window and drove her to the assignment—a typical MacArthur courtship in his best newspaper style. He was spicing his latest dish of life and rolling it on his tongue to extract the last prickle of stinging flavor. They went to Ravinia Park together to a concert and wandered around, hand in hand, until everyone else had gone home and the park was closed. Then they had to climb a fence and wait hours for a train back to Chicago. Charlie said to the conductor, "This is the girl I'm going to marry—what do you think of her?" That, according to the MacArthur code, was living. Carol Frink went to New York on a vacation financed by the paper, and MacArthur gaily deserted his job and followed her. He proposed to her in the Old Mill at Coney Island and managed to repeat the Ravinia Park stunt by hanging around Coney until there was no way to get home except in an old horse-drawn hack. His father married them—to save two dollars.

It would seem that soon after his marriage to Carol Frink the newspaper game began to lose its zest for Charlie. Faint glimmerings of an idea that Eldorado lay elsewhere threw mental shadows over the most hectic episodes. Even the fact that their boarding-house bed was too short for Charlie's feet failed to entertain him sufficiently to keep him in Chicago—his health required a trip to California. On the train MacArthur got up early and consumed huge breakfasts, bringing back an orange for Carol's morning meal. Some months later he secured a $100-a-week newspaper job in New York where his wife joined him, according to her witness stand story, "in the midst of a big fight with the credit manager of the Commodore Hotel." She didn't want to live there, she testified, but they had to—they couldn't get away. Finally she got a job in Boston and they agreed to meet at a hotel in Hartford for their second wedding anniversary. She arrived first and registered. But when MacArthur came the hotel clerk protested because he didn't believe they were married. They out-talked his objections and things might have been boresomely serene had not Charlie left his bath running while he went out to dinner. When they got back there were three inches of water on the bathroom floor and they had to mop it up with bath towels because they were afraid of the manager. The fact that all this jolly adventure irritated Charlie to the point of a serious quarrel over the matter of getting his wife's mother's diamond ring out of hock, according to Miss Frink's testimony, was a sure indication that the Gallant Knight no longer had his heart in the course he was pursuing. Less than a year later MacArthur turned his back on the played-out game of reporting and began to write drama. Shortly thereafter he permitted Carol Frink MacArthur to file suit for divorce, making only perfunctory protests. Newspaperland was fully explored and the image of still another Eldorado hung on the horizon.

This time it was Edward Sheldon, a well-known playwright, who showed MacArthur the new path. He asked Charlie to collaborate with him on a play for Lionel Barrymore and the bored knight, not very gaily bedight at the moment, accepted with alacrity. The Barrymore play never came off. But Sheldon and MacArthur concocted *Lulu Belle* and after Belasco had monkeyed it into line the piece went over with a bang. Before *Lulu* came out of hiding, however, MacArthur had entrusted himself to a new guide, the fiery and aggressive Ben Hecht.

This famous pair first worked together on a play which was never produced. To amuse themselves on the side they wrote a whiz-bang stage version of the

*Continued on page 144*



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**If there's any doubt in your mind**

**As to how wonderful Kreml is for removing dandruff**

**And for checking excessive falling hair**

**And for helping to give hair vibrant new life and lustre**

**And for keeping the hair neatly combed without making it sticky or greasy**

**Then you ought to read your way into the mountain of letters which we have received, all praising Kreml to the skies . . .**

**But if there's been no doubt in your mind**

**And cost is the only thing that's stood in your way**

**Then you can raise a cheer to high heaven**

**And from this very day on, start showering your crown with this wonderful tonic**

***For Kreml is now greatly reduced in price***

**Ask your druggist for Kreml—call for it in the barber shop**

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**REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR**

**NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

## Genius Borderline Case

*Continued from pages 48-140-143*

newspaper life which both of them hated and loved. The thing was too violent and too profane, MacArthur believed, to lay on a producer's desk, so he left it in Hecht's files, unfinished. Just at this moment *Lulu Belle* did her stuff and suddenly, unexpectedly, Charles MacArthur found his pockets filled with royalties. He took the next boat to Europe and settled down to the serious job of amusing himself on the Riviera. Work was forgotten—here was Eldorado in the flesh!

It wasn't the creative urge that drove MacArthur back to Broadway. It was the prospect of a fight, a divertissement which appeals to redheads when the search for Eldorado palls. This facet of the MacArthur personality played, for the most part, a minor rôle in his picturesque career, revealing itself only during interludes of relaxation. There was, for example, a lighter moment when he licked three taxi-drivers. And, too, he established quite a fighting reputation during those amusing little squabbles with the Germans at Rheims and the Argonne Forest, where Charlie served as a private in the 149th Field Artillery. But more important consequences flowed from MacArthur's pugnacity when an annoying rumor reached the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. One of Broadway's professional plagiarists, it was said, had stolen the Hecht-MacArthur newspaper idea and the pilfered drama was about to open in New York. Charlie rushed back. But the rumor turned out to be false and MacArthur couldn't find anybody to fight with except Ben Hecht. The outcome of their private war was *Front Page*.

Jed Harris at that time was just feeling his oats as a daring theatrical producer. He was looking for an explosive melodrama to shatter American stage tradition and he found it in the Hecht-MacArthur opus. Advance publicity brought the police out full force on opening night armed with notebooks and pencils. *Front Page* profanity offered a strong case for censorship—the District Attorney took a hand and ordered the arrest of both authors and producer. But unfortunately for Charlie and his pals, a really nasty sex show stole the moral spotlight at that moment. They never achieved jail. Fortunately, prosecution publicity wasn't needed; the mad antics which MacArthur's imp had written into that melodrama of unscrupulous newsmongering proved quite sufficient. *Front Page* made box-office history in New York and six road shows were soon garnering a golden harvest for Charlie and Ben. MacArthur had arrived quite definitely in the exclusive circle of popular playwrights. How a man with his divine dissatisfaction happened to remain there is another story—the story of Helen Hayes.

On the occasion of Charlie's first meeting with Helen he extemporized a line with extraordinary feminine appeal, "I wish they were emeralds." You hear women everywhere quoting it. I asked a girl the other night what she thought of MacArthur's plays and she said, "MacArthur? Plays? Oh! you mean the man who said 'I wish they were emeralds.'" Helen Hayes herself told the story first in an interview given to Adele Whiteley Fletcher, a fan magazine writer, and published in the August, 1933, issue of *Modern Screen*. As soon as Carol Frink read that article she rushed to a lawyer and commenced suit against Miss Hayes for alienating Charlie's affections. But, according to Helen Hayes' version—certainly a complete triumph when Miss Frink withdrew her suit—the motives of Charlie and Helen were as innocent as the impulses of children.

Miss Hayes, it seems, had been taken to one of Neysa McMein's cocktail parties by a friend who thought she ought to know more people. Poor Barriesque Helen sat there on the edge of her chair not knowing whom to talk to or what to say. Presently the deceptively mild-mannered Charlie sat down beside her and began to munch peanuts out of a paper bag. Without comment he offered the bag to Miss Hayes. She took some. Then it was that he made that alluring remark about emeralds. And Helen, unable to think of any adequate response, said she guessed she'd better be going. MacArthur took her home and Miss Hayes was utterly charmed by his understanding of her inability to talk.

At the opening of her play, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, she saw MacArthur for the second time and Charlie, enthusiastic, promised that he would come again and again. Helen kept looking for him every night through a peephole in the curtain. But it was ten weeks before he showed up. He had been going by the theatre, he said, and the sign reminded him of Helen—a typical MacArthur reaction. It was typical, too, that he let her drive him straight down to her Long Island place to join the other guests for the weekend. Once again someone was showing MacArthur a new vista which might lead Eldorado-ward.

It did. Not to go moralistic but only to state a simple truth about human nature, doing something for somebody else is the one occupation which feels intrinsically worthwhile. It was a new experience for Charlie MacArthur. Helen Hayes needed him. Successful though she was Helen had not yet begun to live. MacArthur had been living every minute of his thirty-one years. Helen was, by her own admission, "a complete case of arrested development" before she met Charlie. He took her to parties, introduced her to people her own age, supplied sophistication for her naïveté and worked patiently to relieve her shyness.

It was the first time in MacArthur's life that he had assumed the rôle of guide rather than tourist and the new job appealed to him as nothing had before. His marriage to Helen Hayes has lasted beyond the wildest predictions of Charlie-wise prophets, not because the MacArthur love nature changed overnight, but because the MacArthur imp likes to work for a yearningly appreciative task-mistress, a bet which Carol Frink and other girls overlooked.

With what subtle sympathy and understanding Charlie MacArthur served the woman who needed him became evident when he created for Helen Hayes her first successful picture story. Miss Hayes had made two pictures before in Hollywood with notable lack of acclaim. The stories did not fit her personality. Then came her third and crucial effort. Story trouble again bade fair to spoil it. MacArthur was given the assignment and produced *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, the story of a wronged French girl whose love for her child transcended all the woes of earth. For her performance in this picture Miss Hayes received the Motion Picture Academy Award in 1932. MacArthur's sure knowledge of Helen's personality had given her a vehicle for artistic self-expression. The Madelon story, Charlie said, was "just hokum—the hokum of tragedy;" but the important point was MacArthur's ability to adapt his hokum so perfectly to the needs of the person he had chosen to serve.

Those who enlist the services of an imp must expect the unexpected. Helen Hayes had no more than married "that old devil MacArthur," as she affectionately calls him, when things began to happen. Between God and the devil Mrs. MacArthur's baby was given a front page reception. As Helen herself explains it, she felt that the forthcoming event was too sacredly intimate to share with the world. So she said nothing about it until she collapsed on the stage in Los Angeles where she was playing the lead in *Coquette*. The doctor wouldn't let the show go on, and Jed Harris, the producer, closed without the week's notice required by Actors' Equity. He was sued, of course, and pleaded that famous "Act of God" defense which definitely deprived the MacArthur family affairs of all privacy. Equity Council and later the courts gravely declined to give God the credit that belonged to Charlie MacArthur and both Jed Harris and Helen Hayes paid heavily, in different ways, for the avalanche of publicity heaped upon little Mary MacArthur's devoted head. It brought another collapse to the sensitive Helen after her baby's birth when some kind friend brought her an Act of God comic strip. This whole affair was strictly in the MacArthur manner—somehow Charlie had brought his impish atmosphere into the solemnest of marital concerns.

Unregenerate, the MacArthur demon still makes mischief. Charlie offered to write one of his wife's radio speeches for her. Helen Hayes got her script a few minutes before she was to go on the air. It was a sardonically witty attack upon the dramatic critics who had praised her work most warmly. But Helen loves Charlie's imp even when he exercises it at her expense—she is that one woman in a million who feels guilty about taming her husband's free spirit. And since perversity is the breath of a devil's life the MacArthur haunt turns angelic when given a free license to raise hell. Helen Hayes' system of husband control has almost performed that miracle of domestication which MacArthur advised his first wife not to attempt because he is a genius.

Almost, but not quite. Charlie still has his uproarious moments which nothing but a new quest for Eldorado will soothe. Neither Hecht nor MacArthur can take orders peaceably from motion picture employers. They say they have never met a Hollywood producer who knows anything about pictures or whose opinion on story, cast, or characters is worth the breath to blow it up. Picture executives don't want plots or dialogue, they maintain, only scenarios for Dietrich's legs or Jimmy Durante's nose. To be sure, Charlie and Ben were well paid for writing stories backward on the set and tacking together a few wisecracks and a chunk of melodrama to feed the box office. But MacArthur enjoyed the money he cost the company when he went swimming with a million-dollar cast waiting idly for a story far more than he enjoyed his four-figure weekly salary. The imp would have his way. Charlie and Ben fired their bosses and shook that salubrious California soil from their feet. In the old Paramount Eastern Studio at Astoria, Long Island, they made some pictures of their own which they called, humorously enough, *Economy Productions*. They economized the same way a prima donna does, by eliminating the salaries of rival performers. Hecht and MacArthur saw no sense in spending cash for stars, elaborate costumes or gorgeous sets—the story was the only thing worth important money according to their view. Their first picture, *Crime Without Passion*, was produced on this principle with surprisingly good results. The pictures following settled more or less into a routine—evidence, perhaps, that even eccentricity forms its own rut. The MacArthur demon can be counted upon to jump out of it again presently. Charlie and Ben, meanwhile, find relaxation in periodical yelling matches. If the true nature of genius is an infinite capacity for hard work Charlie MacArthur is still a borderline case. ⧺

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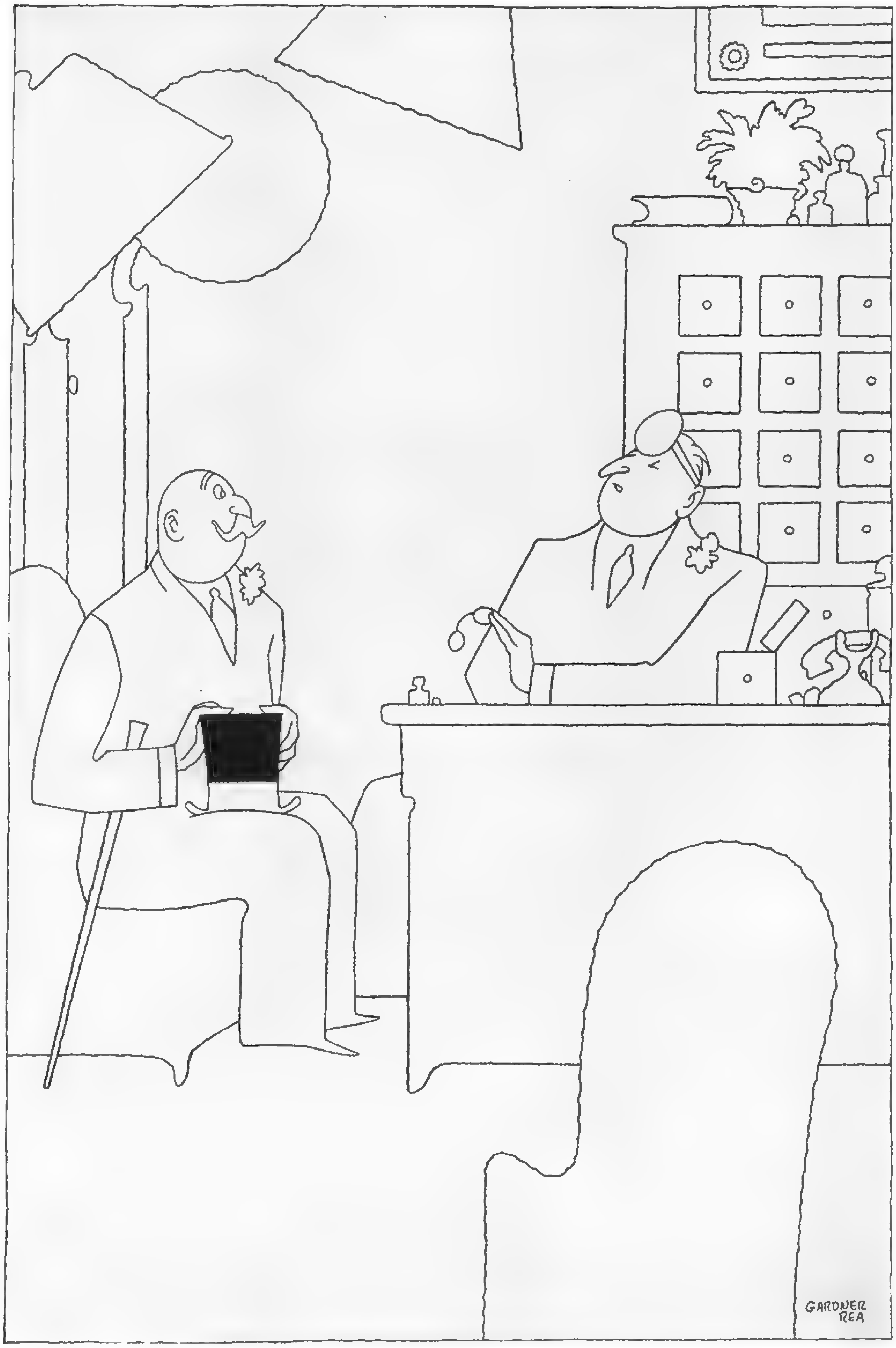
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## As History Repeats

*Continued from page 93*

almost forgot to battle, stunned with the onslaught.

"Yippoo . . .!" Eddie cried.

"Yippoo . . .!" the fourteen braves cried, their eyes drunken and blazing, their legs and arms quick.

"What's that damn fool doing?" Bilger whispered from behind the wings. "What's the matter with them damned Indians, they're *crazy!*"

"Yippoo-o-o . . .!" Eddie screeched.

The white women in confusion forgot to hold their children close to them, so the children, enjoying the raid enormously, drew closer to watch the fighting.

"Stop that damn fool Gilby!" Bilger cried. "Hey, Gilby, the Black Hawks *lost* this war!"

"Yippoo, Yippoo!" Eddie answered.

The audience shifted in nervousness and waited for the White Men to end the battle. A few of the men confusedly whistled and cheered, forgetting history and only enjoying the tussle. The children shouted and clapped.

The bugle call sounded again. Eddie Gilby pounced to the front of the stage and waited with half-shut eyes for the White Men to surround him. They came timorously, half of them already fled from the stage, their eyes blacked and costumes torn, make-up smeared over their breathless mouths. Behind Black Hawk, his fourteen braves lay slaughtered, but with restlessly glowing eyes The White Men, reviving their courage when they saw Chief Black Hawk apparently conquered, waiting docilely front-stage, circled around him with trembling, pointed guns.

"YIPPOO-O-O!" Eddie suddenly cried, and the fourteen braves rose to their quick, bare feet, retrieving their tomahawks, all yippooing and swinging their arms like tendrils over their black, arrogant heads. They roared and yippooed and punched and flouted, and drove every terrified, breathless White Man from the battleground, the women long ago having fled with their reluctant children. The audience roared and stomped and clapped.

"Yippoo," Eddie kept screaming, bowing, bowing again.

"You god-damned Indian, you bastard!" Bilger kept crying from the wings. Only when Eddie bowed too close to the wings, did three men rush out to grab him, his drunk arms flying, his white teeth flashing and his bloodshot, dark eyes wild with victory.

Bilger had a patrol already waiting for him.

As Eddie was hoisted inside, past the stunned, bandaged, bleeding members of the Chamber of Commerce, he spied his braves already lined on the long seats, patrolmen between them. All fourteen of them, hardly bruised, sat silently on the long seats with sly, smiling, dark eyes.

Eddie leaned out of the wagon once more before they started off. "Yippoo . . .!" he cried, "Yippoo-o-o"! history reversed, and the long, primitive war-wail echoing giddily in the night.

## How Are You Boys Fixed for Drinks?

*Continued from page 87*

erable amount of money (or who seem to have future greatness in them) are rare animals, and publishers guard them jealously. When a profitable author's contract is about to expire and he is thinking maybe somebody else would do better for him, he suddenly finds himself in a bower of highballs and flattery. In theory these "teas" are held to introduce him to the critics, but often as not they are given some time after his new book has been reviewed, so they can hardly affect its reception.

Then there are parties for people—painters, explorers, scientists, politicians—and even movie stars' mothers. One such very spry and up-to-date old lady complained bitterly that the press agents made her bring with her to a New York hotel a small mahogany rocking chair. The story to the newspapers was that she could not be without it. At her request she was taken from her own dull press party on a tour of the Harlem night clubs.

And there was the party for Mr. and Mrs. Dionne. Plopped into a modernistic, floor-level divan in a Manhattan skyscraper tower, poor bewildered Mama Dionne was acutely uncomfortable—although beautifully self-possessed—while a roomful of people, including reporters, columnists, fashion writers, woman's page editors and baby authorities filled themselves full of drinks and asked her questions in English, of which she knew very little.

Probably the most magnificent joy rides to which any newspaper people fall heir, are those extended to an extremely small and select group of writers when a new super-liner makes her maiden voyage. Recently the French and Cunard lines each transported about fifty people all the way from New York to Paris and London so that they might ride back on the maiden voyages of the *Normandie* and the *Queen Mary*.

Now if all you boys and girls who are reading this feel that the newspaper business is the most romantic on earth and that, yes, "you meet so many interesting people," you had better drop the whole idea right now. I should remind you that for every glass of free champagne you will miss thirty regular breakfasts, lunches and dinners, and that for every fascinating movie star you will meet a hundred stolid cops named

Flannigan. And when you meet the great they will eye you coldly. There was the New York film editor who was granted an interview by one of the most powerful producers in Hollywood. For fifteen minutes the great man talked volubly and excitedly about his next masterpiece—and then suddenly paused in the middle of a sentence to ask, "say, how much circulation has your paper got, anyway?" When he found it was less than he had expected the interview came to a rapid conclusion.

Usually the big party is presided over by the press representative, but I can recall one very fancy and costly luncheon for a movie star in a Park Avenue hotel at which the great Mr. X himself presided. He spoke rapturously for some minutes about the wonderful "little lady" we were honoring, what a great star she was, how blessed her private life, what wonderful, artistic pictures she made, and how much money they earned for everybody. "And now," he said, running out of words, "I won't say any more—I'll just let the goods speak for itself!"

At this point we come to the distinction between "legitimate graft" which is considered pretty much a matter of routine, and plain, outright dishonesty. The distinction is difficult to make, but has a good deal to do with the size and worth of the consideration. For example, a young lady who wrote a column about apartments in a weekly magazine some years ago was promptly fired when it was discovered that she had accepted a year's lease to an apartment presented to her by a real estate syndicate. Cash or checks are also considered evidences of dishonesty. Theoretically only those things which pertain directly to the reporter's job should be acceptable. Thus the reporter who covers the Senator's speech gets a free meal at the press table, the critic gets passes to the theatre and the book reviewer is presented with an advance copy of each new book. On the other hand, going to London to be present at the "world première" of a movie which is also being shown in New York on the same day is hardly in the regular line of duty, and results in a good many raised eyebrows. Many reviewers refuse to do this sort of thing.

Again, the right or wrong of the situation depends on the publication and the industry involved. Always it is considered extremely bad manners to ask for anything. However, there was one movie gossip writer who simply could not wait to have her Christmas presents from the stars and studios delivered, but went around some days before Christmas in her own car to collect them. As the afternoon wore on the back seat was piled high with large, expensive, business-like gifts (the lady does a turn over the air and can be trying to the star who is stingy or remiss). Then, as she came out of one Beverly Hills bungalow followed by a butler carrying her latest prize, she discovered she had been robbed. Her car was empty! This was a dreadful shock of course, but the studios were *so* sympathetic and duplicated every one of those generous presents.

But in spite of the harsh words which are thrown about by disgruntled citizens from time to time, there are astonishingly few corrupt newspapermen. In fact, the very suggestion that they are being bribed with lunches or dinners or drinks often irritates them so that they ignore the whole affair—or else distort the story into a farce, so that while they use all the facts they cancel out a good deal of its value as publicity.

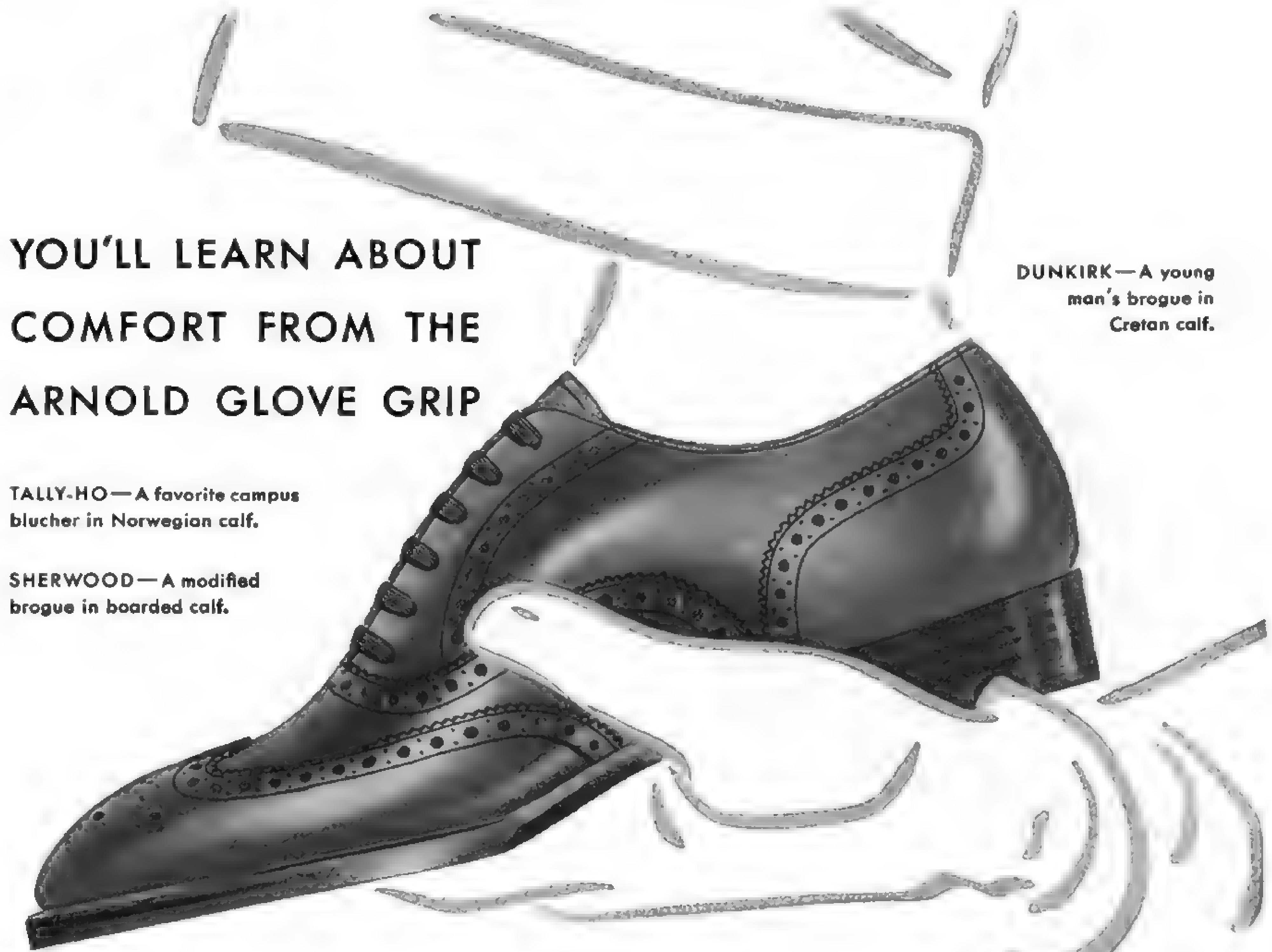
Obviously then, the party or gift must be presented with considerable grace and tact, and elaborate protestations that there are no strings attached. You are simply invited to meet Miss So-and-So, to drop over and have a drink while we "demonstrate" our kiddie cars, lingerie, filing cabinets or wallpaper. Newspaper people protest bitterly that after such affairs they are plagued for weeks by press agents pleading with righteous indignation in their voices for free space. Sometimes this produces results, and very often it does not.

Arriving for a luncheon guests will find compacts, wallets, or cuff links scattered about as favors. One woman's shop specializing in handbags made from rare antique fabrics which retail at from twenty-five dollars up, casually asked the ladies of the press to state their preferences as to brocade. A week later completed bags were delivered to them decorated with their monograms. This sort of nonsense is considered tactful, although hardly subtle.

If the subject matter is legitimate and the publicity is lucid and well-written it will find its way into print anyway, drink or no drink, stuffed olives or no stuffed olives.

Just how much all this gaiety costs American business every year it is impossible to say, but it undoubtedly runs into the hundreds of thousands, and may even come to a million or more.

Maybe all this largess from hard-headed commercial firms who insist on a requisition sheet for every new pencil or typewriter ribbon issued is a forecast of the new leisure we have been hearing about. Perhaps some day this hospitality will even reach the employes, and efficiency experts will cease standing about with stop watches, and install phonographs playing slow waltzes instead. British business firms all pause for tea at four o'clock now—maybe some day our soulless corporations will serve drinks and canapés to speed the hired help on its way home at five o'clock. Maybe. ⧺



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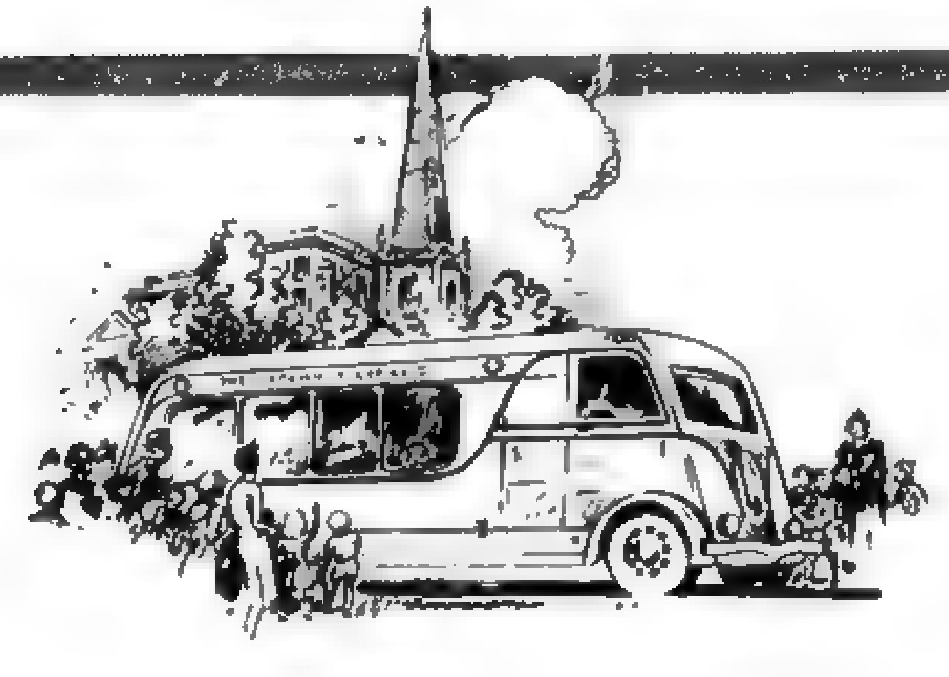

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## Paul Bunyan's Boys Go Modern

*Continued from page 75*

week, would cut more lumber than all the mills in Maine turned out in 1869, which was a very busy year in Maine.

So, it is not strange that logging camps, to keep up with such doings at the mills, have become small cities, with streets lighted by electricity, with schools and churches, fire and police departments, big stores, a movie house, a baseball diamond, and not a few of them have tennis courts.

And the old-time logging operator and lumberman, the fellow who cut *all* the timber where it stood and left the chips fall where they would—his generation has about passed. He never thought, or if he thought he didn't care, that there would come a time when there wouldn't be plenty of timber "just over the hump." He could not visualize a day when nearly all the remaining virgin timber in the country would nestle in the Northwestern tip of the United States. He left stumps and wastelands and ghost towns in his wake, and little else.

But here, in the Pacific Northwest, he faced the sobering fact of the West shore. So, years ago the best of the lumbermen began looking to the future to mend the past. The government, once so free with land and timber, was now retrenching, acquiring land for its system of National parks and forests. Public opinion was against the lumbermen for the crimes of the past, and it is only fair to say that the makers of other building materials—substitutes for lumber—were not slow to take advantage of public opinion and to play upon it.

Another thing. The peak of lumber production in the United States was reached as long ago as 1909. But before that, as early as 1905, the per capita consumption of lumber had started to decline, and it has declined ever since.

In the Northwest today there are lumber concerns that have been in production for seventy years. Some of them came from the Lake States, others from the South, and others began where they remain today. All of them have seen the tragic waste that took place elsewhere, and you don't hear any more talk about "timber that will last forever." The talk has finally turned to actual conservation measures. Selective logging is a term you will hear more and more about. Practiced for the past decade and more, selective logging means that timber cutting is done in such a manner as to leave seed trees of mature growth on every acre of land logged over. The cheering results can be seen on thousands of acres of logged-over but not logged-*off* lands. Small forests of rugged saplings are springing up.

The largest operators have their own private nurseries from which selected stock is removed for planting on suitable ground. One such private nursery near the Columbia River sets out two million seedlings annually, and there are a score of others in Western states.

But if given a chance, Nature herself is the best forester of them all. Fire is the great danger to second-growth forests. So, in all modern logging camps in the Northwest there are fire prevention measures that would astound an old-time logger whose only idea on the subject was to refrain from knocking live coals out of his pipe in dry August. At every logging camp of any pretension there is a hygrometer, an instrument for measuring the humidity in the air. When the figure drops to 30, in most districts, logging ceases, either by state law or by agreement of lumber associations.

Such great firms as the Long-Bell and the Weyerhaeuser interests—and many smaller ones as well—have their logging operations planned in a cycle. When the last virgin timber has been cut, the first sections that were logged over will be ready for re-harvesting.

This may sound unduly optimistic to the layman, in view of the past record, but to one who has been a close observer for many years it is a condition reasonable to expect. For two hundred years and more the United States, and the world, couldn't seem to get enough lumber. All efforts in the lumber industry were bent toward bigger and faster production. This condition ceased shortly after the World War and it isn't likely to be revived. Long before 1929, the great sawmills of the Pacific Northwest were running but part time.

In 1935, those big mills in Washington cut a total of three and one-half billion feet, in Oregon three and one-tenth billion feet. California cut almost one and one-half billion feet. In the South, Alabama led with a production of nine hundred fifty-two million feet, and Louisiana cut slightly less.

As for the remaining stand of saw timber in the United States, the Forest Service figures give it, for 1935, as sixteen hundred sixty-eight billion feet, better than two-thirds on the Pacific Coast.

So, the lumber industry has gone into a thoughtful and a quieter period than it has ever known. The marketing of the product of a log is of vastly more importance than the cutting of that log in the forest. It is a more stable industry and a far less colorful one than it was in the heyday of Michigan, long-time leading state in production. The loggers don't work from sun-up to after dark any more, as they used to do, nor do they work, the most of them, more than five days a week in the best of times. It's just as well that nearly all of Paul Bunyan's old-timers have crossed over the Round River, whence there is no return. They wouldn't know what to do with so much time on their hands. The tennis courts of the modern camps wouldn't be of any help. ⧺

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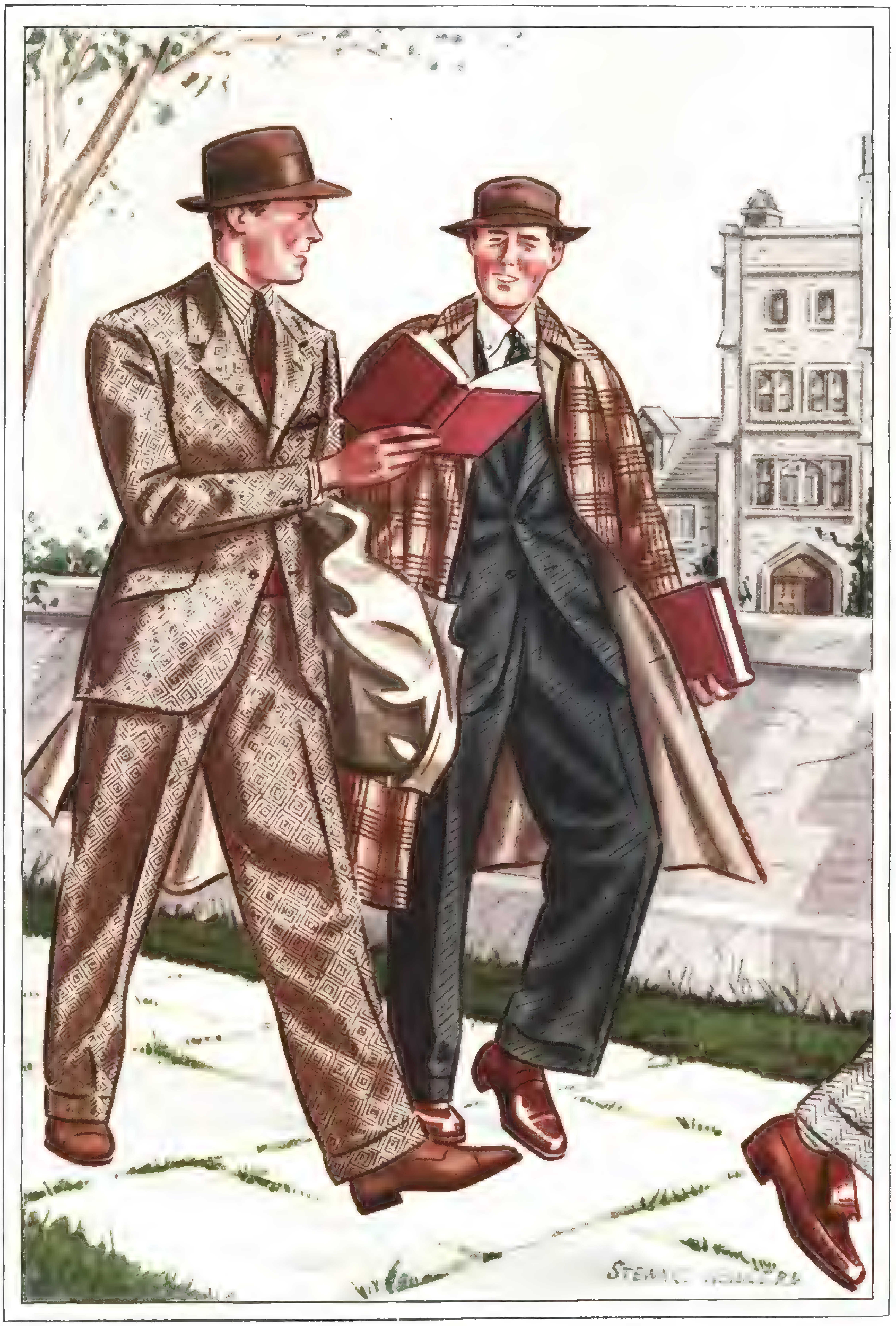


# THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN ON THE CAMPUS

Undergraduate clothes for on-campus wear bear a strong family resemblance to the current fashions for country and spectator sports costumes. The boy at the left wears a singlebreasted notch lapel three-button suit in a brown diamond pattern shetland. The coat buttons on the waistline but the lapels roll to the top button. It follows the lines of the riding jacket, with extreme fullness at the shoulder blade, high armholes, slanting flap pockets, and a center vent at back. A cream color soft shirt with spaced dark brown stripes, solid color necktie and a solid color sweater of a different shade, reversed calf shoes and a medium brown snap-brim hat with a fairly wide "backswing" brim complete the outfit except for the cotton gabardine raincoat over his arm. The other suit is a lovat tweed worn with button-down oxford shirt, wool tie, pork pie hat, monk-front shoes and reversible tweed-gabardine topcoat.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## That Open Tournament

*Continued from page 67*

standing. So you can see that Uncle Sam doesn't have a lot to say in this sporting League of Nations. True, he has twelve votes, but the French and their buddies have a total of twenty-four votes, and when the British have added up Belgium, Malaya, Egypt, Rhodesia, Mauritius, Canada, Jamaica, Australia, New Zealand, and the rest of the group,they have sixty-four votes. Belgium siding with England? Certainly. The leading power in Belgian tennis is the continental representative of the biggest firm of English sporting goods dealers, and you can bet he won't oppose any proposition emanating from London. One little incident shows how the English run the show. A committee was formed to solve the vexatious footfault question. The committee dealing with it met recently in London, but they forgot even to notify Max Decugis, a former French champion who is a member, that they were sitting!

With our twelve votes in the Federation we have just twelve votes, no more. Twelve votes balanced by the influence of those three important tennis-playing nations; Siam, Peru and Monaco. The tennis situation in the Principality of Monaco is this. There are three clubs, two open the year round, and less than one hundred native Monegasques who play tennis. The United States has two million active players, yet we swing only four times as much weight in tennis affairs as Monaco and the same as Germany although there are at least ten times as many participants in the game here as in that country. An official of the U. S. Tennis Association who knows the whole situation perfectly remarked: "We haven't a Chinaman's chance with those fellows over there."

The analogy between the Federation and the League of Nations is often unpleasantly exact. A tone of perfect courtesy reigns at all meetings, notwithstanding the heat of the discussion. In this miniature League the delegates start by covering their opponent with rhetorical flowers, and then proceed to call them ugly names in limpid French. As our delegates often do not speak the language, it is easy to see why our desires and wishes are sometimes overlooked. This year another annoying question arose. The Bermuda Tennis Club has always been affiliated with the U. S. Association. But the English saw a chance to make Bermuda a separate association with a couple of votes of its own. However, complications came up in the meeting, so exactly as at Geneva, the matter was given to a committee to study. Whenever something has to be smothered, the League of Nation tactics are followed and a committee is appointed.

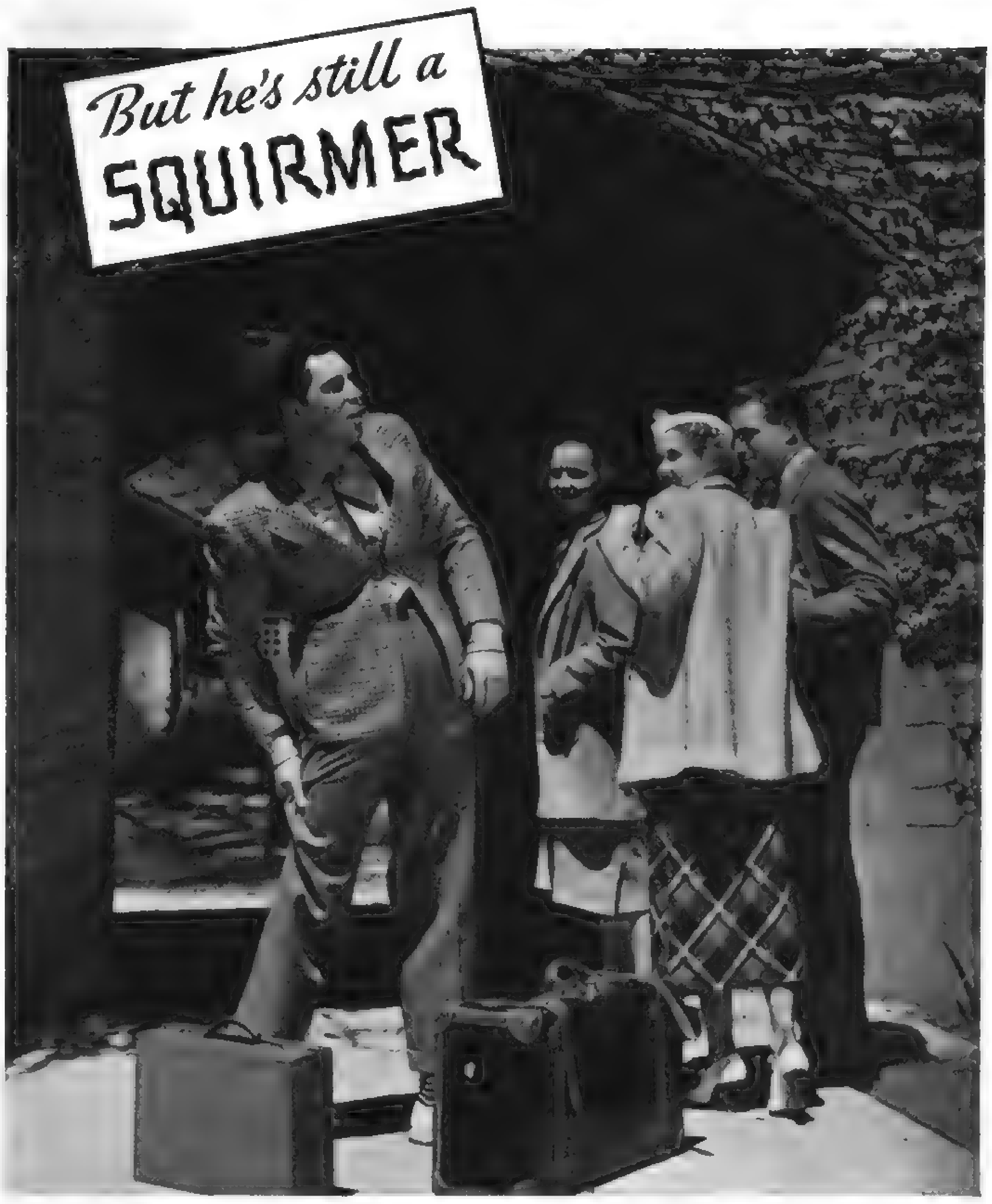
The most ferocious adversaries of the Open Tournament in this sporting League of Nations which is the Federation, have been the English. One reason is that until the defection of Fred Perry the ravages of the professional promoter had not been felt in the ranks of English tennis. Another is tradition. The English are traditionalists and Wimbledon is the shrine of the amateur game. They feel it threatened by an Open Tournament, and fight. But the chief reason is that with the Wimbledon meeting running for a fortnight and the three days of the Davis Cup matches every summer, the coffers of their Association are well filled. Just let them lose the Davis Cup, let the entries for Wimbledon fall away, and then see what happens.

Moreover, if they don't hold an Open, some other nation may. India put up a plea for an Open this year at the Federation assembly, but the "matter was postponed until the annual general meeting of 1938." By that time they hope the Indians will have forgotten about it. Suppose they don't? Suppose the French are tempted? The French have a big tennis stadium at Roland Garros which costs money to run. For the past five years their national championships in June have been more of a liability than an asset. Thanks to Davis Cup matches with Australia and Germany—always a sellout—the revenue of the French Tennis Association has been sufficient. But last summer their team fell unexpectedly to the Jugo-Slavs, whoever they are, in an early round, and this summer they were beaten by the Czechs in the first week of June. Money talks in tennis. Don't be surprised if you read in your newspaper one of these days about an Open Tournament in Paris with amateurs and professionals of every nationality competing.

What a show that would be. The number and names of the amateurs who have turned professional in recent years is astonishing. What would you think of a tournament including such amateurs as: Budge, von Cramm of Germany, Austin of England, Crawford, Quist and McGrath of Australia, with professionals like Perry, Vines, Tilden, Lott, Stoefen, Barnes, Richards, Cochet, and Nusslein, Rammillon, Plaa and the Burkes? Not forgetting the amateurs who turned professional and who by some magic wand-waving of their Tennis Associations were transformed into amateurs again: Lawrence B. Rice of the United States, Paul Feret of England, and Giovanni Palmieri of Italy. Yes, it would be quite a tournament. If only the natives of Esthonia, Tobago and Paraguay would give us permission. If only we had our own bloc, if only we could rally the Philippines, Guam, Hawaii, the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, Wake Island, Alaska—surely there must be as many tennis players in Alaska as in Latvia—and the Virgin Islands

*Continued at top of page 154*

HE'S A BIG BOY *Now*



**The Brethren, However, Will Turn Him Into A SMOOTHIE—With Y-Fronts!**

● Horace is a big boy now—going to college—but his clothes give him away! He still squirms. That's because his underwear doesn't fit him throughout. Smart collegians learn to rely on Coopers for comfort. They know Y-Fronts give a man the right foundation for a neat appearance. So, old son—if today you are a man, wear Y-Fronts!

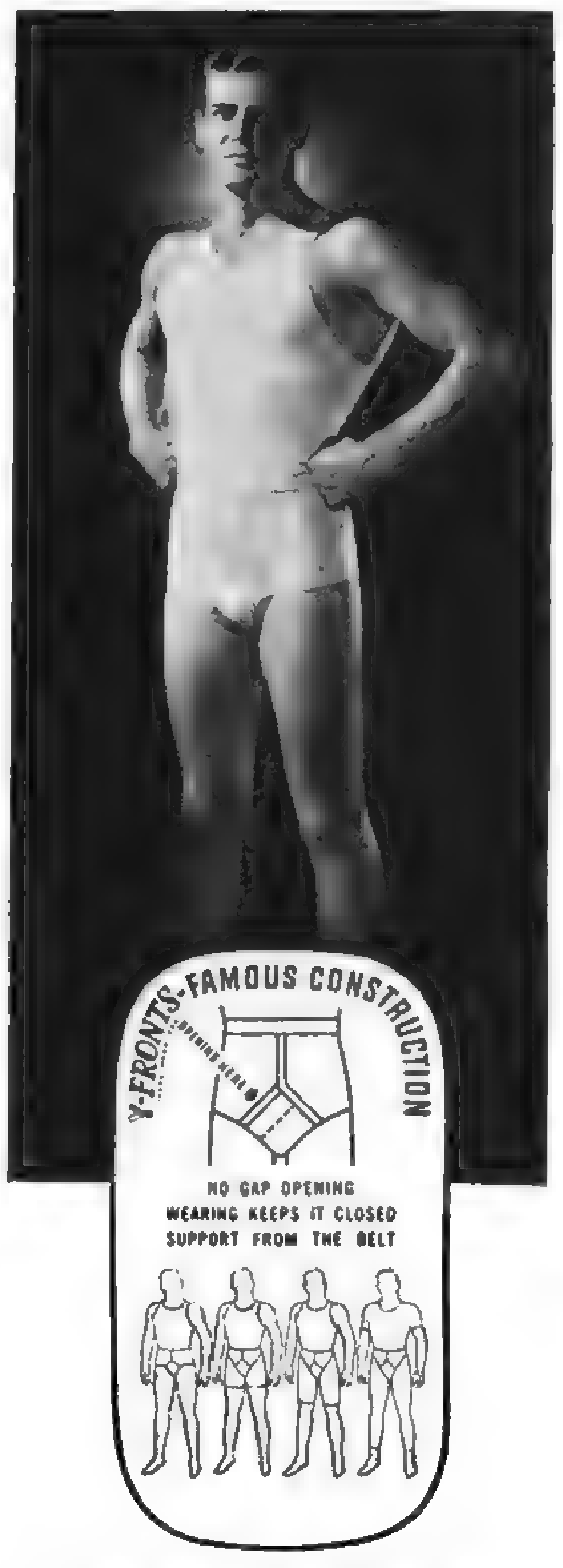
Notice the Y-Fronts at the right. See how snugly they fit, how smooth they are —with no excess material to bunch up and spoil your comfort and appearance. See how the construction of Y-Fronts, exclusive with Coopers, provides gentle masculine support.

Coopers elastic knit keeps undergarments close-fitting without binding. No bunching, no binding, no buttons.

There are varied lengths: Jockey, which is very brief; thigh; knee; calf; and ankle. Shirts—sleeveless or short sleeves. The garment 50 cents and up at your favorite men's store.

**FANCY FABRICS AND COLORS**

**Y-Fronts in the 6" length and Jockey Shorts are available in ingrain color at 65c and 75c. In extra-fine white silk and Durene fabric at $1.00.**



*Your dealer has varied lengths for your selection. If you don't know his name, write us!*

Coopers
Y-FRONT UNDERWEAR
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In Canada: Made and Distributed by MOODIES, HAMILTON, ONT.

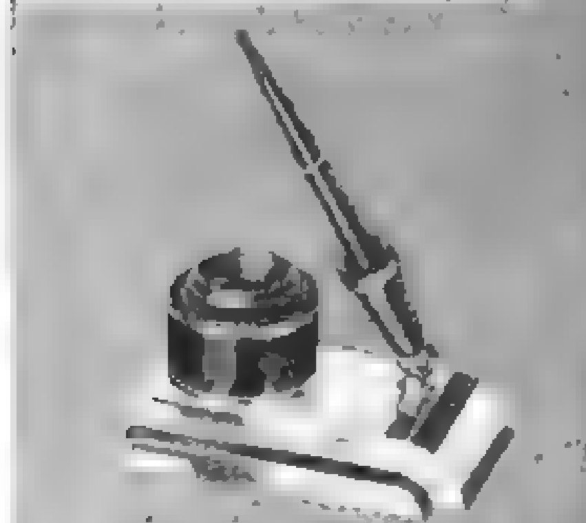
SEPTEMBER 1,1937
MEMO
refill my handi-pen desk set Sept. 1,1938

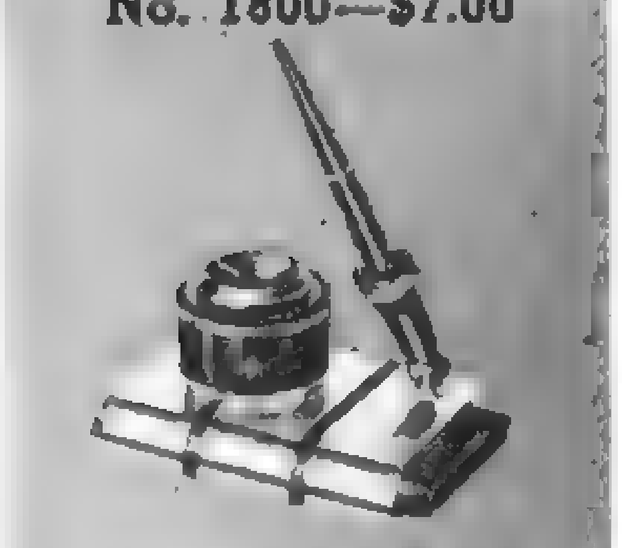
Models in black, green, gun metal or antique copper finish, chrome trimmed, and with or without chrome base, from $3.00 to $4.00.

Plain black or green, without chrome trim.........$2.50

handi-pen

HOLDS a YEAR'S SUPPLY of INK*


No. 1800—$7.00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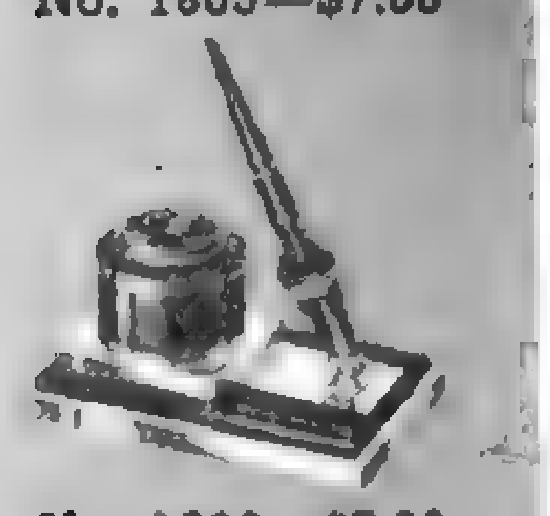
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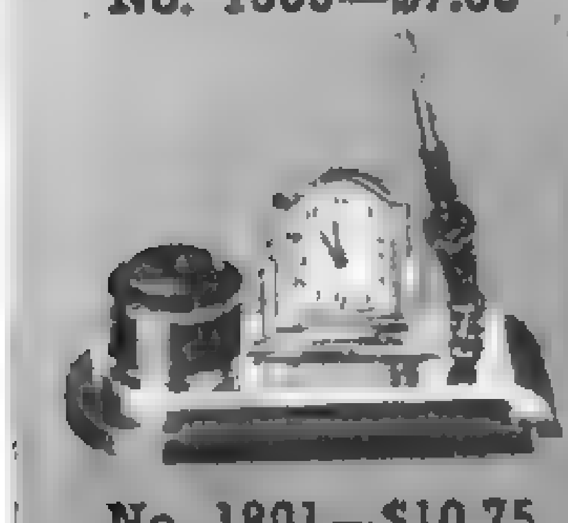
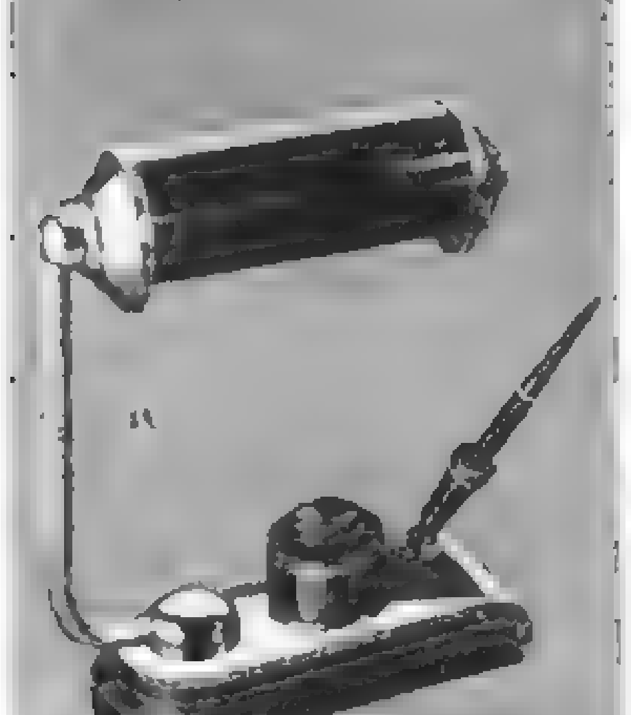

No. 1801—$10.75


No. 1810—$13.00
(black only)

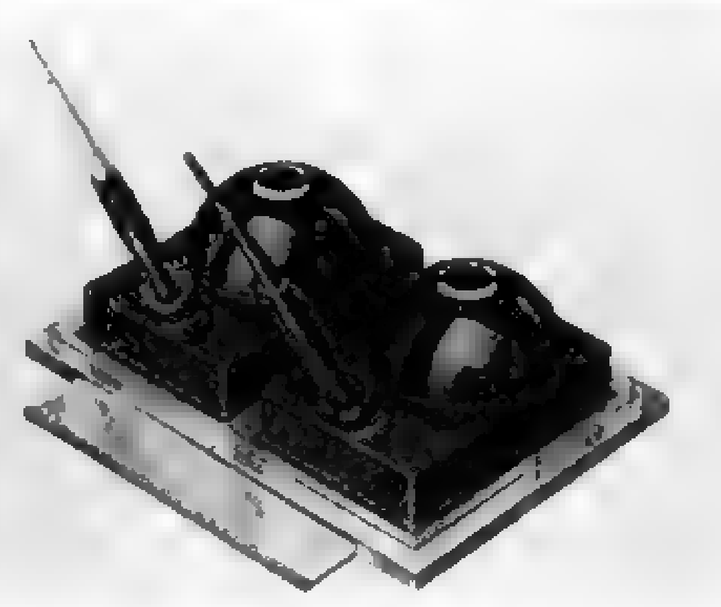
Many a train of thought runs off the track because the pen has run dry, and getting it back again is harder than trying to repair Humpty Dumpty.

Next time this happens, don't curse — just pick up the telephone and ask any leading store for *handi-pen*. This remarkable desk set holds enough ink for a *year's average writing*. There is practically no evaporation and, for good measure, it's unbreakable.

The iridium-tipped, gold-plated pen *rests in ink* at the proper level. It is always ready to write — with amazing smoothness and speed. No constant dipping, clogging, or flooding.

Put this *handi-pen* desk set on your MUST list for school or office. Ask your local stationer about the *handi-pen* desk set and 10-day free trial offer, or write direct to the factory for folder and full information.

**DIPADAY** *writing sets*



Chrome finish (black, red or green enamel trim). Gold-plated, iridium-tipped Dipaday Pen fills itself automatically when dipped, stays moist and ready to write. With Sengbusch Self-Closing inkwell.

THE DOUBLE HANDI-PEN DESK SET

Available with chrome base in either black, green, gun metal or antique copper finish with or without chrome trim.

*Holds six ounces of ink—enough for the writing needs of the average user for a whole year. Doesn't run dry.

By Sengbusch

SENGBUSCH SELF-CLOSING INKSTAND CO.
9E SENGBUSCH BLDG. MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

## That Open Tournament

Continued from pages 67-153

to help us out in the International Federation.

Naturally, if we wished, we could hold an Open Tournament in this country, simply defying the Federation and holding it. What would happen? The same thing that happened when the League of Nations slapped Italy on the wrist back in 1935; nothing. The same thing that happened last spring when the Greenbrier Tennis Club of White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, held an exhibition match between Tilden and Richards. The Sanctions Committee of the U. S. Tennis Association claimed no notification of the match had been given and forbade its taking place. The match was held, the club tendered its resignation to the Association, and the resignation "was taken under advisement."

We could hold an Open but we won't. For one thing, the great majority of officials of the U. S. Tennis Association are against an Open today. "We have nothing to get from them," they say, just as the professionals declare that "they have nothing to give us." Both sides forgetting that tennis is not "we" or "they," not a secret society where meetings are held in camera and decisions taken according to the desires of one bloc or another, but a vast community of folks who enjoy hitting a tennis ball across a net and don't give a darn whether a man earns a living from teaching tennis, giving exhibition matches, selling chewing gum or anything else as long as he plays a good game. Here's another queer angle on the situation. Today even the professionals are against an Open.

They feel themselves stronger than the amateurs. Suppose, they say, we are beaten by Budge and von Cramm. Who is coming to watch us play next winter? Or suppose we beat Budge and von Cramm. Who is going to pay to see them play us next winter, if they turn professional? So the Open, so far as the United States is concerned, seems further away than ever. The fact is, as you may have noticed, that it's largely a question of money. An uninspiring sight.

No one can deny that the Open Tournament isn't really a matter of much importance to the tennis world at present. Some day, however, an issue that is of moment to the several million tennis nuts throughout these United States will come up over there in the society with the long name, where the delegate from Portugal is a Parisian newspaperman and the delegate from Brazil is a wine merchant from Rheims, and where the English and their buddies vote as a unit when some little old fat lawyer from London raises his eyebrows around the green table. Unless our tennis watchdogs are on the job to prevent the boys from ganging up on us, that may be the moment when the proposition goes through to make tennis balls oblong, the way they were back in the days of Little Do and Big Do. Oblong tennis balls. How do you think you'd like that? #

## Why I Hate Everybody

Continued from page 63

until we had changed the lock on the front door.

I mention her because she was probably the least undesirable of the many tenants I have since had. You decorate, add electric outlets, closets and new sinks, replace and restore and refurnish. And how do they reward you? Complain that the paint on the woodwork should have been cream instead of ivory, that the block to the subway is too far for them to walk, that when they put down the windows on a winter morning it takes the room ten minutes to get warm. They call you a robber and a gyp, peek in your windows, wear horseshoes going up and downstairs, break their keys off in the lock, yell in the halls at two a. m., drop lighted cigarettes on the carpet, ask for a reduction in rent because they are saving up to go to Europe next year, and when they leave finally, owing you $115, accuse you of stealing a trunk full of valuables that they never put in the storeroom.

Of course, you have a lease. But for all its pretty phrases, it is of more use to the tenant than to the landlord. There are several simple ways of breaking a lease, but only one way of holding the tenant to it: by reducing his rent to what he paid eighteen years ago for that sweet little place—much nicer than this—that he had on Barrow Street, and by keeping a large resident staff of plumbers, painters and carpenters, on duty day and night, to satisfy each whim as it arises. The initial rent he agrees to pay doesn't mean a thing, nor does his initial expression of satisfaction with the apartment when all his first demands have been met. I do not remember ever having got the full amount of rent stated in the lease out of an apartment, less, of course, necessary decoration and repairs.

But while I hate tenants, I also hate landlords. I hate other landlords because I think they are sneaking my tenants away from me, and a tenant, though the lowest of God's creatures, has still his uses, for like the skunk, you can always do something with his pelt if you can get it. And I also hate landlords in my summer capacity as tenant. No one can say I am one-sided about this thing.

Then there are editors—a ticklish subject. Though editors are seldom ticklish. Just try to tickle one and see. Again, I have been both editor and contributor to magazines, and can hate both ways from the middle. But contributors never bothered me so much, because hate flows strongest in the direction the money comes from.

Few editors trust their own judgment. They are like doctors in this. The result is that instead of working out a policy for themselves and striking a new line, they all copy each other, with slight variations which are hailed by their associates as tremendously daring and original departures from tradition.

It is a sort of game of stump the leader, only there isn't any leader. They are all going around in a circle, following the man ahead, and never lifting their eyes from the advertising pages to take a good look at the public they are supposed to be entertaining.

The result is a series of taboos that make a Fiji medicine man look like a piker. I am speaking, of course, of the so-called popular magazines. Take a look at a few of them.

No industry, no manufactured article which is backed by an advertising appropriation, ever comes in for criticism. Disasters, in popular fiction, are either the act of God or an international spy—never the fault of a business executive or of the machine. And the serious articles generally avoid anything really controversial—that is, anything on which a reader would really be interested in getting new facts, but a discussion of which might offend some industrial, religious, political or racial group.

I once had a humorous story about table rapping turned back solely because it might offend the Spiritualists. I doubt if there are six magazines in the country that would publish an honest article on lynching. It might offend the South.

Examine, if you can stand it, the heroes of popular magazine fiction. Leaving aside the occasional sea, airplane, and middle western drought-and-flood stories, which are supposed to give variety, these heroes are seldom over twenty-five. Yet they have seen and done everything, have been everywhere, and possess an easy sophistication which is plain in the mahogany polish of their riding boots and the smoky smell of their Harris tweeds. They operate against a background of lush Park Avenue or country house life, know the names of half a dozen wines, and occasionally nowadays have been divorced. Occasionally, too, they use strong language. I mean "hell" and "damn."

This hell and damn business is quite new, and you may not have noticed it. It has been used in books for well over a century, but has only recently slipped into the popular magazines. The first editor who admitted a damn to his pages must have passed many a sleepless night.

But this is really only a small part of my case against editors. They will hold a timely article three months, until it is too out of date to submit anywhere else, and then reject it. They will ask permission to cut fifty words out of a story, and will then so cleverly select those words that they ruin both continuity and point. An editor once left out of a story of mine which centered about a murder, the words: "So he shot him." Or they will change words they don't like. If you have a gangster call another gangster a bastard, the editor will change it to "you old fuss-budget," which I submit will offend far more readers than the harsher term. And another editor I know must have an interest in a comma factory. He sprinkles commas all over everything I write before sending it to the printer.

Of the editor of this magazine I can say nothing, for obvious reasons. His magazine I judge to be popular, but it is not a popular magazine in the sense used above, and is so far as I can discover free from the popular taboos. So far he has not used me ill. But I still expect the worst. For the most civilized magazines are the most hate-bound. One of the most civilized I know contains the finest assortment of free haters I have ever seen.

The members of the editorial staff dislike and distrust one another so profoundly that all intra-office business is done by signed memoranda, never by word of mouth. I have known of a stenographer in that office who burst into tears because nobody had spoken pleasantly to her in three months.

But is there any use going on? Is there any need of going into the matter of relatives with you? I thought not. Or bankers. Or employers. Or employes.

What becomes obvious is that all these hates are based on two things—the objects of them either give us less than we feel we are entitled to, or they demand from us more than we feel they deserve. And why—because they hate us, too. You may note that all this applies also to our hate of ourselves.

By going back to barbarism and more love, we can avoid all this. But in that case we abandon civilization entirely. Nobody wants to do that. I personally feel that there is a simpler solution. In our present stage we have got to a pretty general covert hate of everybody. If we will go forward, we must bring the hate out into the open. Hate thy neighbor as thyself.

The completely civilized landlord of 2037 will say to the prospective tenant: "I hate you and I think you're a louse, but I want to rent you this apartment." And the prospect replies: "You're a thief and a crook but we've got to get together on this." Here you have the issue simply and honestly stated, you have a basis for negotiation, and for a clearly understood relationship. Once you

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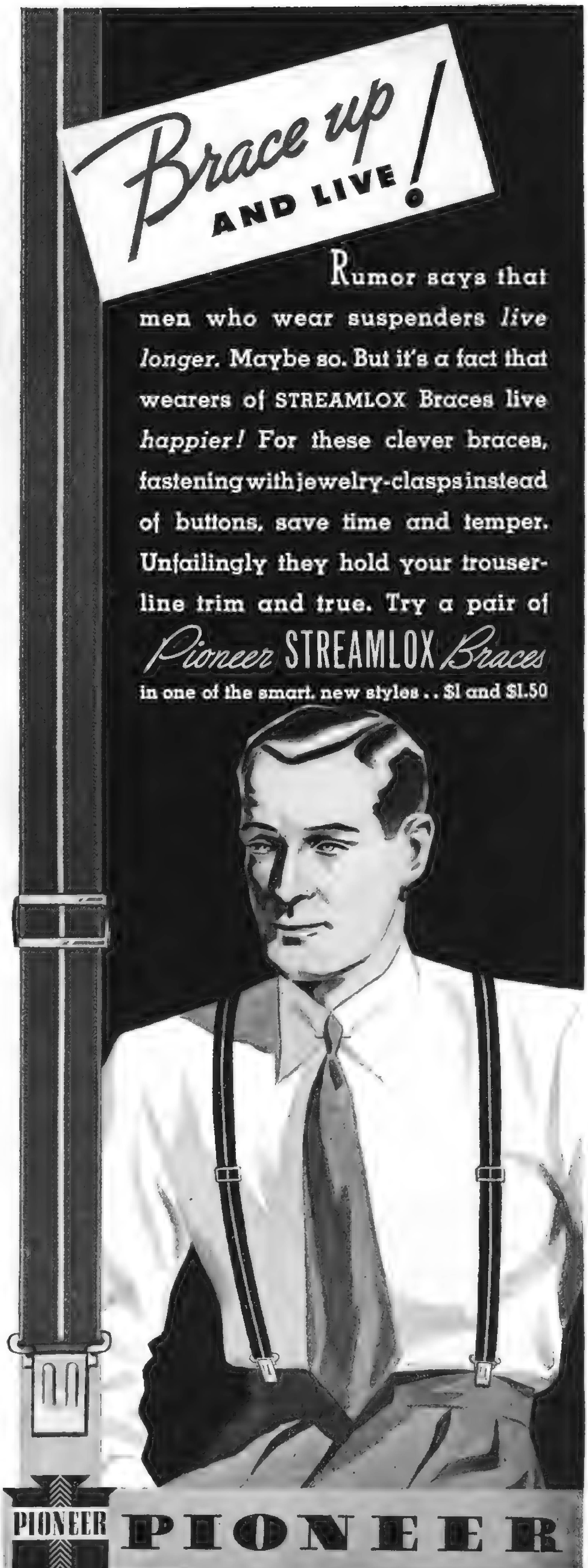
Brace up AND LIVE!

Rumor says that men who wear suspenders *live longer*. Maybe so. But it's a fact that wearers of STREAMLOX Braces live *happier!* For these clever braces, fastening with jewelry-clasps instead of buttons, save time and temper. Unfailingly they hold your trouser-line trim and true. Try a pair of Pioneer STREAMLOX Braces in one of the smart, new styles . . $1 and $1.50

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BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES

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DEPENDABLE QUALITY · CORRECT STYLE · SINCE 1877

"I've got a weakness

**. . . for Barbasol Faces"**

Are you getting birthday conscious?

Do you feel a bit antique when in the presence of pretty young girls?

Take confidence. It isn't how old you *are* that counts, so much as how old you *look*.

It may not be your age so much as your shaving methods that make you look older than you are.

That's why thousands of men, discarding old methods and switching to modern Barbasol, are able to shave years away from their faces. Better still, start using Barbasol young and stay young.

For Barbasol is a cream. It contains none of those harsh alkalis that tighten and draw and dry out the skin, resulting in wrinkles and roughness.

On the other hand, the soothing, refreshing ingredients which Barbasol contains leave your smoothly shaved jowls feeling softer and looking younger—a handsome Barbasol Face.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Barbasol today. Try it for two solid weeks and see the wonderful improvement in your skin, the cleanness of your shaves. Large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades for 15¢.

For modern shaving
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush–No Lather–No Rub in
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

## Why I Hate Everybody

*Continued from pages 63-155*

begin matching hates, you can really get somewhere. Having agreed on mutual hates, you can go on to common hates. Both parties will agree on hating lawyers, plumbers, painters. They will have nothing to do with them. Without any fuss the rent is handed over and the tenant takes possession under a lease drawn by the landlord. And we have the millennium.

The warmth of my feelings about tenants may have warped the previous paragraph a little, but the argument stands. I don't say this is a perfect solution, but it is a lot more important for humanity than the invention of the aeroplane.

And in any case, this article is merely a tentative feeling toward a complete theory. I want only, dear reader, to assure you of my sincerity, and of my cordial hate, and to ask you to think it over in the light of your own experience. And remember, in propounding the theory, any opposition I meet will neatly prove my point. ⧺

## William Gropper: Proletarian

*Continued from page 105*

in color; his worst were decorative panels obviously deriving from the Japanese, Chinese and Persian traditions. But his worst were only so by contrast with his best; they show up better than many another painter's best. Even these were interesting as an acknowledgment by tomorrow's cartoonist of his debt to the ancient past in art. The exhibition, in its entirety, was good painting and as exciting, in contrast with the average art show, as a Western horse opera against a dessicated society drama. It was contemporaneous, it was a success. The Modern Museum bought from the first exhibition, the Metropolitan Museum from the second. Half of the first show was sold out, two-thirds of the second. As this is being written, Gropper is painting his way to his third exhibition, which will probably be on view early in 1938.

From the Communist point of view Bill Gropper has a perfectly kosher proletarian history. He was born forty years ago of poor and honest parents, in the depths of the East Side, in a house on Pitt Street since destroyed in the construction for an approach to the Williamsburg Bridge. He recalls his father as a cultivated misfit who knew eight languages but couldn't hold any of the few jobs available. His mother, the support of the family, was a seamstress. She had been introduced to the sweatshop by her own father who came to the New World as an advance scout and subsequently introduced his wife and children (among them Gropper's mother) to the airless Bedlam that was the clothing loft of several generations ago. Gropper is not so old but that he remembers his own sweatshop experience.

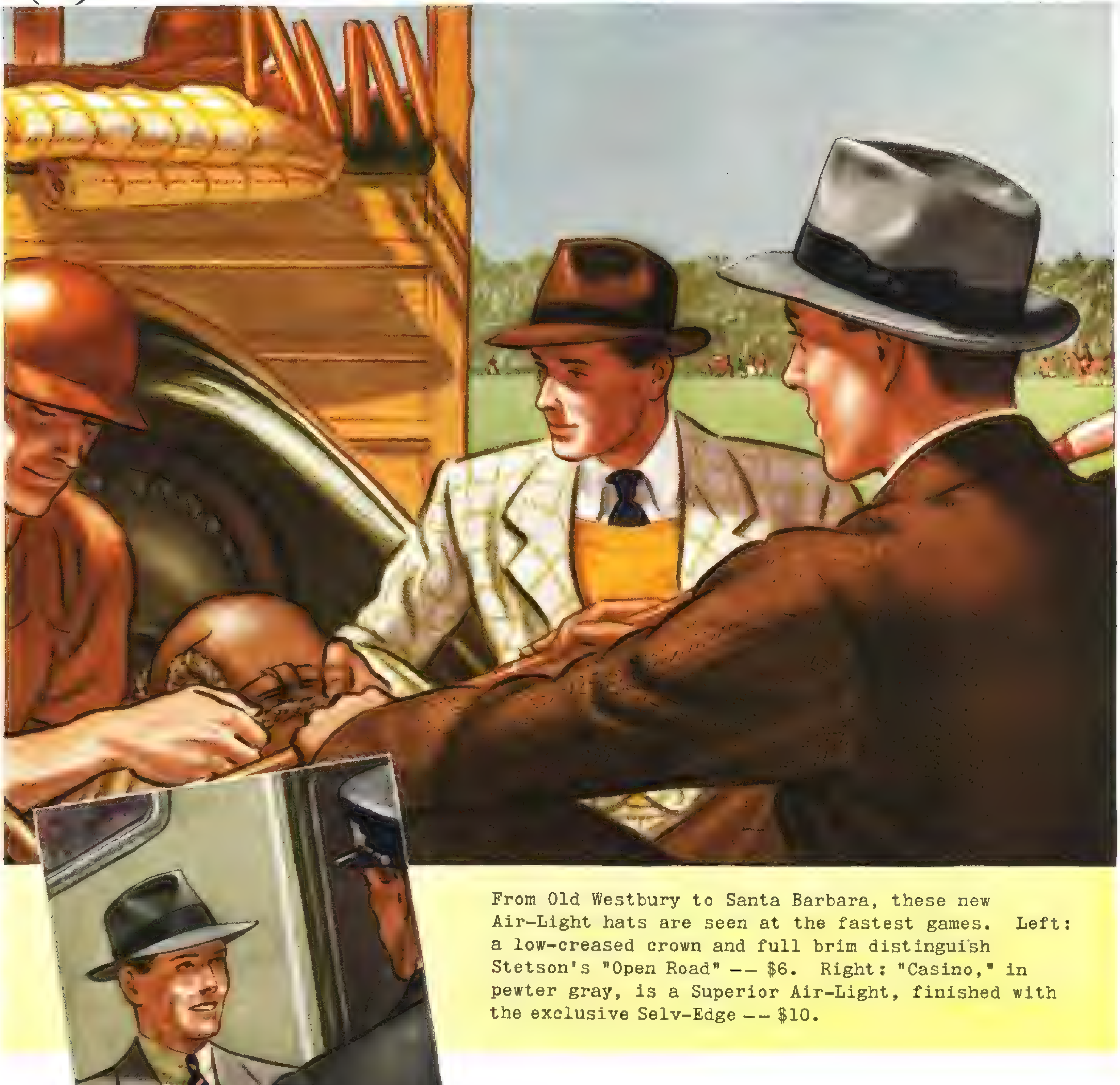
At first it was limited to his carrying bundles from the sweatshop to his home. His mother sewed through the night and the next day, after school, young Bill carried the finished business back to the sweatshop and brought home other work for his mother. He was no scholastic prodigy and it is easy to believe that he flunked in every subject but drawing. That was in his blood. But he did graduate and won a medal for drawing into the bargain. While at school he had heard about the life classes at the Ferrer School which Robert Henri and George Bellows were then conducting. He attended these for two years and recalls among fellow students, each of whom chipped in twenty cents to pay the model, Man Ray, Robert Minor, Ben Benn, Manuel Komroff (the novelist) and Benjamin Greenstein. The atmosphere was free and easy, neither Bellows nor Henri stood in the place of Deity, the students criticized each other and honest expression rather than rigid adherence to formula was encouraged. Gropper recalls that although the 1913 Armory Show had ended the year before he enrolled the effects of that exhibition were continuing to agitate the younger artists and to make them feel that participation in art could be and was an adventure.

But he had to heed stern calls to reality, young as he was. He had had his taste of the sweatshop, but he was not to escape with merely carrying bundles to and from it. For a four and a half year period, falling between and overlapping his school life and his art studies, he worked as bushel boy in a loft factory on a twelve-hour day, six days a week schedule. During the Christmas rush he worked fifteen hours a day with no extra pay. This experience alone would give Gropper complete proletarian status. He was one of the oppressed.

Somehow he managed a term or a year at high school, which gave him a scholarship to the National Academy of Design, which threw him out after two weeks. The occasion for the expulsion illuminated the Academy's inflexible and not quite intelligent method of teaching, a method so hard and fast as to imply negation, if not positive hatred, of the art spirit. At the Ferrer School Gropper had learned the method of free, easy and quick sketches. Even had he not learned it, that method was in his cartoonist's blood. At the Academy he was set to work copying a plaster cast. He had to begin at the toes and work his way up so slowly that, as he puts it, "by the time you reach the hips you're an old man." Gropper planned to live a long time, but not exclusively in that

*Continued on page 159*

# THREE GREAT AIR-LIGHT STETSONS



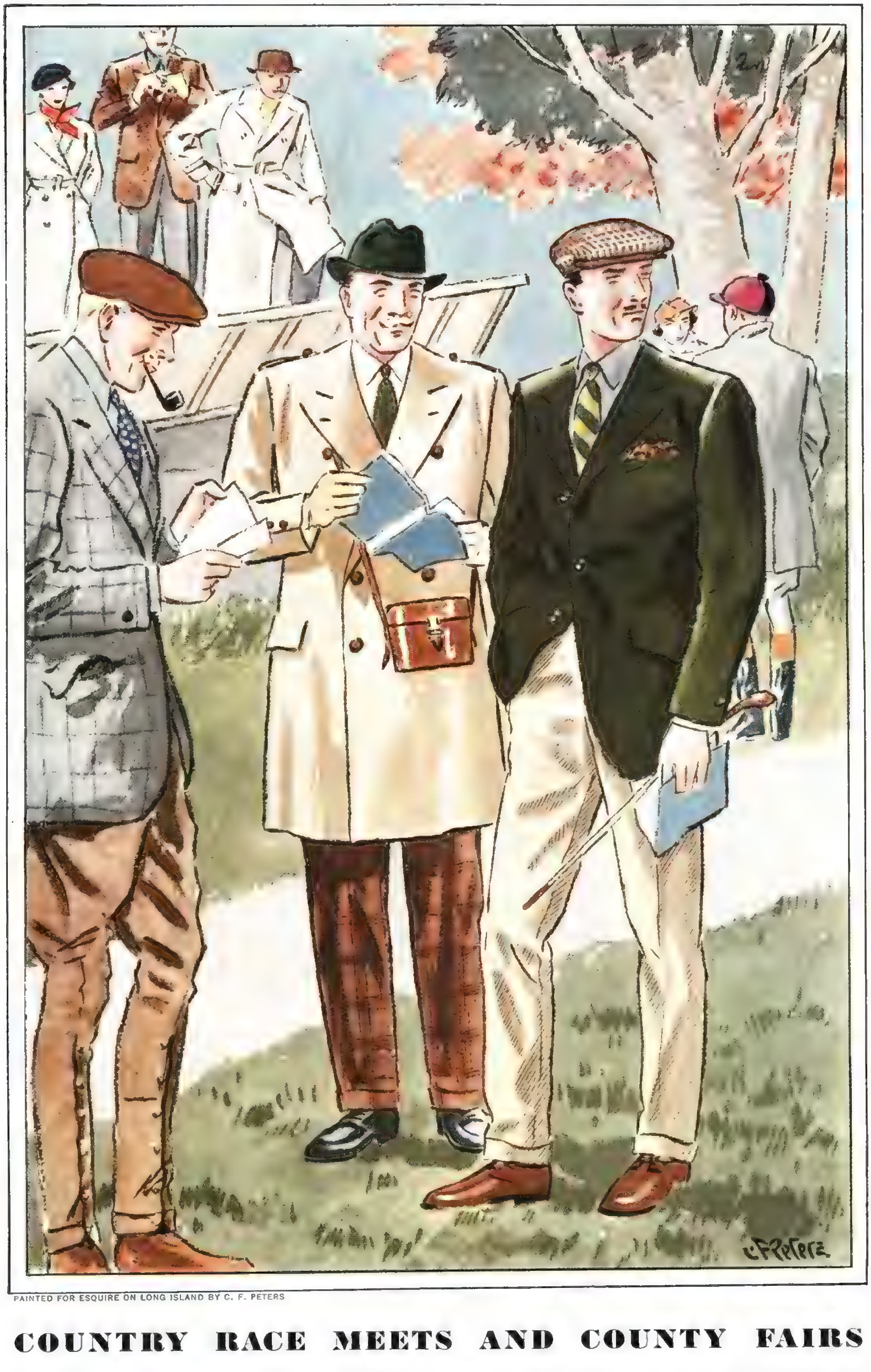
From Old Westbury to Santa Barbara, these new Air-Light hats are seen at the fastest games. Left: a low-creased crown and full brim distinguish Stetson's "Open Road" -- $6. Right: "Casino," in pewter gray, is a Superior Air-Light, finished with the exclusive Selv-Edge -- $10.

Only two ounces of felt in these versatile Air-Light styles. Stetson's "Whippet," shown with the "Tailored Edge," is an advanced style -- at a new price -- $7.50.

Drop in at your dealer for a look at these new Air-Lights. Feel their softness and wisp-like weight . . . see how they will take any shape you wish and take it smartly. For all their lightness, these hats are full-blooded Stetsons . . . able to keep their smart style-lines as long as you wear them. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

## STETSON HATS

*Air-Light Stetsons, from $5. Other Stetsons, from $7.50 (unlined from $7) to $40*



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE ON LONG ISLAND BY C. F. PETERS

*The annual running of the Meadowbrook Hunt Cup Race is usually held on the estate of F. Ambrose Clark, veteran sportsman of Long Island. Here leading luminaries of the horse world gather to witness this classic.*

# COUNTRY RACE MEETS AND COUNTY FAIRS

Since country race meets and county fairs are transplanted British institutions it is only natural that the clothes worn at such events should typify the British tradition for informal country wear. Left, an odd tweed jacket, soft oxford collar-attached shirt, foulard tie and plain tweed cap, worn with breeches favored by gentleman farmers in England and Ireland, riding trousers that are really jodhpurs with button legs. They are worn with any type of country shoe. Center, the British army officer's short warm, of light natural camel's hair with leather buttons, a brown Glen plaid cheviot suit, black Norwegian model country brogue shoes, tan flannel cotton shirt, foulard tie, light weight cavalier hat and light weight buckskin gloves. At the right a heavy tweed lovat jacket, with a soft collar-attached shirt, club striped tie, checked tweed cap with flat top and narrow cavalry twill trousers.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## William Gropper: Proletarian

*Continued from pages 105-156*

room of the Academy. Later that afternoon his instructor found Gropper before another cast, one which he was not supposed to reach in months. "You're supposed to be working on that one," indicating the first. Gropper pulled out a sheaf of finished sketches and said: "I've done them all. Tomorrow I start sketching the students." The instructor was horrified. "What's this, moving pictures?" He compelled Gropper to return to the first cast and showed him, approvingly, an elder student's sketch, one so exact and lifeless that it might have been a photograph. The next day Gropper reported to the life class. Other students raised hell and still others followed his example. The plaster cast instructor complained to the Academy's heads who first reprimanded and then expelled the rebel student.

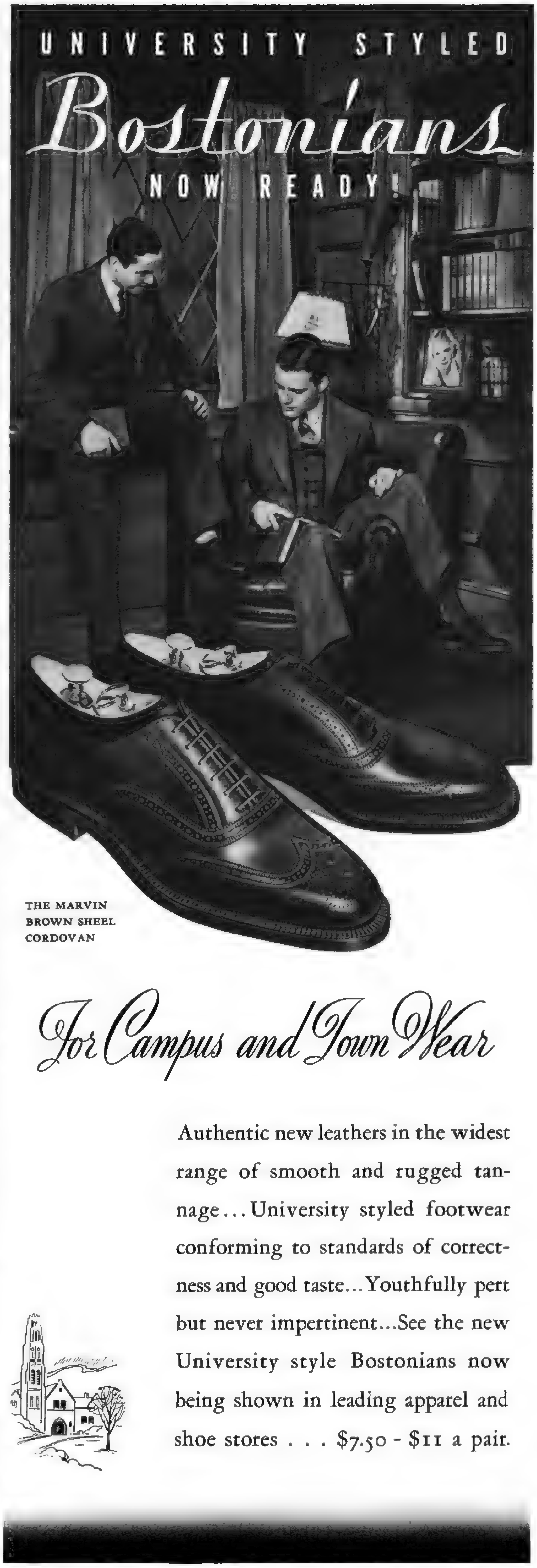
He looked for work. He found it in a clothing store at Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street. For $5 a week, working ten hours a day and twelve and thirteen on Saturday, he was general handyman, ran the elevator, acted as doorman, lettered show cards, sold umbrellas (on rainy days) and addressed postal cards and letters. On many of these postcard reminders to old customers who hadn't revisited the store he drew caricatures of salesmen and other personal touches, such as: "Why not have yourself fitted for a new suit? Maybe you've grown since 1906." This card came back with: "Don't know. He's been dead since 1906. Maybe he has grown." But another card with one of Gropper's personal touches in caricature found its way into the letter box of Frank A. Parsons, then president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. Mr. Parsons sought out the young man who had drawn the sketch on the postal card. He offered him a half-day scholarship at the New York School if his employer would let him off for that period. His employer readily consented, but cut his pay in half, to $2.50 a week. Bill Gropper kept the job and improved each shining hour at the school for the year 1917-18 by winning every cash prize to which students were eligible, Pirie MacDonald's $50 for the best caricature of himself, Annette Kellerman's $100 for the best drawing of herself in a bathing suit, Collier's $100 for an illustration and Wanamaker's $100 for the best drawing in a city-wide exhibit. Then the New York *Tribune* asked him would he please to come on the payroll at $150 a week doing illustrations and caricatures for the Sunday Magazine section. Then he left his $2.50 a week job and his employer thought he was ungrateful to do so.

The *Tribune* inadvertently introduced Bill Gropper to the radical movement. He was just an ordinary East Side boy with no political or social point of view or orientation until his editor, apparently a simple-minded and uninformed person, put him on the job of making drawings of the I.W.W. headquarters in New York. Robert Reis, a reporter, was to write the story. Reporter and illustrator were seriously warned to look out for bombs. They took this straight and were honestly frightened. When they arrived at sinister headquarters all that they saw was a grey-haired fellow sweeping the floor of a shabby, deserted room. (This was the basis for one of Gropper's lithographs, *Union Hall.*) "Where do you keep the bombs?" the innocents asked the sweeper who, in reply, went to a desk, pulled out a leaflet, held it out to them and said: "Here's the I.W.W. preamble. This ought to blow you up." Reis and Gropper read without a pause and in a common gesture slammed down 50 cents apiece in evidence of desire to join, thus becoming full-fledged members of the I.W.W. (The union hall sweeper was none other than Lee Chumley who later, in more prosperous garb, conducted one of the more picturesque restaurants of Greenwich Village.) They returned to the *Tribune*, no bomb, no story, no illustration. From that time on what passed for a soul in Bill Gropper belonged to the radical movement and his first effort on behalf of the I.W.W. was the organization of the Printers-Publishers Union, of which he also served as secretary; shortly thereafter he began to draw for the revolutionary press.

In 1919 Gropper left the *Tribune* and took a boat for Cuba for no better reason than that New York was cold. Robert Reis came along. They landed in Havana with no more than $13 between them but both found jobs immediately on the Havana *American*, which folded up two weeks afterwards. The Sinclair Oil Company was then building a railroad into the interior and they were taken on as timekeepers. About that time the sugar crash of 1920 brought down in its wake the bank in which they had their money. They quit their jobs, signed on an oil tanker and arrived in New York with no more than the clothes on their backs. It must have been at this time, if at any, that Bill bummed his way across the country, as far as Butte, Montana, earning an occasional dollar as a sign painter. However, upon his return to New York he had to live in Bowery flop houses, earning a precarious livelihood as dishwasher in beaneries along Second and Third Avenues.

We need not be too sorry for our hero, for all this experience was to be valuable in the building up of his proletarian history. Besides, the tide was to turn in his favor, and in a most curious way. As the more prosperous (because the most industrious) of a small group of bums he was constantly subject to panhandling levies. There was one

*Continued on page 160*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NOW READY!

THE MARVIN
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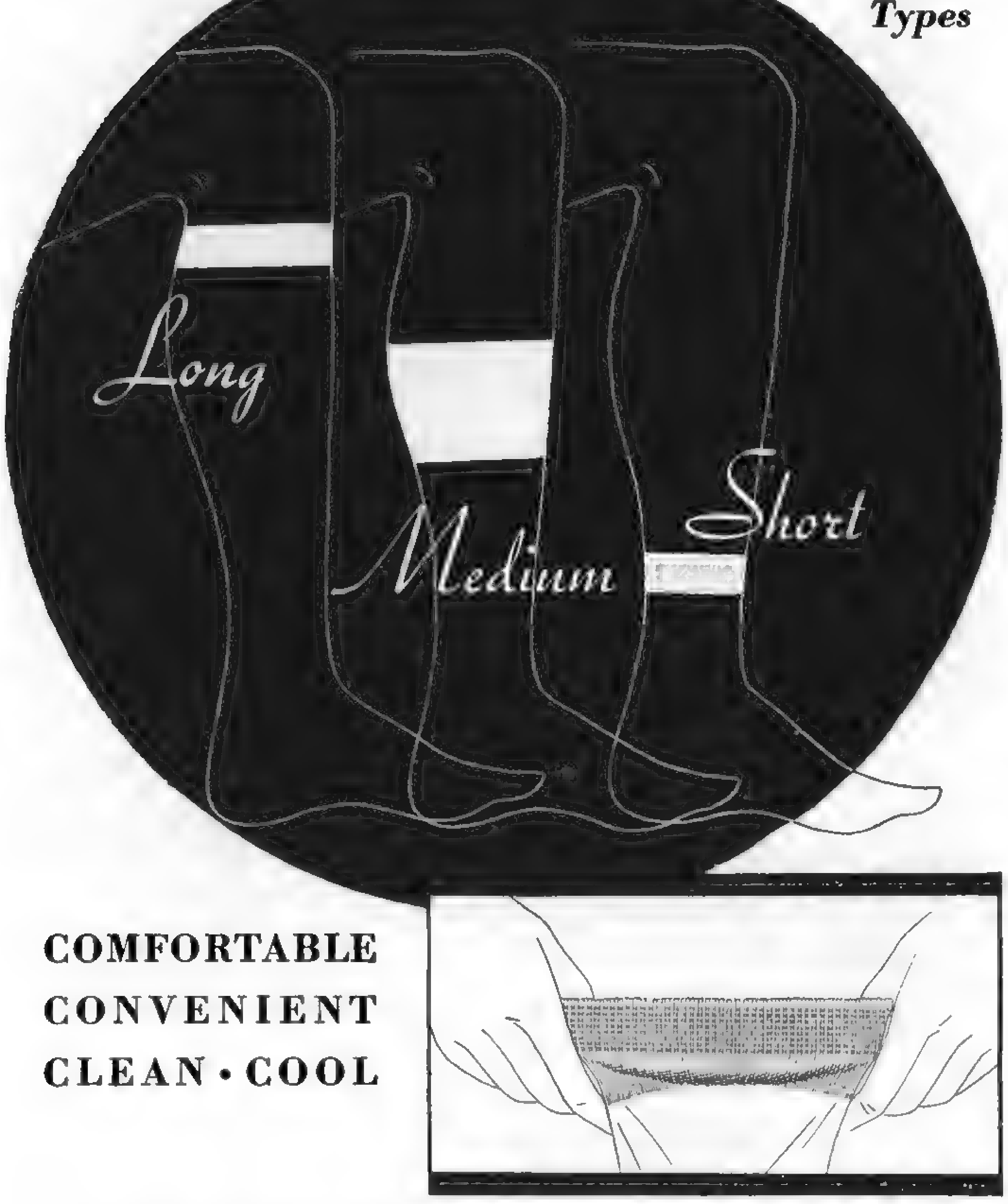
Authentic new leathers in the widest range of smooth and rugged tannage... University styled footwear conforming to standards of correctness and good taste... Youthfully pert but never impertinent... See the new University style Bostonians now being shown in leading apparel and shoe stores . . . $7.50 - $11 a pair.

MEN WONDER HOW THEY GOT ALONG BEFORE THEY HAD... Self Supporting HOSE ...MADE WITH "LASTEX" YARN

Three Principal Types



COMFORTABLE
CONVENIENT
CLEAN • COOL

In these dog days the Ancient Order of The Garter becomes especially irksome. But, unlike Mark Twain's weather, something *has* been done about it! Every well-known maker of men's socks, from Allen-A to Westminster, now offers self-supporting socks, in one or more of these three principal types. They stand on their own feet, thanks to a bit of "Lastex" yarn knitted into their tops. They come in all the colors and patterns of the hour, for business, dress or sport. They look and wash just like ordinary socks. The elasticity of the top outlasts the rest of the sock.

Make a note that the next pair of socks you choose, at the stores you usually patronize, will be made with "Lastex." Be sure to say "Lastex," trippingly on the tongue. There is no substitute for The Miracle Yarn, in permanent stretch, in washability, in wear. You will find, by the way, that "Lastex" yarn performs a like function in men's shorts, bathing trunks, pajamas, in fact, in practically every type of apparel worn by men, women or children.

Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc.
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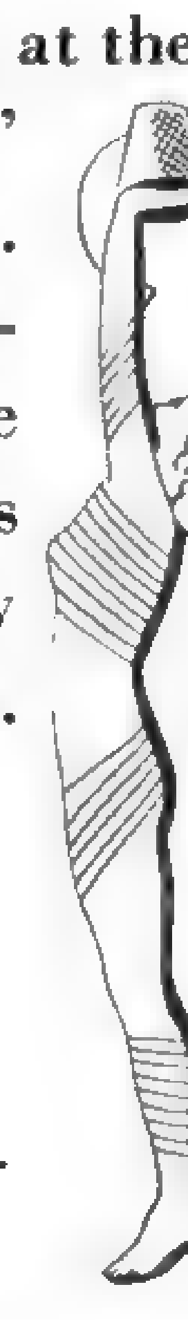

## William Gropper: Proletarian

*Continued from pages 105-156-159*

bum who was particularly insistent in demanding nickels from Gropper. He may have obtained even dimes. Bill had at no time understood why the idle should live on the industrious and after passing over a number of nickels and even a few probable dimes, he rebelled, swearing a great oath that he would not give that bum another nickel.

Bill Gropper was as good as his oath. The bum couldn't budge him. Egging on the panhandler was a third hobo, a former journalistic associate. But Bill said to both of them, "I'm through, I don't know you," and proceeded walking northward on the Bowery, the two tagging along. It was a strange procession. First Bill, with "I don't know you," then the panhandler whining "Give me a nickel" and then the inciter saying, "Aw, give him a nickel." At Union Square Bill turned west, found 13th Street and struck a row of sedate brick houses. At 152 West he saw a house with a brass plate, *The Dial*. He knew it was a magazine. Dirty and unshaved as he was, he walked up the steps and rang the bell. A prim young woman came to the door. "Give him a nickel," yelled the inciter. "I don't know these guys," said Gropper. "I want to see the editor." "Oh, you mean Mr. Thayer; he isn't in." Just then a limousine came into view and stopped, the chauffeur opened the door and up the steps pranced a delicate young gentleman dressed in the pink of fashion. "Mr. Gropper to see you, Mr. Thayer." "Ah, the painter!" unknowingly anticipating the distant future. "Come right in" and, within, Bill Gropper was treated to tea and an invitation to contribute drawings at the rate of $25 apiece for reproduction rights alone and an additional sum in the event the original was bought. Had he any little thing available? "The painter" said he would look through his portfolios in the studio. His "studio" was a bed in a flophouse, but what Mr. Thayer didn't know wouldn't hurt him. When the outside door closed on Bill the two bums were still waiting for him. Somehow he shook them. At the Washington Square Book Shop, then run by Egmont Arens, editor, littérateur and connoisseur, Gropper asked for a few sheets of paper, pen and ink. In only a little more time than it takes to tell he had dashed off four drawings. That afternoon Scofield Thayer bought reproduction rights and originals and the still unshaved bum walked out with a check for $200. The story of the nickel Bill Gropper did not give is Bill Gropper's and it may be left to the reader to judge which one of the three bums it exhibits in the most pitiable light.

The Bowery never again knew Gropper except as occasional visitor. He rented a studio in Greenwich Village. He began drawing for the public prints and painting for himself against the future. In his spare time he threw himself into the radical movement. In 1921 when John Reed organized *The Revolutionary Age* he gave it proletarian cartoons. The *Liberator, Pearson's*, the New York *Post, Shadowland, Photoplay*, the *Smart Set* and the *Bookman* printed his cartoons and caricatures. *Vanity Fair** and even *Spur* used his facile pen. Book publishers sought him out and paid his price. He illustrated two of Jim Tully's novels, among many other books, and even published two of his own, one a volume of drawings, *Sketches of Soviet Russia* reminiscences of a year's stay, and *Allay Oop*, the story in pictures of an acrobat's home life. He has accepted an advance for a book of memoirs, not exclusively in pictures, which he wonders when he will find the time to write.

In 1925 the Sunday editor of the New York *World* engaged him to make little pictures for the columns of F. P. A. and Frank Sullivan and do other odd assignments. "It was practically a job," and he stayed with it until that newspaper collapsed in 1931. In 1925 he was engaged also as political cartoonist for the *Morning Freiheit* (Freedom), Yiddish Communist daily and he is still on that payroll. *Freedom* gives him freedom to comment in caricature on the day's news. He draws six cartoons a week for this paper but contributes twice as many more for the radical press, without pay. The *Daily Worker* reprints his Freiheit commentaries. For the *Sunday Worker* he draws an additional cartoon. He presents no bill for services to the *New Masses*, or the *Fight Against War and Fascism*, or *The New Pioneer*, or the *Labor Defender*, or *The Hammer*, for which he draws a cover every month. If a left organization or a radical labor union requires a poster by means of which to rally the boys and girls to a protest meeting, Bill Gropper is elected. He is on constant call. He contributes lithographs and drawings for auctions and raffles benefiting radical causes. He was one of the

*Continued on page 162*

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*It was the August 1935 issue of *Vanity Fair* which carried Gropper's cartoon of Emperor Hirohito pulling a coolie cart on which reposed a rolled-up parchment representing the Nobel Peace Prize, the cartoon which so deeply outraged the Japanese Foreign Office that it shook its American Ambassador out of his summer retreat in Connecticut and rushed him down to Washington to make representations to Secretary of State Hull. *Vanity Fair* lost its Japanese customers that month, the editor, Mr. Crowninshield, said that no offense had been intended and Gropper improved this shining opportunity to declare verbal war on Japanese imperialism and to draw for the *New Masses* another cartoon, *Behind the Japanese Screen*, a much more propagandistically vigorous assault on the slant-eyed Fascists. Other cartooned improbabilities on that *Vanity Fair* page included Huey Long entering a monastery, Morgan soap-boxing against capitalism and Hearst taking the trail to Moscow as American Ambassador.

*These monumental pylons guard the Grant Park gateway in Chicago . . . a southward view across the Congress street plaza . . . by Clyde T. Brown of The Chicago Daily News*

*Design for Advertising in Chicago*

ONE HUNDRED years ago, the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan boasted little more than mere prairie grass. Today, it bristles with skyscrapers. Though young by comparison, metropolitan Chicago today is truthfully: "The second richest market in the nation." • To advertisers, intent upon upping sales in this section, we recommend The Chicago Daily News — Chicago's HOME Newspaper with the most valuable circulation in the city. It is the medium offering both *More* and *Better* Home Coverage than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. It is the newspaper welcomed into the homes of over 430,000 able-to-buy families every week day evening. And it carries more display advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago — morning, evening or Sunday.*

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*. . . with Hartmann Travel Goods*

You know this fellow has made the trip to campus before. Traveling with his Hartmann wardrobe and Hartmann luggage, he enjoys a full measure of comfort and convenience—both enroute and when settled down for work. And like this correct undergraduate, travel-wise people going to the four corners of the earth, find in Hartmann's all-inclusive variety the exact luggage—for any trip of any length at any season.

HARTMANN

FINE TRAVEL GOODS FOR 60 YEARS

## William Gropper: Proletarian

*Continued from pages 105-156-159-160*

organizers of the John Reed Club and of the American Artists Congress. With Sinclair Lewis, Scott Nearing and Theodore Dreiser he was a delegate to the celebration of the tenth anniversary, in 1927, of the U. S. S. R. and was a guest of the government for a month. He remained an additional eleven months, traveling throughout Russia and drawing for Soviet publications. Out of these pictures he subsequently made a book.

He lives in his own house (which he hurries to add is heavily mortgaged) in Croton-on-the-Hudson and comes to New York three times a week to do his cartoons and his incidental bit in the war against Fascism. The other four days are his, for painting and other enterprises. His first lessons in painting date from the early years when he could spare a few moments for the museums. They were his least disappointing art schools. In them he studied Rembrandt, El Greco, the Flemish painters, especially Breughel and Hieronymous Bosch, the Japanese print makers and the Chinese masters, particularly of the T'ang period. He studied also Goya, in color and in aquatint and learned much from him in both mediums, as his paintings, drawings and lithographs show. Among the French he looked hardest at Daumier, Géricault, Manet and Cézanne.

Gropper is an artist of intense activity with many irons kept hot in the fire. In 1934 he painted a pair of panels for the Schenley Liquor Corporation, one of which, *Wine Festival*, a Breughelesque composition, was exhibited three years later. After the artist had pocketed his rather handsome check and packed up, it was discovered that he had worked caricatures of Grover A. Whalen, chairman of the board of directors, and Harold Jacobi, president, into either *Wine Festival* or *Schenley Bar*. The caricatures were erased. About the same time he decorated a wall of the coffee room of the Hotel Taft in New York with characters and situations suggestive of the Colonial period. In the year of the Schenley commission, Gropper also took $38 a week from the P. W. A. for a mural for the postoffice in Freeport, Long Island; he is now at work on a companion panel for the same building. More recently he was commissioned to paint a three-panel mural on the subject of *Reclamation*, including Boulder Dam, for the new Department of the Interior building in Washington. This commission came to him from the U. S. Treasury Arts Projects division which engages painters and sculptors for the embellishment of public buildings with reference only to their ability and not to their need. The Guggenheim Foundation this year jumped aboard the Gropper bandwagon, as it has jumped aboard so many other bandwagons, by giving the artist a fellowship which will enable him to visit the Dust Bowl and make sketches on the spot in preparation for the paintings he will later finish in his Croton studio. Unlike the average painter, who is happy to spend a full year on a Guggenheim fellowship, Gropper will see fit to devote only a brief part of the year in the exclusive fulfillment of this project. In this case also the fellowship is a reward for merit rather than a recognition of need.

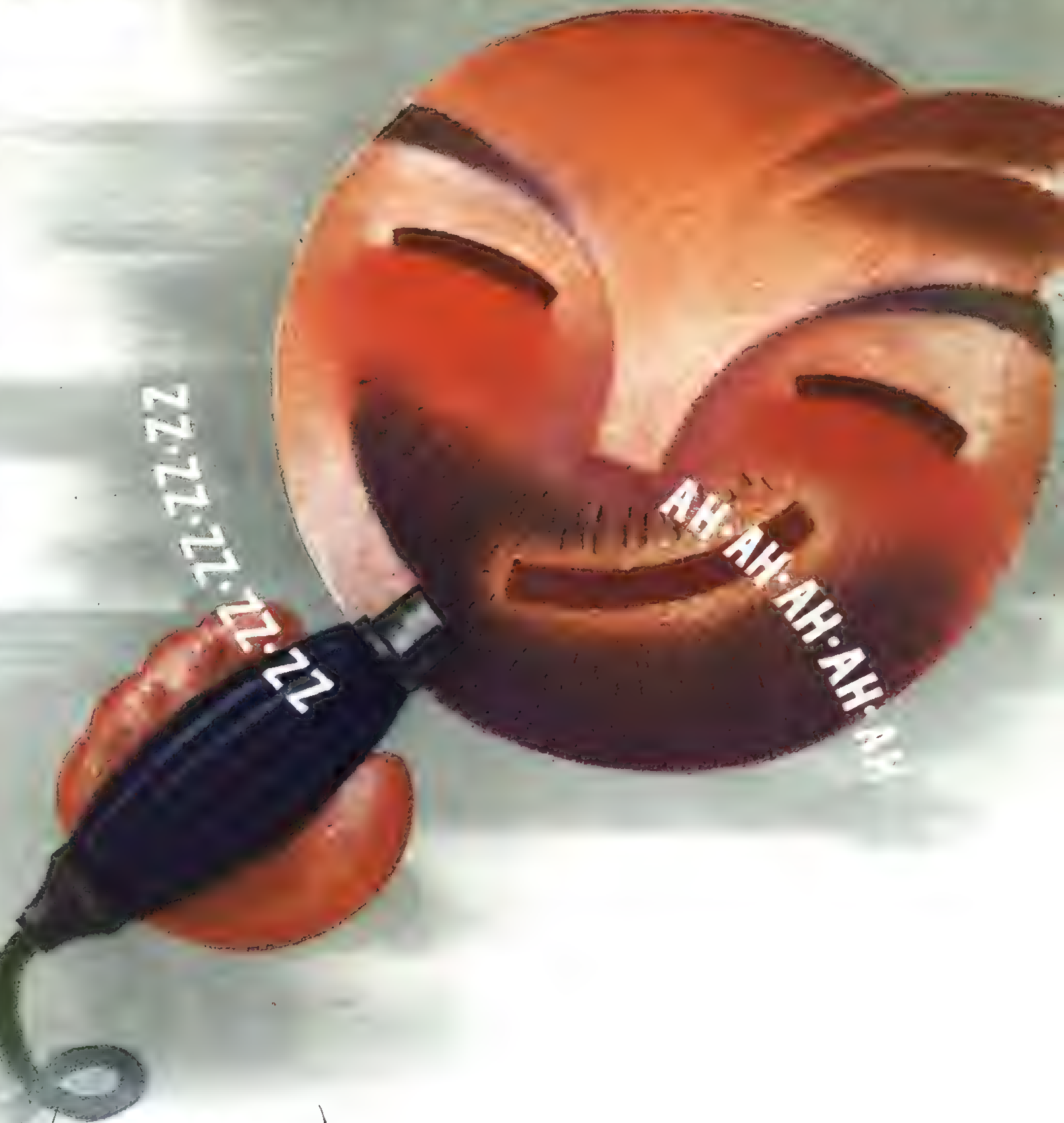
Bill Gropper appears not to be presumptuous in his ambitions. All that he wants is to do more painting and more cartooning. He loves, he says, to do cartoons because the need for doing them keeps him in touch with the vital currents of the times. "The cartoon," says he, "can be as pure a form of art as painting." It is perfectly proper for him to believe this because even his painting has the form and movement of the cartoon. His capitalist mural jobs he regards as so much crocheting, which makes one marvel that he takes on so many of them, since they do not feed the hunger for self-expression and are not urgently required to feed the belly either. His alibi is that he likes to make deadlines, the old newspaperman that he is. He enjoys being faced with the challenge of having to complete thrice the normal man's engagements, and completing them. He enjoys the challenge, for example, involved in the difficult process of making wash drawings on Japanese paper. He does not know how to relax, he can't take a vacation. For outdoor sports he throws darts and pitches horseshoes, which diversions have the advantage of keeping his cartooning and painting arm in trim. He reads only while commuting. He approves of Molière and Voltaire. Out of one of the more violent episodes in the latter's *Candide* he made a painting so that he must have read the book at some time. Once upon a time he paid an occasional visit to the newsreel theatre so that he could see how politicians look in the round, a great help to a caricaturist, but he has no time now for even so useful a pastime. Among contemporary painters he admires Arnold Blanch, George Picken, Louis Ribak and Yasuo Kuniyoshi. (Gropper and Kuniyoshi beautifully caricatured each other, each skilfully employing the other's style.) Gropper grants that a man may be a good painter without having a social point of view. Among Gropper's private reasons for accepting every capitalist commission are two small boys who are exhibiting a dangerous, but not encouraged, penchant for art. At present, however, Bill Gropper doesn't seem to be particularly worried about that or anything else. The proletarian revolution is still a considerable distance in the future. He will jangle his chains awhile. #

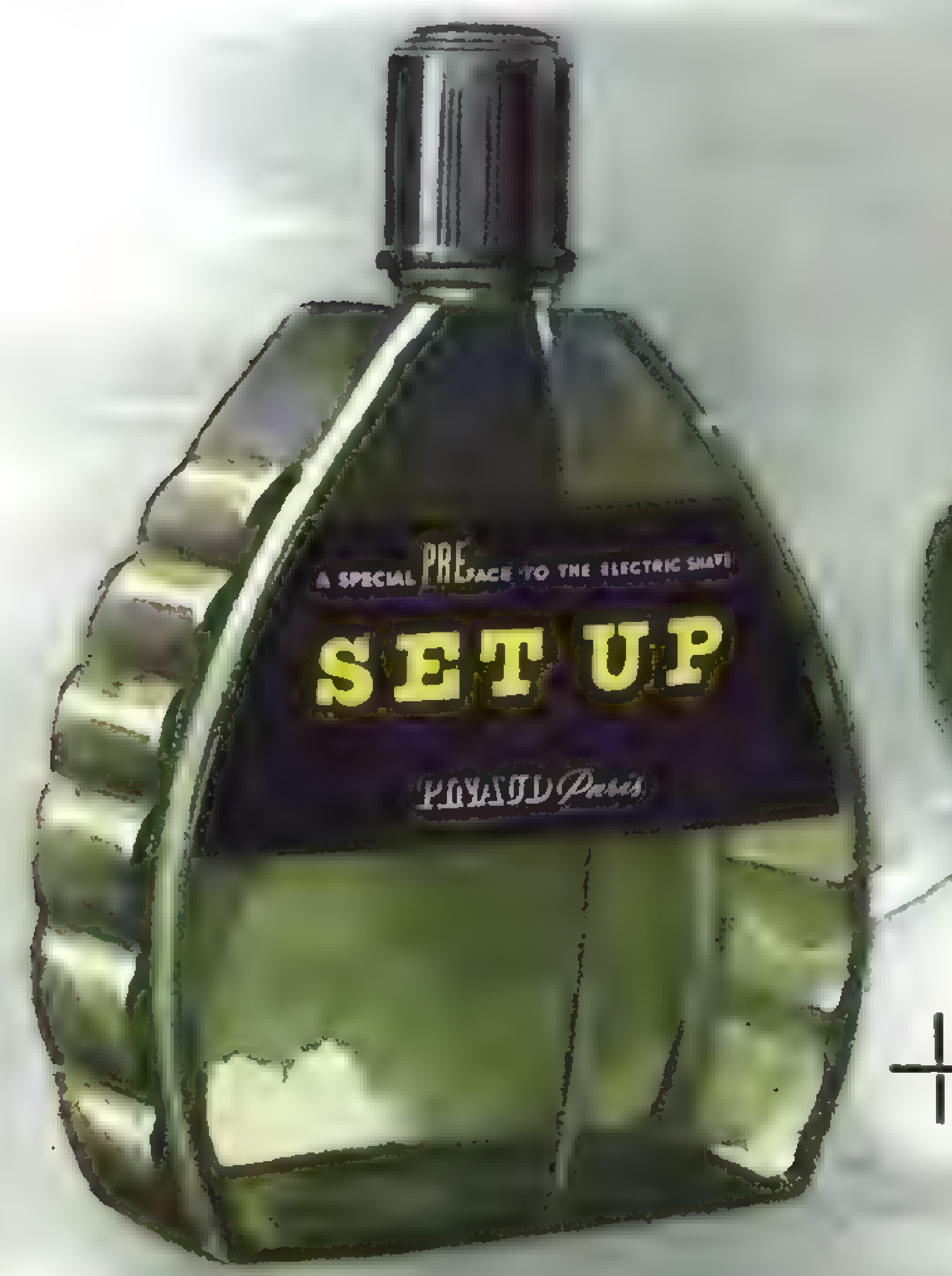
# PINAUD'S NEW TOILET PREPARATION THAT REVOLUTIONIZES ELECTRIC SHAVING

ZZ . . . ZZ . . . ZZ! Today about 2,000,000 of you moderns are clipping the hair from your chins electrically. PINAUD says "Follow that ZZ . . . ZZ . . . ZZ with the AH . . . AH . . . AH of satisfied performance."

SET··UP, a new toilet preparation by PINAUD, lightly rubbed on your jowls, brings every bristle to an erect position for a close, clean, electric shave. The after effect is a face that breaks into a grin because it feels refreshed and cleansed.

With SET··UP you skip the usual training period of learning to shave electrically. Those days are gone forever. SET··UP *guarantees* first time satisfaction to you neophytes who may swing over to an electric razor before long. Veteran shavers are proposing SET··UP as a candidate for a Carnegie Award. In each bottle are hundreds of satisfied shaves . . . or a guarantee of your money back!

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SET UP
PINAUD Paris

**+ ANY ELECTRIC RAZOR = SHAVING PERFECTION**

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**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH EVERY BOTTLE OF PINAUD'S SET-UP**

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE OR MAIL COUPON TODAY

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I want real shaving satisfaction with my electric razor. Please send me ________ bottles of SET-UP. Enclosed please find check or money order @ $1.00 a bottle.

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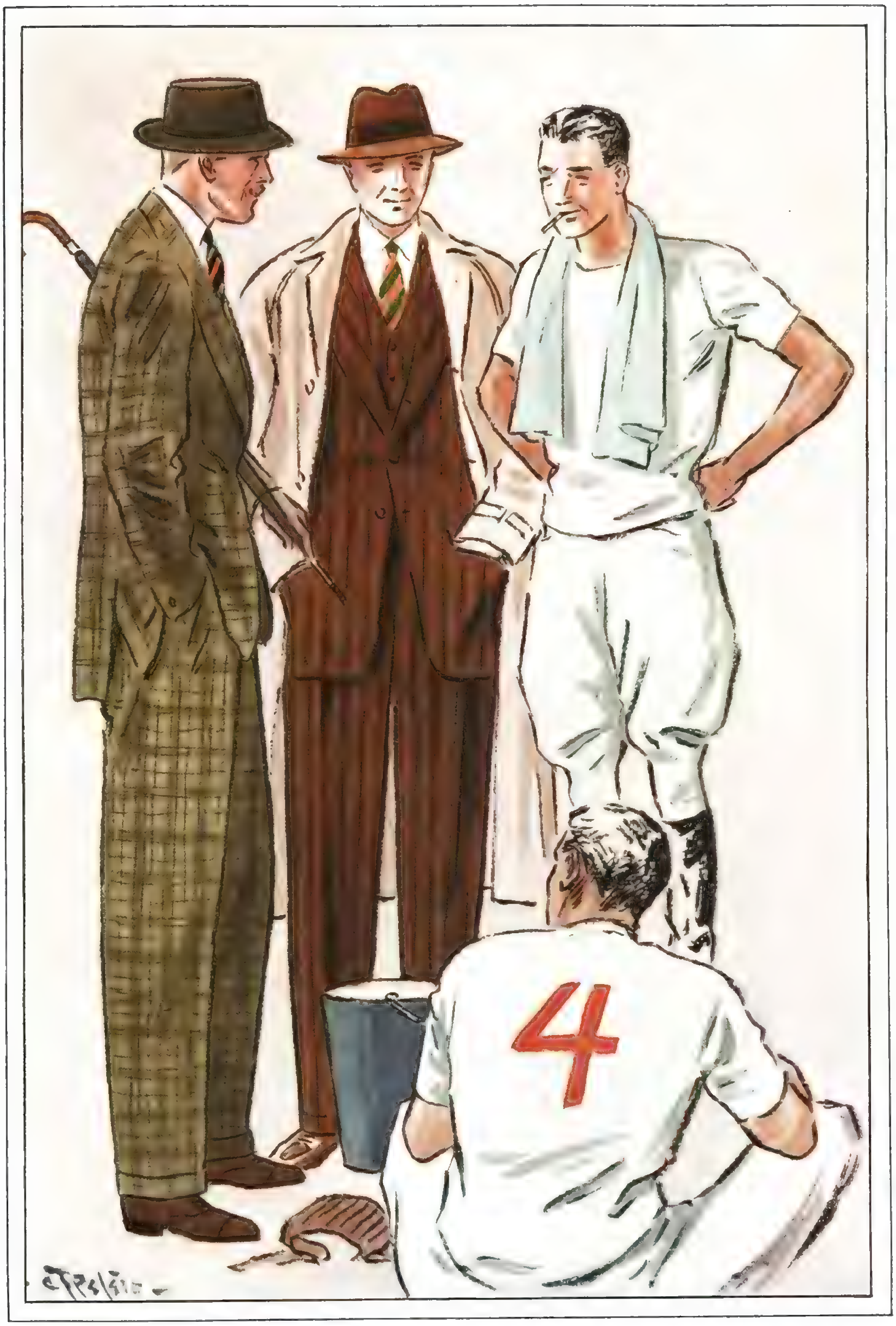
You will refund the purchase price in full if I'm not fully satisfied.



# SEMI-SPORTS CLOTHES FOR SPECTATOR USE

The type of dress best suited for spectator sports wear is that in-between classification loosely termed semi-sports clothes. Outfits of this type are appropriate in the country and may be worn in town for cocktails or informal dinner. The man at left wears a three-button singlebreasted notch lapel suit of lovat green cheviot in a Glen Urquhart pattern, with lapel rolling to the middle button, fullness across the shoulder blades at the back, single button and buttonhole on the sleeve, and long side vents. The shirt is ivory broadcloth with soft lounge collar to match, with a regimental striped rep tie. The shoes are reversed calf and the hat is the semi-sports type. The other suit is of brown cheviot with colored stripes, worn with a white Oxford shirt with button-down collar and club striped rep tie, brown felt snap-brim hat, brown calf Norwegian model shoes, and a raglan sleeve gabardine raincoat.

*(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*

## One Man's Guess

*Continued from page 69*

guns and airplanes were conspicuous only by their absence in worthwhile quantities; the new Napoleons soon turned out to be dazed, elderly civilians in uniform. Finally the two unwieldy masses of humanity collided, and without benefit of generalship they fought it out along military lines of the past century until one side reeled back in exhaustion.

The prophets had overlooked the timeless fact that weapons and tactics depend upon the men who direct them. In the early 1900's, for instance, a rising colonel named Foch published two widely acclaimed treatises on war. They were so ultra-modern as to be admittedly based on the theories of Clausewitz, who wrote in 1825 to interpret the warfare of 1794. But the future generalissimo of the Allies became so absorbed in the metaphysical merits of the offensive that he missed a point in elementary tactics. It never once seems to have occurred to him that the bright red breeches of the French soldier would make an excellent target!

Meanwhile an obscure pacifist was exhibiting a far keener insight into the next war than all the generals of Europe. The date was 1897. Then, as now, the newspapers and magazines were shrieking warnings of the coming conflict. It would be repetition to describe them, for they were styled like those of today except for differences in weapons. The various nations were not mentioned out loud, but it was intimated that the Germans would bombard and capture Paris within a few weeks—or, if you felt that way about it, that the Russian hordes would reduce Berlin in one brutal, ruthless offensive.

Yet in 1897, I. S. Bloch, a Jewish banker and pacifist of Warsaw, published a long book called *The Future of War* which reads today like history rather than foresight. He merely ignored all fantasies based upon future weapons and dug deep into the past. Without pretending to be either a political or military expert, he evolved the following summary from economics and history—in other words, from recorded antics of human nature:

"The war, instead of being a hand-to-hand contest, in which the combatants will measure their physical and moral superiority will become a kind of stalemate in which, neither army being willing to get at the other, each army will be maintained in opposition to the other, threatening the other but never being able to deliver a final and decisive attack.... That is the future of war—not fighting but famine, not the slaying of men but the bankruptcy of nations and the break-up of the whole social organization. . . . It will be a great war of entrenchments. The spade will be as indispensable to a soldier as a rifle. . . . All warfare will of necessity partake of the character of siege operations. Your soldiers may fight as much as they please; the ultimate decision is in the hands of famine!"

But the world of 1897, oddly enough, thought itself just as modern as the world of today; it refused to believe that its machine guns could be defeated by such Neanderthalic weapons as fear, famine and exhaustion. The stalemate ended in several well-established cases of European cannibalism before a few people recalled a forgotten book by a Polish pacifist.

It would be presumptuous to hope for such startling accuracy in estimating the possibilities of a coming war; but at least the observer may apply the same principles to the best of his knowledge. In the showdown he will probably come closer than most of the recent soothsayers of a "new Armageddon."

The first of these principles is that the man is still the unit of war, not the machine. Whatever the improvements in weapons, nobody has ever yet produced an invention which would alter human nature by turning on the ignition. That is the basis for Napoleon's dictum that the moral is to the material in war as ten to one. It probably explains the fact that in past wars effective tactics have been evolved by trial and error on the battlefield rather than the desk. In brief, the general proposes—but the buck private disposes!

Thus the glib seers of tremendous tactical surprises at the outset of a next war may be taken with a grain of salt. It is well to remember that for all the talk of improved weapons, every country in Europe is still putting its faith in the heaviest battalions. This reliance on bulk is in itself a confession that the new war lords aren't sure either of their weapons or tactics.

Bulk and bunk, the experts agree, were the military Frankensteins of the last disaster. But it doesn't require strategical genius to realize that opposing forces of several millions each will probably arrive at a stalemate in the effort to outflank each other. There is the historical fact, moreover, that no commander so far, Napoleon included, has ever yet demonstrated his competency to direct the tactics of a million men in the field. Sherman, the most penetrating and coherent general since Napoleon, estimated a tenth of that number as the natural limit.

Again it may be doubted if either side in a coming war can hope for the opportunities which the Central Powers muffed in 1914. Outweighed "on paper," Germany actually held a tremendous superiority at the outset. Her allies were dependent and subservient, her organization and plans had been perfected years

*Continued on page 166*

WILSON
BROTHERS
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. . . featuring a new kind
of collar called the
OBAN

**Not an *Ordinary* white shirt at all!**

You'll understand when you have compared this new Wilson Brothers Shirt with any other $2.50 broadcloth you have in your shirt drawer. Wear it first, of course. Because it's only by *wearing* the OBAN collar that you can appreciate the extra comfort, the extreme lightness of its seamless construction. You'll like the special new way the OBAN is treated, too, so that it won't wilt or wrinkle *ever!* But that's not all. A V-Shaped shirt body does away with unnecessary bulkiness around your middle. Expertly tailored from fine broadcloth that has the sheen of heavy silk and is guaranteed not to shrink. We repeat the price . . . $2.50 at better men's wear stores and departments the country over.

*Wilson Brothers Tie (sketched) in rich Milano Satin . . . $1.50*

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*Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts, Skipper Sportwear, Buffer Hose*

Baby Buffalo
BY BRADLEY

Created by Bradley's master knitters in the rugged tradition that made the buffalo lord of the open plains, Baby Buffalo sports jackets are designed for the outdoorsmen who refuse to be driven indoors by the first cold snap. They have a sturdiness that breaks the most penetrating wind and are rain and snow repellent. The velvet-soft fabric is as rugged as the animal from which it takes its name; nor will it shed or pull out.

These jackets earn their place as the season's proudest offering by combining real fashion with a hardy, pipe-smoking masculinity. Ideal for the collegian going back to school, Baby Buffalo is as much at home on the white ski slopes as on the campus. These sports jackets and windbreakers, in rich plain shades and colorfully attractive combinations, for men and boys, are available from $6.95 to $12.95. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to

**BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY**
DELAVAN, WISCONSIN

## One Man's Guess

*Continued from pages 69-165*

before, and she occupied the hub of the strategical wheel against enemies on the rim. Yet for all of these advantages she was hurled back within two months by a pathetically unready French army.

Next time the signs point to alliances on both sides which will be no more cordial than the relations of the Allies in the World War. Such coalitions have a long tradition of deadlock and frustration, since the loathing of the partners for each other is likely to be only slightly less than their mutual hatred of the enemy.

Of course it is being freely vaunted once more that the venerable rule will not hold good in a new war—that the defensive will no longer prove mightier than the offensive. For the shibboleth of the invincible attack dominates military thought today as it has ever since 1815. The recent vogue is for a neurotic Italian warrior, the late General Giulio Douhet, who has convinced many followers that the bombing plane, an entirely offensive weapon, will render resistance futile in a modern war of terrorism. But in 1903 Foch likewise believed that the improved weapons of *his* day had loaded the dice in favor of the relentless advance. "Formerly," he wrote, "many guns were needed to produce an effect: today only a few suffice". . . . Historical note: at Ypres in 1917 the British army fired 4,300,000 shells—107,000 tons of shrieking hot metal at a cost of $110,000,000—in order to gain a few worthless kilometres reduced to swamp by the bombardment.

Spiritually all these ideas of the "new offensive," the deadly thrust to strike down a still crouching enemy, stem back to Napoleon. Nevertheless his wars remain among the greatest historical proofs of the defensive. The moment his foes realized that they had been merely dazed, not knocked out, he was no longer able to prevail in one whirlwind rush. Austria, Spain and Russia proved in turn that a resolute defense was proof even against the master. And finally Napoleon himself, with his back to the wall, put up a defense on French soil which won the admiration even of his encircling enemies.

After half a century of European peace—or at least absence of widespread war—only the Emperor's lashing offensives were remembered. The astonishing Prussian victories over Austria and France were accepted as dazzling new evidence that Napoleon was great and Clausewitz was his prophet. It was soon forgotten that the decadent Austrian army had pitted muzzle-loading rifles against modern breech-loaders. It was forgotten that after the equally unprepared French armies collapsed in five weeks, an aroused civilian population held out for five months against the entire Prussian war machine.

During this same decade the European military mind also chose to ignore unpleasant object lessons from across the Atlantic which were not fully appreciated until after 1918. But the terrific, long-drawn campaigns of Grant, Lee and Sherman made it plain that one man in the rifle pits was equal to two attacking bayonets. If further testimony was needed, there was the frightful struggle in which little Paraguay held out for nearly six years against the combined forces of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. The statistics are sinister: at the outbreak of war in 1864 the population of Paraguay was 1,337,439; at the end the survivors numbered 28,746 men, 106,254 women and 86,079 children.

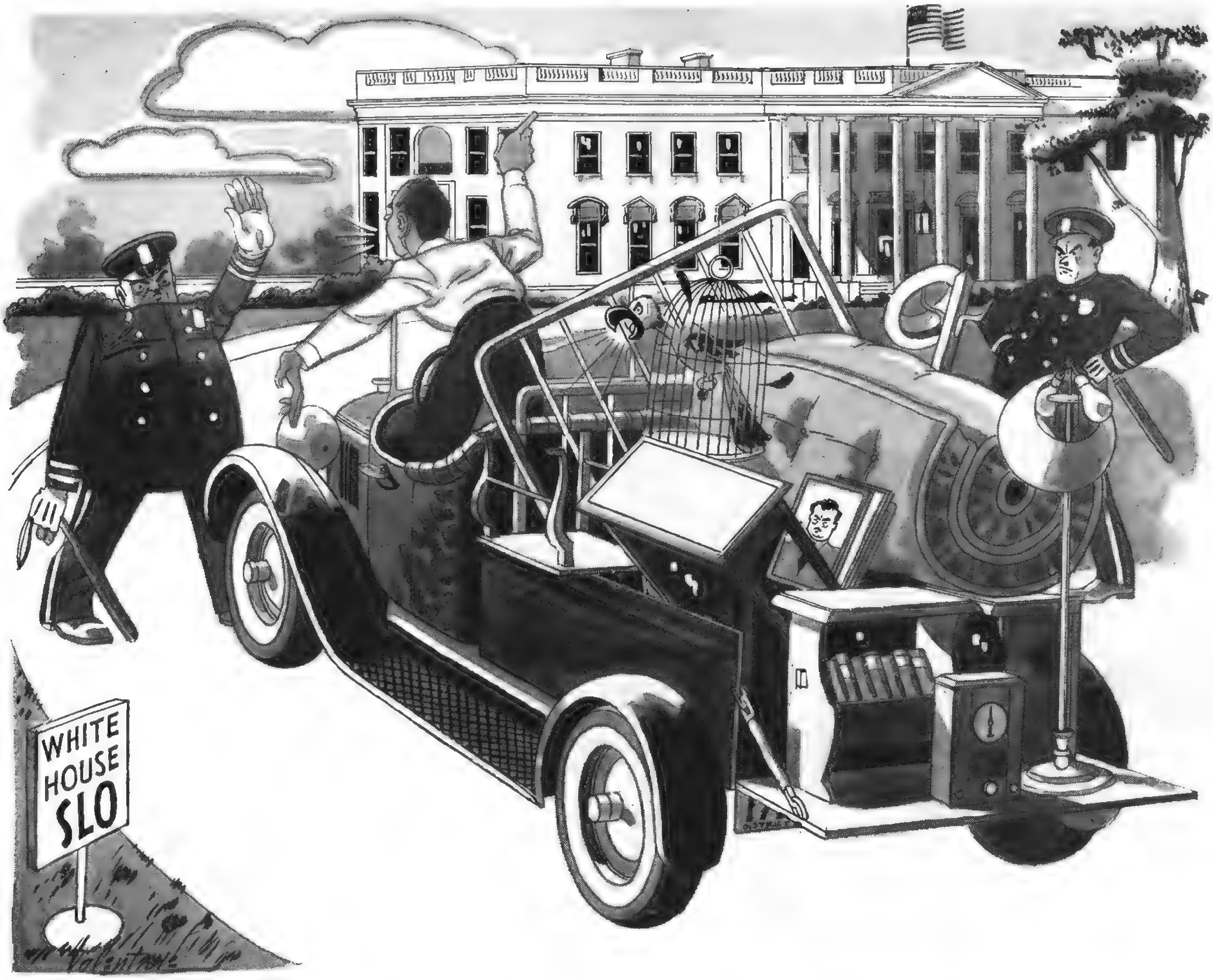
Offhand it would seem that the military trade, of all others, should be distinguished for unflinching realism. The professional soldier at best is the surgeon of Society who amputates after political pills have failed of a cure; hence one might expect a coolly scientific outlook from the practitioners of war.

On the contrary, military treatises more often betray wishful thinking which would have shamed Dr. Pangloss as a croaking pessimist. At various periods European staff officers have gone in for strategical cure-alls or metaphysical tactics too dubious for the average civilian. The reason is doubtless because the general, unlike the surgeon, devotes his active career to treating mild cases of tactical mumps and measles; then after a lifetime of theory, he is suddenly called upon to perform a major strategical operation in his professional dotage. Meanwhile, like the White Queen, he has usually become an adept in the ancient pastime of believing things before breakfast.

Twenty years ago this imponderable proved far more important to millions of men than any innovations in weapons. The generals who had been talking in terms of howitzers revealed a quaint faith in the *arme blanche* of their military treatises! It made no difference that according to casualty lists the bayonet has always been more of a theory than a weapon. The elderly, thick-waisted romanticists of the World War believed in it literally. They believed that recently conscripted farmers and factory hands would lose morale unless they were frequently hurled against the enemy's machine guns. . . . The moral result was mutiny—by soldiers who had come to fear and hate their own leaders more than the enemy. Meanwhile the only two decisive innovations of the war, gas and the tank, were rendered impotent by professional conservatism on both sides.

In the end, of course, every encounter of that dreary siege became a duel of shells—of money coined into steel. The big guns

*Continued on page 168*



## "BELONGS TO US TAXPAYERS DOESN'T IT? AND I'VE GOTTA LIVE SOMEWHERE!"

That's one way of trying to solve the housing problem in Washington, D. C. A more practical plan is to turn to the real estate section of The Washington Post, select a nice house, and buy it. Which is what a lot of Washingtonians are doing—accounting for the fact that The Washington Post is again 1st in America in real estate display lineage.

Do you sell refrigerators, radios, plumbing equipment, anything that goes into a house? Then Washington, 3rd among all cities in building construction and 1st on the purchasing power index, is a preferred market. And The Washington Post, 1st in house advertising and first in reader purchasing power, belongs at the top of your list!

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## One Man's Guess

*Continued from pages 69-165-166*

gained the ground; the bayonets occupied it. And as the Polish pacifist had foreseen, the war was finally decided by the most ancient weapons on earth.

It is the fear of these same age-old weapons that is causing a great deal of obviously wishful thinking in European military circles again today. The generals of 1937 are protesting too much about their bombing planes! They realize that it is not merely desirable to win a next war in one quick offensive—it is absolutely necessary for all but a few countries with enormous resources.

Despite this urgency, military signs point to another great deadlock ending in famine and exhaustion. So far neither Ethiopia nor Spain has offered much evidence to the contrary. The late Arthur Brisbane was impressed by Italy's performance in Africa, it is true, but most military critics found it a run-of-the-mill colonial expedition in which, as usual, the prize fighter got the best of the gorilla. The events of civil war in Spain, according to present sketchy and often biased reports, have shown more than the ordinary odds in favor of the stubborn defensive. On several occasions mere armed civilians have held out for astonishingly long periods against planes and artillery in the hands of regulars aided by trained foreign allies.

Otherwise the conditions of today are strikingly similar to those of 1913. Again the eyes of the whole world are on Germany's every move, with Italy taking Austria's former place in the spotlight. Again France and England are making earnest but belated preparations. And again Russia represents the formidable X of the military equation, as she has on the eve of every world war during the past two centuries. She has seldom if ever come up to advance ballyhoo, and the keenest observers are hinting that once more her military power has been vastly overrated. But Charles XII, Frederick the Great, Napoleon and Wilhelm II all broke their hearts against that wall of flesh, and it may be that Russia will repeat her unique historical rôle.

Today the various dictators have created a convicing hocus-pocus about a European civil war between Fascism and Communism, but in reality the same old motives of national, economic and territorial aggression are crouching behind the frontiers. Indeed, from a laboratory point of view, the causes of the modern war may be compared to its principal ingredient. Gunpowder merely illuminates if ignited under ordinary conditions; but pack it so that the gases can't escape and it explodes. The Europe of today, like that of 1913, has been packed! Its trade, its finances, its politics, its ambitions, even its scholarship, have been tamped down within national borders rather than being allowed to expand naturally. Thus instead of illuminating, a whole continent is about to explode.

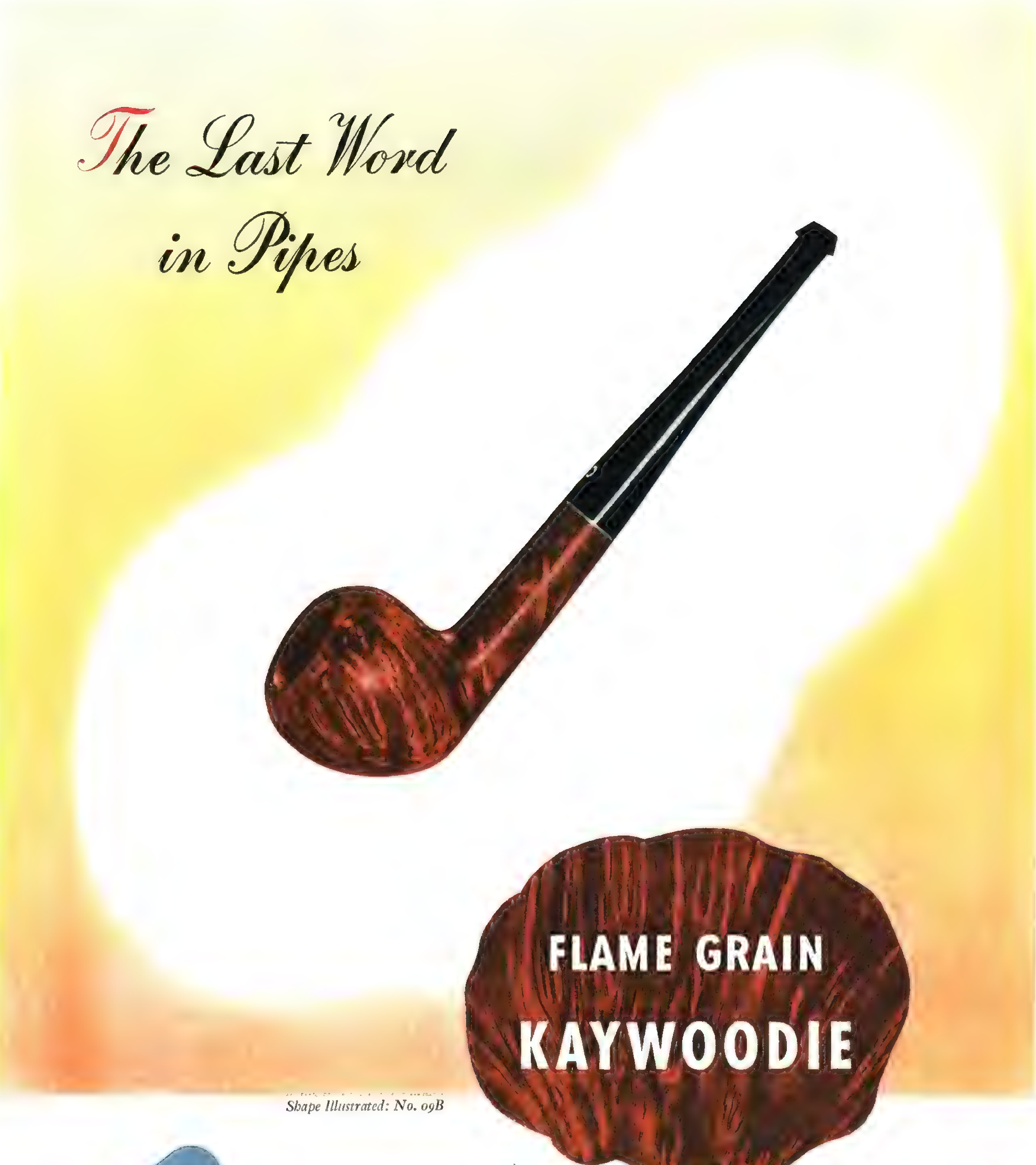
The only important differences between 1913 and today are those of degree. Then the world had known no great conflict for a century; now Europe is still haggard from the last tremendous effort while straining every nerve toward the next. Then the annual price tag of war preparations was three and a half billion dollars; now the burden is exactly four times as heavy on a bankrupt generation which hasn't yet been able to pay the fiddler for the last *danse macabre*.

Thus if a quick and forthright decision really is reached, it will likely be due to such enervating preliminaries rather than subsequent new weapons or tactics. There is no longer a valid question as to when hostilities will begin—they have already begun in the present punishing race of armaments! Probably no ruler in Europe could say definitely when a more violent phase will take place; it may have happened by the time this is printed, or it may be postponed to incredible lengths. In April, 1893, for instance, *Munsey's* magazine pooh-poohed editorially, "The prophecy of a coming outbreak has been so often made during the last dozen years, and so uniformly falsified, that it has almost come to be regarded as a meaningless cry of 'wolf'!"

Today only the most hardy optimist could hope for a further respite of two decades. Millions of Europeans, notably in the dictator-ruled nations, have undergone most of the material sacrifices and psychological intensity of actual war during the last several years. Athletes quickly go stale under like conditions, and it may be wondered how long such peoples can endure the added test of the real thing. The French, Austrian, Russian and Italian armies of the World War, you may remember, took only about two years to make the transition from the crashing salute to open insubordination.

But with the possible exception of dictators, who always run the historical risk of self-deception, nobody believes today that a full-fledged modern conflict can be won even by the victors. So it will perhaps be a boon, as well as a miracle, if one group of combatants actually is crushed in the first breath-taking offensive, however humiliating to national pride that result might be.

For the modern war is capable of dealing out far worse casualties than the air raid victim of the news pictures. Famine and exhaustion can't be photographed so graphically! And there is no way at all to photograph that aftermath of moral misery and despair which leads war-rotted peoples to sell their political birthright for a dictator's mess of pottage ⧺



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$10

If you have a pipe in your hand as you read this, please take a look at it.

Lay it down on this page. Compare it with Flame Grain Kaywoodie. No doubt your pipe gives you a good smoke, but does it give you a good appearance? *How does it look?*

You certainly want to be proud of the pipe you are smoking. A pipe is the spotlight of personality. Nothing attracts more attention, when you meet people, excepting your eyes.

So own a pipe that you don't have to apologize for. It's indispensable to being well-dressed. Perhaps one of these Flame Grain Kaywoodies is the pipe for you—each one is as individual as your thumb print.

There are only eight or nine Flame-Grain briars to every five thousand pipe-bowls.* You can only get such beauty in wood after 100 years or more of natural growth. Some of these rare pieces of briar are 400 years old. The roots from which they came are the "survivals of the fittest"—Mother Nature isn't kind to briar, and a root must be extra hardy and tough to survive so long. That's why Flame-Grain briar makes a fine pipe.

Lay aside your old pipe, and get Flame Grain Kaywoodie today—it's the most beautiful thing in wood, "the last word" in pipes!

* We are the largest makers of pipes in the world, using millions of pieces of briar yearly.

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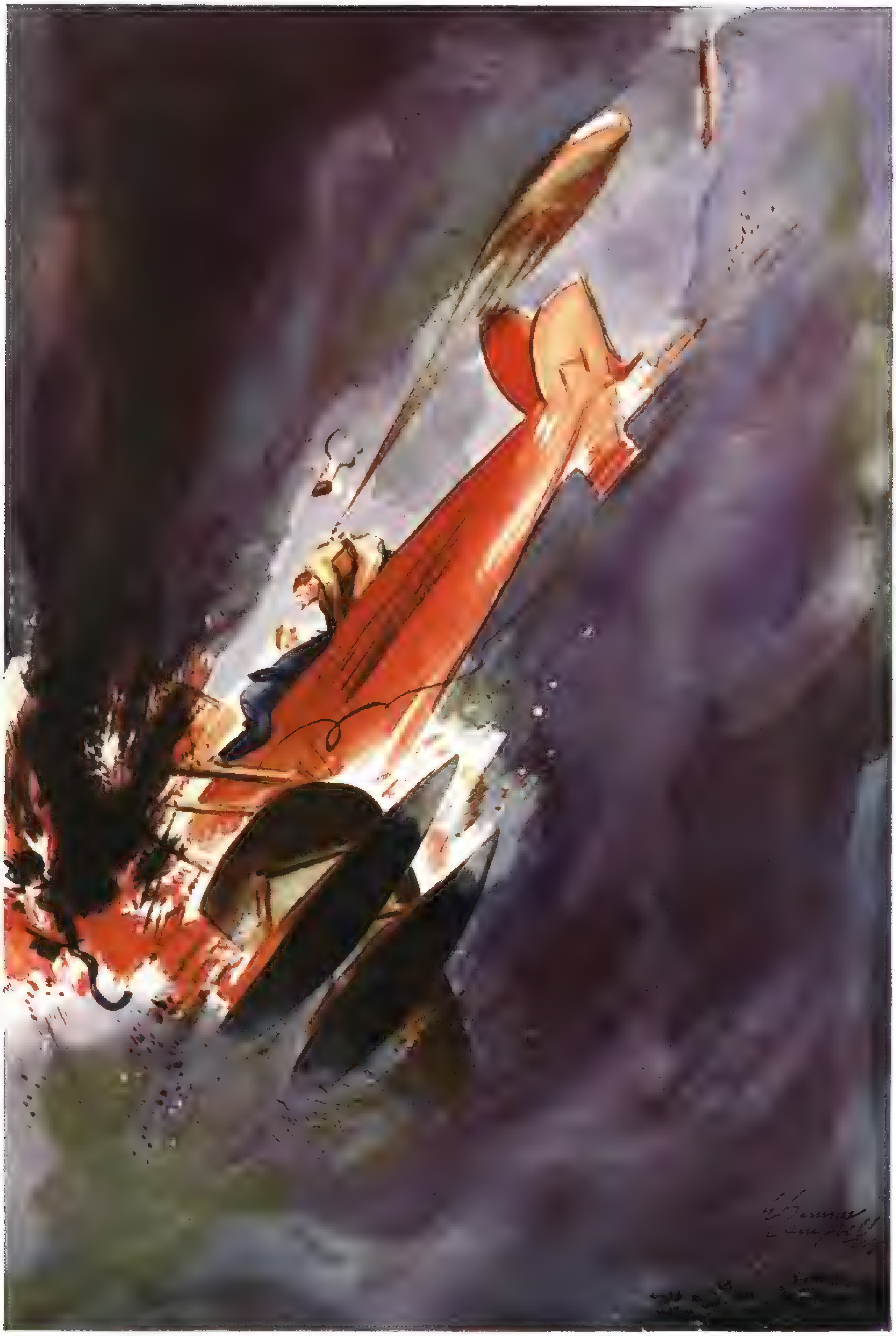


*"They can't do this to a press plane — I'll complain to the American Consul!"*

## Answering Your Questions

Continued from page 70

is very draughty, and my manuscript pages are always blowing on the floor or out the window. I can hardly get together a five or six page article without going screwy. You can imagine what would happen with a two hundred thousand word novel. And if I finally *did* get it together, I'd want to call it *Gone With the Wind,* a title which is already pre-empted. 3. I can't think of anything to write a novel about.

9. When are you going to quit this foolishness and get a *job?*

Answer: What have you got to offer?

10. How the hell did you ever happen to take up writing?

Answer: Well, I got out of college, and my father said: "What are you going to do?"

"I think I'll play a couple of sets of tennis," I told him, "and then I'll go call on Mabel."

"No, no," he said. "I mean what are you going to do for a living?"

"I don't get you," I said.

"Listen," he retorted. "What I'm trying to get at is: what are you going to do for your life's work?"

"Work?" I asked. "Am I supposed to work?"

"Certainly," he said. "Everybody's supposed to work. That's how you get money."

"Jeez," I told him. "Nobody ever told me that at college."

"Well, that's the way it is," he insisted. "What kind of work do you figure you're best qualified to do?"

"Daddy dearest," I came back. "You've sure got me there." So that's how the hell I happened to take up writing.

11. Is it necessary to use a typewriter, or has stuff got just as much chance if it's written in longhand?

Answer: It really doesn't make much difference. I use a typewriter because someone owed me some money, and finally settled the debt by giving me a second-hand typewriter. Most editors say they prefer longhand because it shows up the writer's character better, and makes them feel more intimate. My advice to beginners is to use this system, and write on both sides of the paper. This saves postage, and shows people that you're frugally inclined. The old attitude, prevalent in the Twenties, of "Hang the expense" is no longer fashionable. Pencil is preferable to ink because it rubs out better.

12. Do you think ability, hard work, luck, perseverance, contacts, previous training, or good breaks are the most important thing in writing?

Answer: I sure do.

13. Should a writer enclose return postage with his contributions?

Answer: Under no circumstances. When you enclose return postage with a piece you are saying, in effect: "Mr. Editor: I didn't think this was much good when I wrote it, and on looking it over it looks a lot worse. So I am enclosing the necessary means of your sending it back to me." Mr. Editor, of course, says: "Tell that dope not to waste my time with any more of his trash," or even "Call up Mr. Ryan, and tell him I'll meet him at the first tee at three-thirty."

14. Were you plastered when you wrote that piece in the last issue?

Answer: Boy, oh boy, was I! ⧺

## No Art, Mr. Disney?

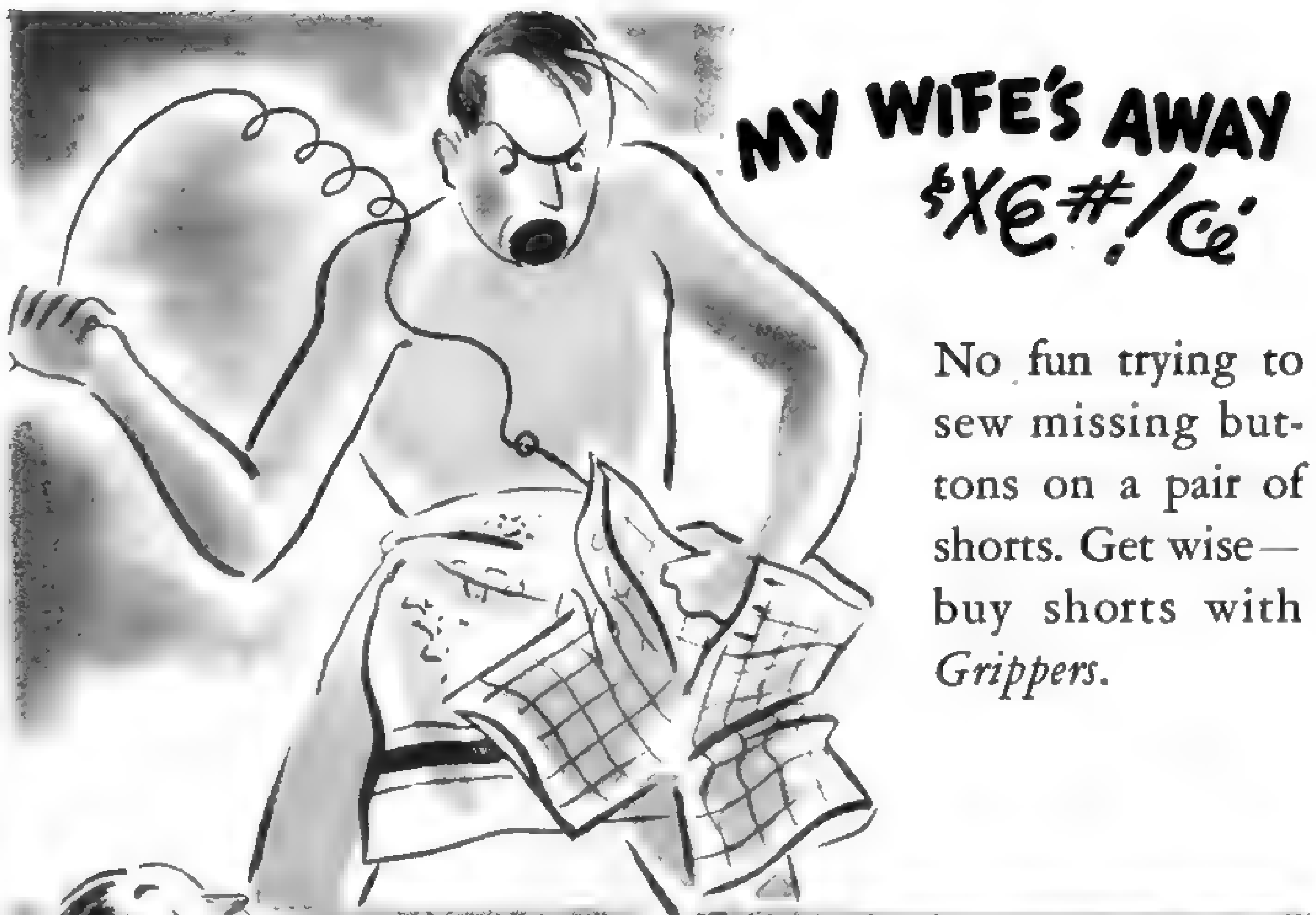
Continued from page 91

a dozen works produced in America at the same time in all the other arts can stand comparison with this one. What Mr. Henry James might have called the "dazzling, damning apparition" of Donald Duck in this picture is only a small part of its glory. I know of no other Mickey Mouse in which all the elements are so miraculously blended. It has comedy of detail—such as the sleeve of Mickey's oversized uniform continually slipping down to conceal his baton; it has comedy of structure based on the duck's persistent attempts to break up the concert by playing a competing tune on the flute—a tune to which the band, against its will, has to turn; it has comedy of character in the stern artistic devotion of Mickey contrasted with the unmotivated villainy of Donald; it has comedy of action when the tornado twists the entire concert into the air and then reverses itself and brings the players back to the grandstand. In no other picture have I observed so many flashing details—during the tornado itself there is the general line of comedy that in the whirlwind or caught on treetops, all the players continue to follow their music, but there are moments in this scene when the screen seems to be animated by dozens of separate episodes. They are miraculous if you catch them and even if you do not, the total effect is miraculous still.

Two of the more recent pictures indicate that the imagination and inventiveness of Disney and his fellow-workers have not flagged. They are *Alpine Climbers* and *Mother Pluto.* Pluto is one of Disney's most engaging creations and the fantastic idea that he might by accident hatch a brood of chicks and from being aghast come to be more devoted and more protective than the chick's legitimate parents, is an excellent thing for a picture.

In contrast with this single action, *Alpine Climbers* takes Mickey, Donald and the still unnamed but magnificent St. Bernard into three separate and violent encounters with eagles, rams and other fauna along the terrifying precipices of the Alps.

Continued at top of page 172



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## No Art, Mr. Disney?

*Continued from pages 91-171*

The way these three actions proceed, each in its own direction, and then intersect, will remind the old movie enthusiast of D. W. Griffith's more impressive structure in *Intolerance*, but the spectator with no memory at all will be equally entertained.

In recent months I have seen several animated cartoons not from the Disney studio which indicated that his rivals are improving themselves and what is more important, are trying to develop ideas of their own instead of going into the desperate business of improving on Disney. I should say that the one cartoon which most successfully does not remind you of Disney—that is *Popeye*—is by far the best of the lot and I suppose will eventually appear in color and offer a very desirable bit of competition to Disney himself. The major differences between Disney and his rivals are creative ones. Many times you see a gag, an invention, a new way to show flowers dancing or pencil sharpeners turning into machine guns—but these are as amusing in the hands of one animator as in the hands of another. But no one else has created such interesting characters, no one else has taken the word "animation" to mean giving life, no one else has found so agreeable a color scheme and no one else has so successfully integrated pictures and music. As these are four of the five fundamental things in animated cartoons, it is not hard to see why Disney remains so far ahead in the field, especially as in the fifth item, which is sheer, downright, unanalyzable fun, he is even farther ahead of them than in the others. ⵌ

## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from page 94*

and words what music meant to him and what he hoped to do with it. Not only were unknowns welcomed, but such representative contemporaries as Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Howard Hanson, Marion Bauer, Daniel Gregory Mason, and Virgil Thompson took their medicine and liked it.

The Chicago Composers' Forum turned up a serious and respectable, not to mention ingenious, architect-composer. In addition to sketching pleasantries for the city sky line, this young chap writes music on a blank piano roll. He chisels out tonal patterns with a safety razor. Whether or not you approve of his method, it has immediate advantages. It is capable instantly of making more noise than Wagner and more cacophony than Antheil. Occasionally, all keys go down at once, a feat beyond Liszt and Horowitz rolled into one. The architect has yet to design players for his music.

Important is the fact that the composers' project works: audiences are interested.

"We are hoping," says its New York director, "to assist in sweeping away the mystification which has always enshrouded the composer and his work . . . The Composers' Forum Laboratory affords an opportunity to observe the composer at work, producing for us—his audience. We can observe all types of music written by competent musicians—music expressive of every shade of thought and feeling peculiar to this moment in history."

Not only is his piano kept in tune, his music copied for him, but it is taken and played in the slums, the rural schools, and state teachers' colleges. The educational division of the Music Project has been most active. Through it, two million individuals, children and adults, almost entirely from the relief population and the underprivileged, have had their first music lesson. Believe it or not, two-thirds of our four million country-school students are without music instruction.

Small Federal Music Project orchestras are going into some of these schools. Pupils then actually see, hear and hold the various instruments . . . and learn first-hand how music is made.

The performance may be a bit ragged, but so is the music-making of some of our privately endowed organizations. The FMP symphonies, paying each man seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month, offer a more finished product than casual listeners might expect. They are not, as I firmly believed until I heard one, composed entirely of tired road-builders. Of course, if they were, their concerts would be highly instructive. To an extent few laymen realize, a performance of the simplest concert-stück requires an immense reservoir of brawn as well as a latent capacity for that form of activity known as "leaning on the shovel." You have surely noticed the 'cellists and the double-bass players! In fact, the strain of rehearsals on a musician's physical energy is so severe that his reluctance to exercise himself in the interval between, causes more nagging and confusion in his home than ever occurs in a road-builder's.

Men in the FMP orchestras are either very young or very old. Symphony managements have the habit of retiring players just before they reach the pension age, leaving them to shift for themselves. And the young players, just out of conservatories, are scarcely dry behind the ears. No matter, together they have made music at nickelodeon prices for sixty million listeners.

The larger effects of this are not yet evident. Success will be assured when our various communities experience a *demand* for music that provides all musicians with private employment. ⵌ

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WHETHER you're married or single—whether or not you've ever had a blow-out, don't blind yourself to these facts.

Thousands of motorists are killed or injured—thousands of dollars are spent for repairs, doctor and hospital bills every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. Every day *somewhere, someone* is headed for a costly or fatal blow-out accident.

Many of these blow-outs that you hear and read about are due to the heat generated *inside* of all tires by today's higher driving speeds. This terrific internal tire heat may cause rubber and fabric to separate. And if it does, an invisible blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER it grows until, sooner or later, BANG! It's a blow-out! And where your car might land—nobody knows.

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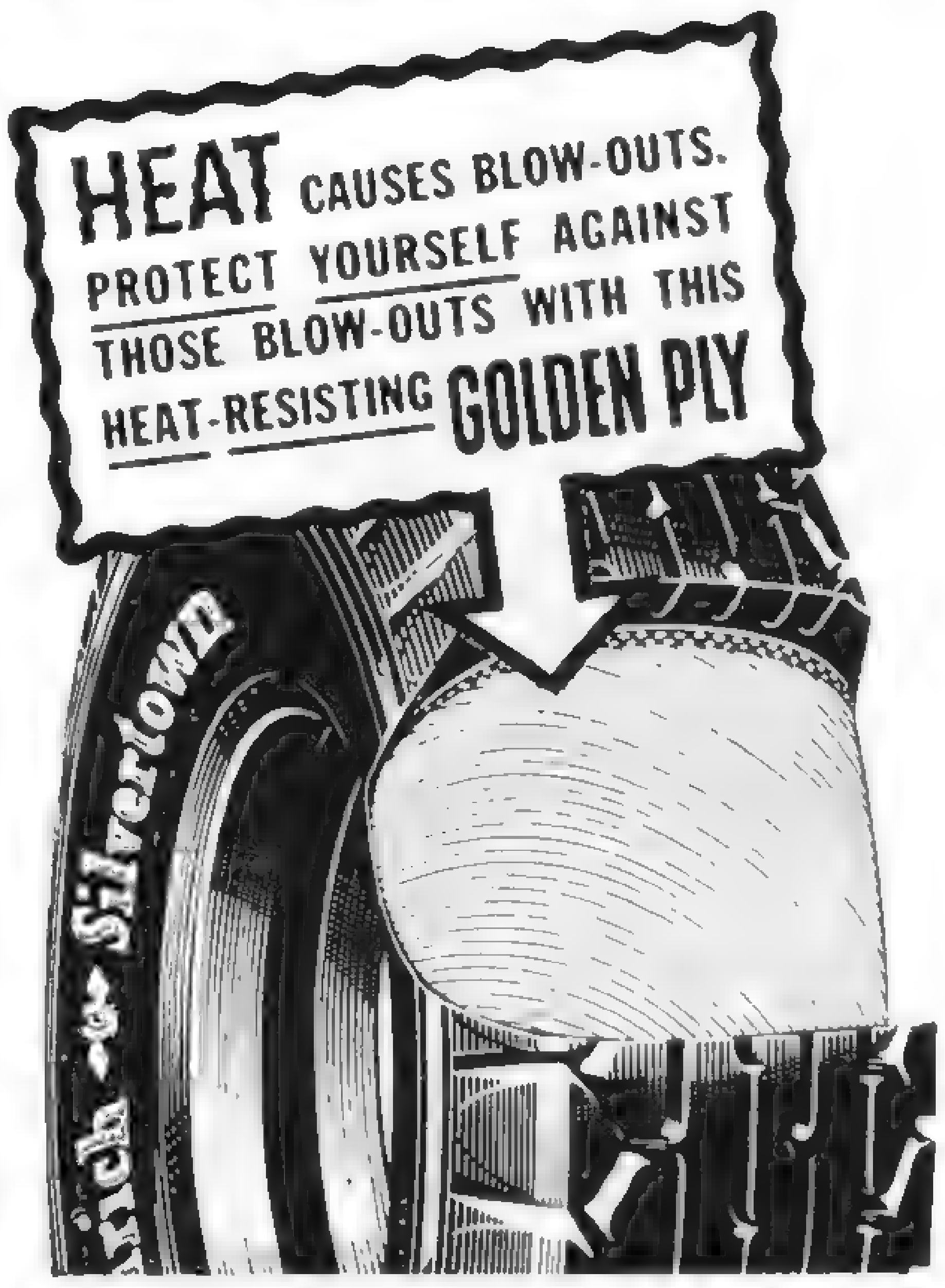
Remember, no tire gives you *Golden Ply* blow-out protection unless it's a Goodrich Safety Silvertown. And don't forget this life-saving tire actually costs *much less* than other super-quality tires.

Thousands of motorists all over America have found that Silvertowns *below* mean safety *above.* For your own peace of mind, for the protection of your family and friends stop at any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich Dealer for a set of these long-mileage, life-saving tires. *It's better to be safe than sorry!*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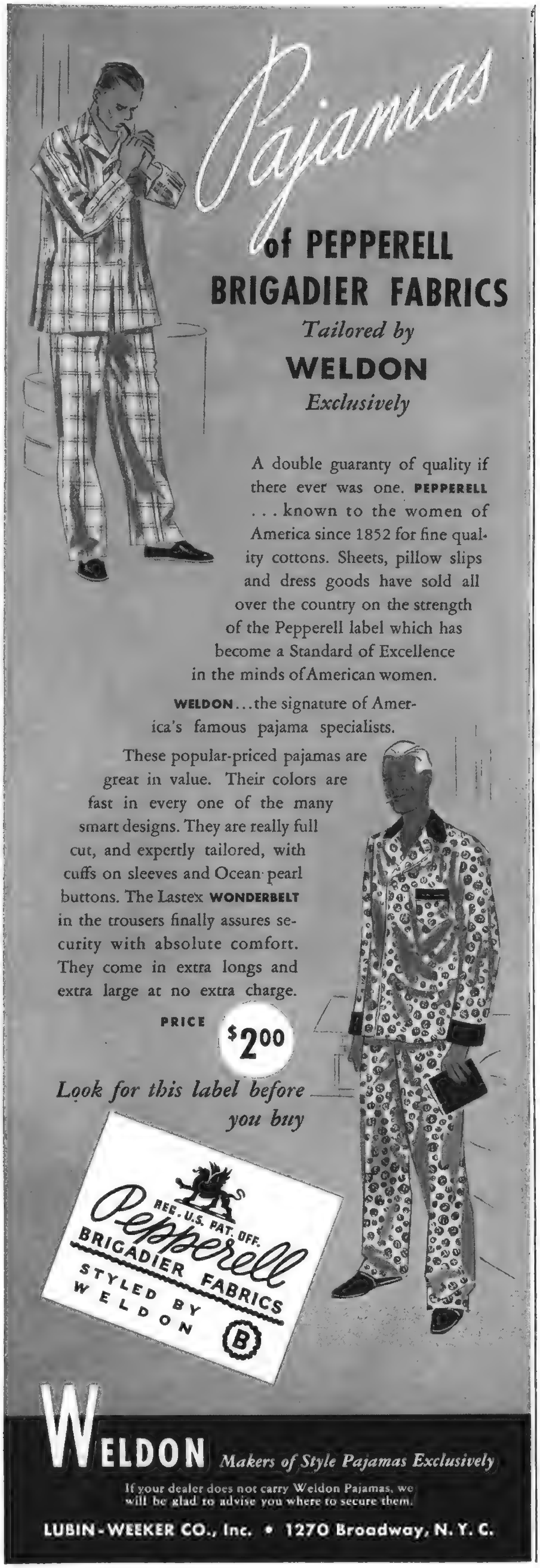

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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from page 101*

*Friends and Influence People*, Victor Heiser's *An American Doctor's Odyssey* and Pearson and Allen's *Nine Old Men;* but the great demand in both the retail store and the rental library was a wallop not only to my pride of authorship but also to my professional pride in a knowledge of current books; for the heaviest demand was obviously for books and authors I had never heard of—*Hot Love*, *The Lieutenant's Bride*, *The Savage Sweetheart*, and other fetching titles of novels by names new to me. Almost with a glad cry of recognition my eyes lighted upon a double stack of books with a title and author I knew—*The Old Goat* by Tiffany Thayer.

Sight of this familiar title in demand among the Brandeis customers so relieved my tension and so restored my self-confidence that I was almost on the point of announcing, not that I was an author, too, but that I knew Mr. Thayer, personally. Bookstore patrons in Omaha, I concluded, lead such active, lusty, full-blooded lives that they have little patience with books familiar to us in the effete East and demand that the books they buy be the realistic, full-chested, man-and-his-mate sort.

To make sure that the impression I carried away from Brandeis was not from an isolated phenomenon I began a furtive search of the shelves in other bookshops only to be the more despondently convinced that my first impression was correct and then I went to Kiser's rare and second-hand bookshop where I *knew* my book could not be found because it wasn't old enough yet to be either rare or second-hand, broke down and confessed to the sympathetic Mr. Kiser that I was a deflated and disconsolate author eager for some visible assurance in the bookshops of Omaha that he had really had a book published recently or at least that somebody had heard of it. Mr. Kiser said he had not heard of the book personally although my name had a vaguely familiar sound; but he assured me kindly that if anybody in Omaha had ever heard of me or my book it would be Mrs. Matthews, "the Book Store Lady" at Matthews' Book Shop on Harney Street.

Thence I directed myself hotfoot and palpitant. Yes, indeedy! —sweet, maternal, kindly Mrs. Matthews and her lovely girl clerks had heard of my book, had stocked it well, sold it quickly and re-ordered it; moreover they were apparently pleased that I had come in. We chatted; self-confidence and courage to go on writing began to mount in me like the mercury in a thermometer when a lighted match is held under it. I left feeling like a disciple of Dale Carnegie's who had just met Mr. Carnegie himself and had beaten him to the gong. . . . It takes so little to make an author happy, unless the author is, say, Granville Hicks, who proceeds on the assumption you have read every word he has ever written and that if you haven't you are just out of luck.

Reading reports of the American Writers' Congress held in New York City in June, I wondered if it would not be a salutary experience for every one who attended the congress (especially the one-book authors) who orated so fervently upon the issues to be met by a united front of themselves, including going on record as to what is dead or obsolete in American fiction, non-fiction and criticism (that is, most of the work of the American authors who did not attend the congress) and what is significant, important and enduring in contemporary American literature (that is, with some dissenting opinions, the unwritten work of delegates present, including the great critical works of Newton Arvin and Granville Hicks, the great proletarian novels by Joseph Freeman, the great epics of the struggle between and against Communism and Fascism by and in Archibald McLeish and the great study of the evils of capitalism embodied in an epoch-making, actually published novel by T. S. Matthews based upon the newspaper clippings of the Judd-Grey murder) to visit individually a bookstore like that of the Brandeis department store in Omaha. Not thereafter, I imagine, would they be so sure that the work of all American writers once considered good are out-of-date, passé and that only the work of those with a proletarian consciousness of the class struggle is valid and meritorious.

For a reason evolved from my own experience and observation, I intend hereafter to recur from time to time not only to books I may have reviewed prematurely but to other books as well. The reason is this: repetition of a statement is the only way of impressing a statement upon any considerable number of minds. And any critic or reviewer who has faith in the validity of his judgment and particular enthusiasm for a work of literature should back his judgment and help the cause of good books by repeating his recommendation. A daily critic for the press or the editor of a book review section is handicapped in doing this because of the necessity of keeping up with all the better books as they come out: if he recurs to a book he has already noticed he must sacrifice the space his job calls upon him to devote to a book that is "news," because it is new. Nevertheless I believe that the critics and reviewers would contribute more than they do to public taste if they drummed into the minds of their readers their enthusiasm or belief in certain books.

In my former days of newspaper reviewing I found it to be true that, whereas a laudatory review

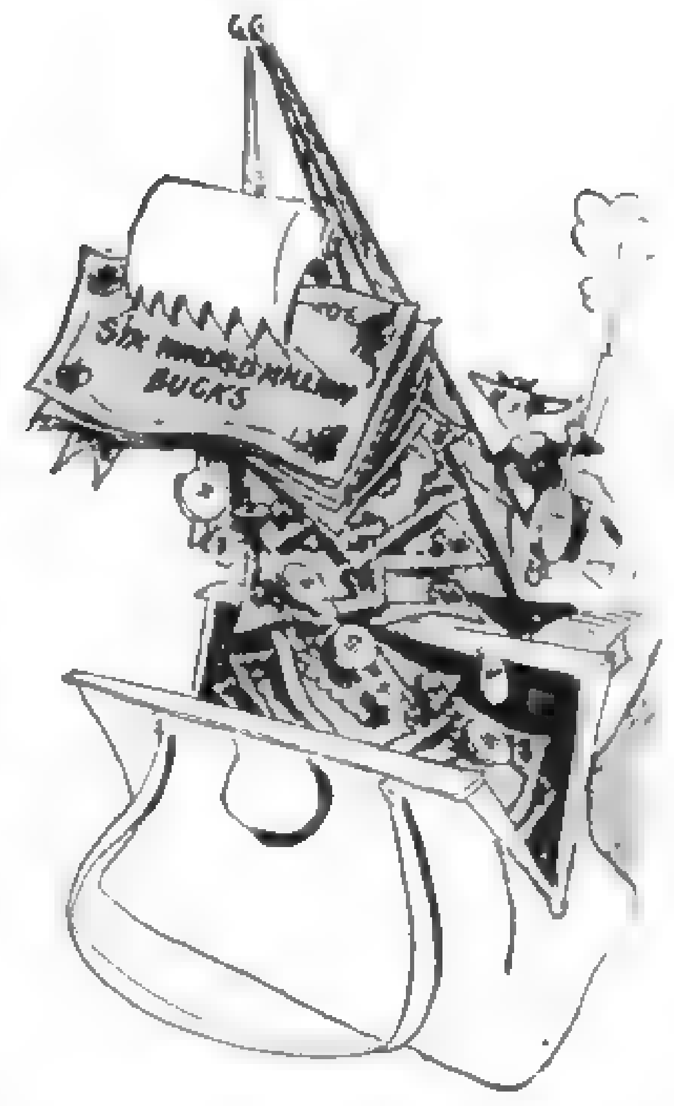
*Continued on page 176*

*ESQUIRE says this must be labeled an advertisement but we still insist it's news.*

# You Can't Ice News!

## Fate sent Stokka from Norway to be chief dispatcher for the world's most perishable product

### *by* JOHN MARSTON



"HELL, boss," said the trucker into the prairie filling station telephone, "snow's fifteen feet deep, a howling blizzard and it'll be twenty below by morning."

"But you're *not* stuck" came back a pleasant precise voice with a slight Scandinavian accent. "The 10,000 Des Moines Sunday Registers on your truck are worth 10 cents each now. In only a few hours they won't be worth a penny. How far from Des Moines are you?"

"Hundred-forty miles—60 more to Sioux City."

"Turn around and go back to Denison before the road drifts. You'll get a clear highway to Missouri Valley. Transfer your papers to the train going north."

Slight, dark haired Aadne Stokka turned to answer another insistent phone. Being traffic manager of Iowa's big state daily, The Des Moines Register and Tribune, demands a strategist's knowledge of roads, trains, weather and men.

Stokka freights *news,* the world's most perishable commodity. There's no way under heaven in which it can be smoked, salted, dried or iced. A newspaper sealed in an airtight jar at zero would still be spoiled when opened a day later. Fast delivery is the only way to keep news fresh—and The Des Moines Register and Tribune delivery has achieved speed and dependability so that all over Iowa every day more than a million readers say . . .

Housewife: "Time to start supper—here comes the paper."

Factory hand: "Say, Bill, the whistle will be blowing anytime now . . . just saw the R and T truck drop her load across the street."

Store keeper: "I could set the clock by it . . ."

Suppose that someone plumped you down in front of 180 tons of ice cream on a hot August day and ordered: "Distribute this in one pound lots to 312,540 families over an area as large as New York state and New Jersey by tomorrow morning."

Your job wouldn't be any tougher than that faced by Aadne Stokka every day in the year. In sheer weight The Des Moines Register and Tribune amounts to 270 tons each six week days, 180 tons each Sunday. Almost half the families in Iowa subscribe to it.

180 TONS
FRESH ICE CREAM

Every week more than 1,200 cars and trucks are at work on Iowa highways bringing readers news. The system is amazingly intricate . . . involving train, truck and bus. Some newspapers may leave Des Moines by truck for fifty miles, transfer to train for another forty, then be carried by light truck or automobile twenty or thirty. Schedules have to click exactly.

The whole vast network rolls up a mileage many times that around the earth weekly. Every day a tide of newspapers sweeps out of Des Moines, reaches the farthest corners of Iowa, as far as from Boston to Baltimore, and repeats again tomorrow, and every day throughout the year.

Aadne Stokka who has the plan of this intricate machine in his mind is a young Norseman. In 1920 he left Stavanger (kippers) for a visit to American relatives. He stayed in Iowa because he liked the country and the people . . . became head accountant of the growing Register and Tribune circulation department in 1926.

Although Stokka didn't know it, the coming of paved highways was soon to revolutionize newspaper distribution throughout Iowa . . . and The Des Moines Daily Register and Tribune was to grow from 180,000 circulation in 1926 to 290,000 today—The Des Moines Sunday Register from 150,000 to 312,000.

Stokka studied the embryo highway distribution system of The Register and Tribune outside Des Moines. Daily he noted slight changes by which service could be speeded and money saved. At the end of the month he remarked to his superiors: "Changes in distribution here and there could save several thousand dollars a year and enable readers to get their papers quicker. How about trying them,"

"Fine," said the dukes (since a good idea is always welcome). So Stokka became traffic manager.

It was a fortunate time. In 1926 Iowans were thinking most about buying automobiles and building an enormous grill work of paved highways to run them on. Paved road mileage in 1926 was about 500 miles, today it is 5,000. As fast as fingers of concrete pushed out into the fat black corn fields and linked hundreds of towns with Des Moines, Register and Tribune delivery service followed. The paper expanded because of hard roads, a good product and enterprise.

Iowans were anxious for a big city standard newspaper. They aren't easily satisfied . . . demand the best they can get. Iowa homes, highways, schools, factories and farms show that.

Iowans liked The Des Moines Register and Tribune for its complete news coverage, made possible by the possession of all the great press services, including AP, UP, INS, UNS and NANA.

They were fascinated by fresh news pictures. They reveled in sports and comic sections which surpassed anything they'd ever seen before. They respected the honesty of giving all the facts in the news, of keeping editorial opinions in editorial columns and presenting opinions on all sides of important current questions.

Best of all they liked Des Moines Register and Tribune reliable doorstep delivery. As fast as Stokka and his trucks, busses and trains could get papers to them, they bought. They had money . . . it was the best newspaper they could purchase. In a few years Iowa turned into a Single Newspaper City where people read the same news, talked about the same comics and sports, argued over the same politics and interests.

Alert advertisers weren't long in discovering the inexpensive sales power of this expanding medium . . . were delighted to be able to cover the whole Iowa market at one effort. Through "A" schedules in The Des Moines Register and Tribune they imprinted their sales messages onto the consciousness of Iowans with telling effect . . . now concentrate smash effect at lowest milline rates in Iowa ($1.76 Sunday, $1.72 daily).

Reader interest in Iowa's leading newspaper's columns extends with full force to its advertisements as well. Iowans are accustomed to shopping through Des Moines Register and Tribune ads before opening their ample purses. Advertising ideas are as interesting as news ideas . . . provide backgrounds for purchases of food, automobiles, clothing and thousands of kindred items that mount up to $600,000,000 yearly.

Today half the goods on Iowa store shelves bear an invisible tag: "To be bought by a reader of The Des Moines Register and Tribune."

Advertising news rides express with editorial news to the doorsteps of half the families of Iowa through The Des Moines Register and Tribune delivery system!

Even your *best friend won't* tell you

JOHNSON couldn't understand it; he and Marie had had their little "tiffs" but they didn't explain why she had sent back his ring . . . nor did her brusque note shed any light on the broken engagement. Puzzled and disheartened he sought his best friend. Perhaps he could offer some explanation. And so he could . . . yet he withheld the truth. The subject is so delicate that even a close friend won't discuss it.

*IT'S INSIDIOUS.* The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself rarely know when you have it and even your best friend won't tell you. At this very moment you may be suffering from this all too common condition . . . needlessly offending others . . . and doing nothing about it. It is unfortunate that everyone offends this way at some time or other—usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles.

*DON'T GAMBLE.* Don't run the needless risk of offending. All you need do to stop this and sweeten breath is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It is a marvelously effective deodorant . . . *and a deodorant is what you need in correcting breath conditions.*

*HOW DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.* The wonderful, freshening, invigorating effect of Listerine Antiseptic will simply delight you. It sweeps away decaying deposits from large areas on teeth, mouth, and gums. It kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time, it halts food fermentation, a major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the odors themselves. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more wholesome.

*ALWAYS BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS.* Always take the pleasant precaution of using Listerine before social or business engagements; you'll never have to worry about your breath; you'll know it will not offend.

*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE

*Checks Halitosis*
*(Bad Breath)*

## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 101-174*

of mine would result in a definite, comparatively small, traceable response in the way of orders for the book in the bookshops on the day the review appeared, the way really to make an author and his book known was something like forcible feeding—to cram the book down the public's throat, even if the process was the easy, almost imperceptible one of keeping on saying in print that a certain neglected book is good or a masterpiece or something that no one should miss. After a while some intransigent readers will grumble, "The hell you say! I don't believe it. I'll get the book and have a look for myself." Isabel Paterson of the New York *Herald Tribune* and I did this cramming in the case of *The Innocent Voyage* (or as it was later called, *A High Wind in Jamaica*) by Richard Hughes until presently, after publisher and author had given up hope of any considerable sale for the book it became a best seller. I started bleating about *South Wind* by Norman Douglas in Chicago when the book came out in 1918 and, although the novel enjoyed a fairish sale and an enthusiastic audience in that city it did not become known to the New York book buying public until Elinor Wylie and some others began touting it there nearly eight years later. And I remember how the late Clive Bell, the London critic of art and letters, began writing that Thomas Hardy and Virginia Woolf were the only two great English novelists. Virginia Woolf was his sister-in-law. She hadn't published any novels. How, then, could she and Thomas Hardy be the two greatest English novelists? Because, Clive Bell (he was an arrogant, dogmatic man) said so: he had read a novel of hers in manuscript. A publisher bit and brought out Mrs. Woolf's novel. Clive Bell kept on saying not only that she was one of the two greatest novelists living in England but probably the greatest novelist the world had ever known. Other critics were impressed by Bell's firm, uncompromising insistence and although they discounted his estimate some, they too began to write of her as a great novelist or at least with the irrelevant qualifier, "a great woman novelist." Skeptics and unbelievers annoyedly disagreed with this verdict and made out to their readers that this puffing of Mrs. Woolf was but another intolerable caprice of the "Bloomsbury Group," which they stigmatized as a snooty, unimportant little bunch of mutual backscratchers. But, because of this, the public eventually had Virginia Woolf drummed into their ears and, their curiosity excited, began to buy Mrs. Woolf's successive novels in great numbers. This business about "the world's greatest woman novelist" has now become so prevalent a stamp that I noticed that many reviewers in commenting upon her last novel, *The Years*, used it resignedly or with the hedging word, "probably," while at the same time admitting in effect that this world's greatest woman novelist had written another great novel that is so dull they could not wade through it. *The Years*, as a result, is currently a best seller. As an astounded heretic among all these adulators of Mrs. Woolf, and at the risk of seeming to destroy my own argument in favor of that repetition of approval which makes an author's reputation, I regret to say that *The Years* seemed to me so static, so precious, so pretentious and so dull I could not finish it and that far from considering Mrs. Woolf one of the greatest novelists of all time or the greatest living woman novelist I don't even think she is a very good novelist but only a fairly competent not very imaginative craftsman not quite as important as Dorothy Richardson about whom a similar cult arose some fifteen years ago.

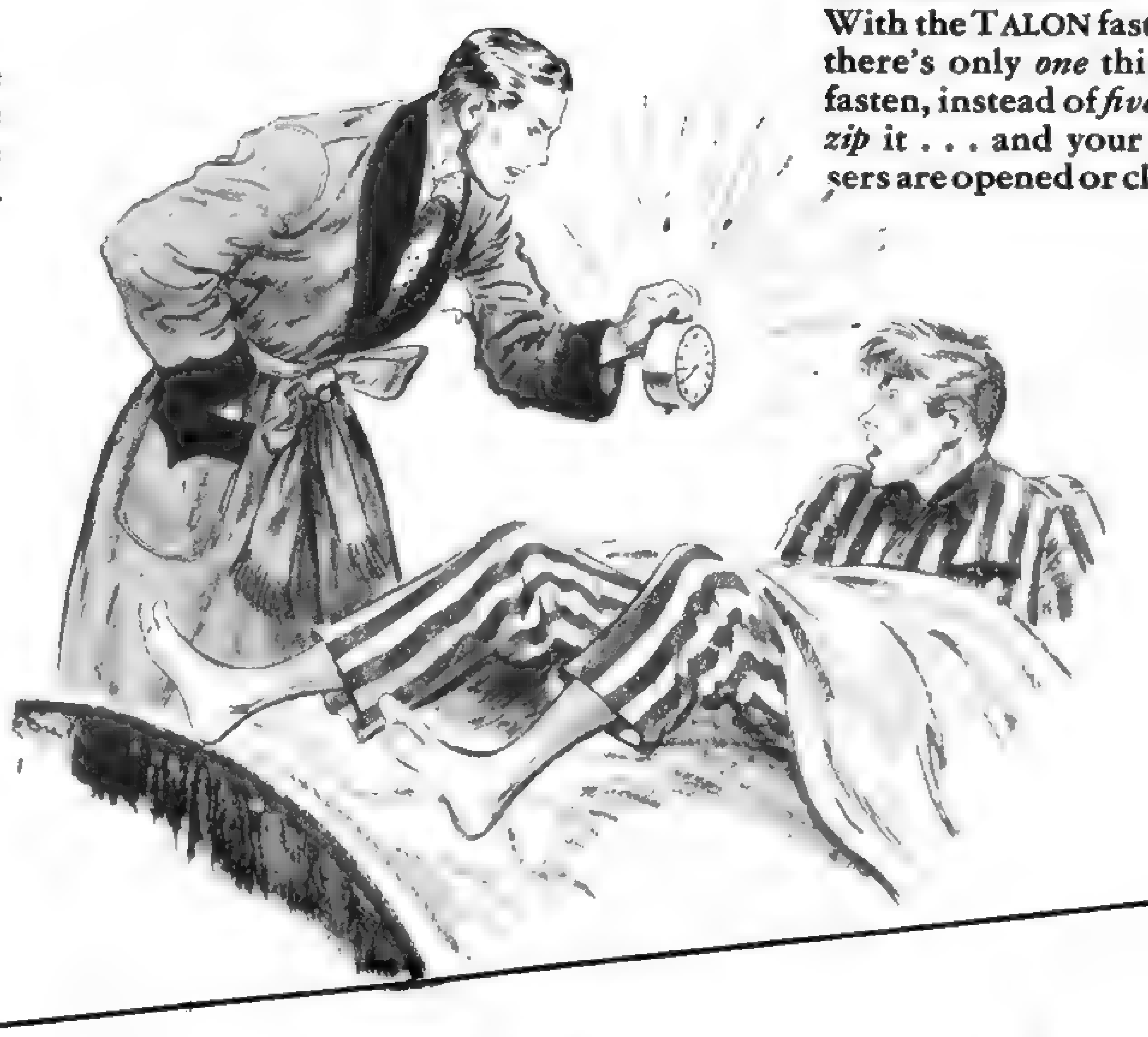
Nevertheless I do hereafter intend to repeat recommendations and, moreover, not to make any pretense of reading all the books the moment they come out but, as here below, call attention to books that have been out some weeks or some months, as for instance:

*Mermaid Tavern* (Knight Publications, $2.50) by George Cronin—Next to Francois Villon, Christopher Marlowe is the poet who has had the greatest appeal to the romantic sentiments, because of his great genius with the "mighty line," his reckless, short life, the legends of his bravado, drinking, fighting, wenching and his death in a tavern brawl. Mr. Cronin, a specialist in research with the spirit of a lusty poet (and, to be sure, some of the happy tricks of technique of the better pulp novelists) has here recreated a believable and glamorous Elizabethan England, peopled his book with such figures as Shakespeare, Jonson, Greene, Nash, and Raleigh and has made Marlowe his hero in a Dumasesque story of daring intrigues and wanton amours. Good entertainment and, at the same time, a background depicted with conscientious scholarship.... When, by the way, will The Harvard Press and Houghton, Mifflin make generally available in a cheaper, unlimited edition J. Leslie Hotson's *The Death of Christopher Marlowe?* This thrilling result of an adventure in scholarship is considered by the editor of this magazine "the most thrilling detective story" he ever read. A special favorite of Jame Branch Cabell's, this book is also one I should have to be in very dire straits before I would part with.

*The Third Reich* (The Greystone Press, $3) by Henri Lichtenberger—I should judge from his name that the ancestors of

*Continued on page 178*

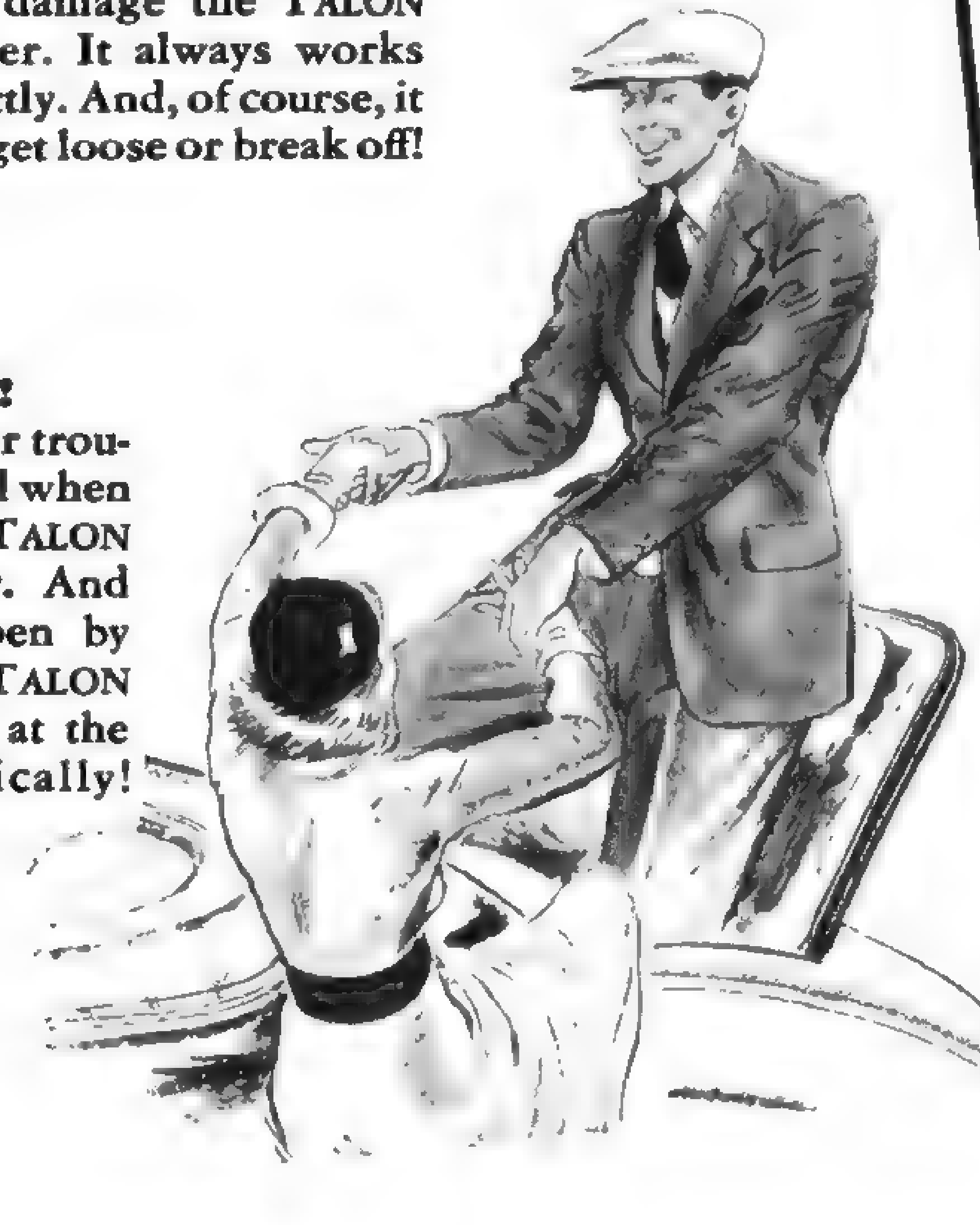
**STOUTS, LONGS**
The more unusual your size, the more you'll like the convenience and the smooth closing made possible by the TALON fastener.



**IT'S QUICKER!**
With the TALON fastener, there's only *one* thing to fasten, instead of *five!* Just *zip* it . . . and your trousers are opened or closed.

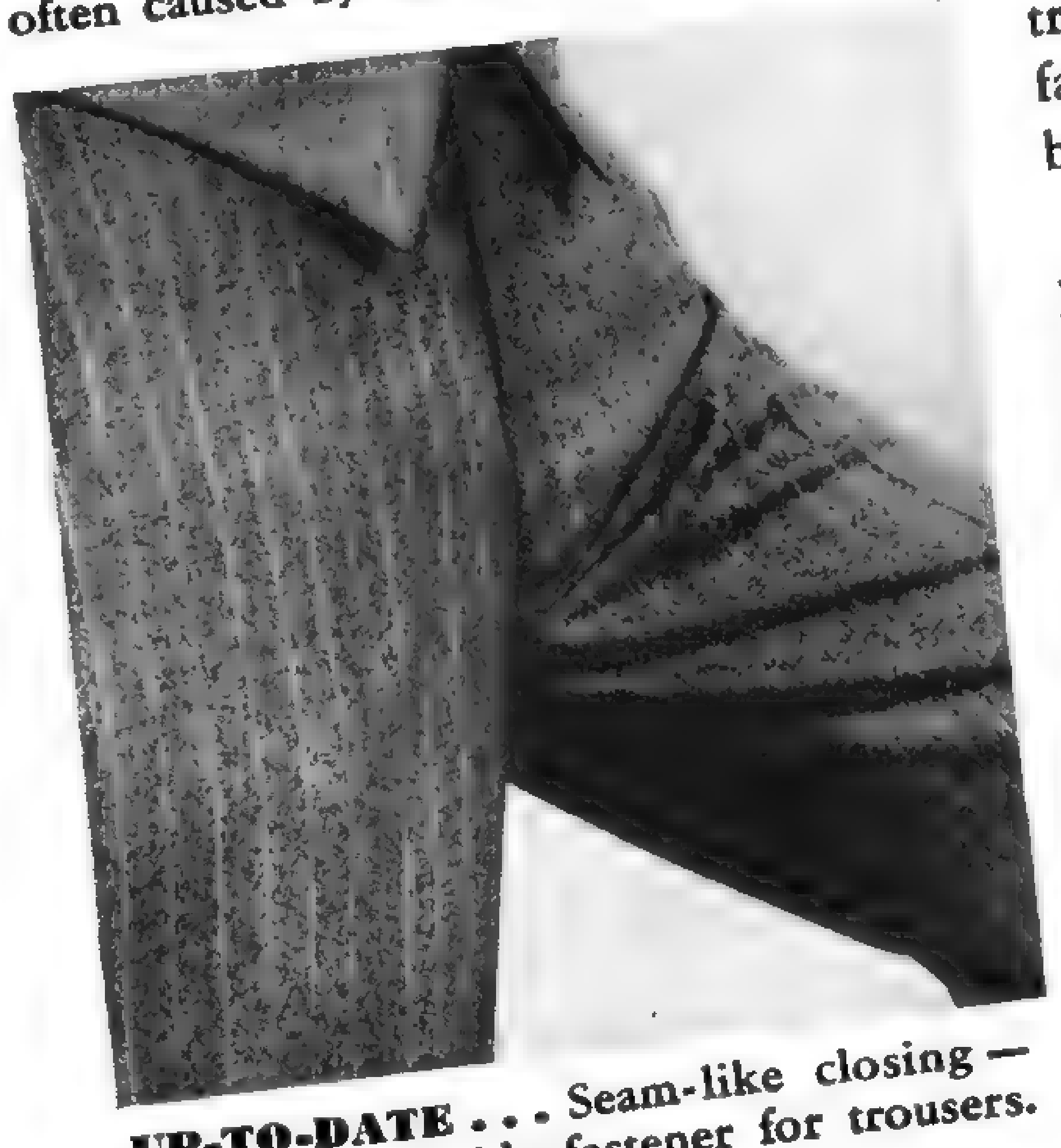
# "It makes Better Sense That's why I have it on all my Pants!"

**IT'S DURABLE!**
Pressing and dry cleaning can't damage the TALON fastener. It always works perfectly. And, of course, it can't get loose or break off!



**IT'S SAFER!**
You *know* your trousers are closed when they have a TALON slide fastener. And they can't open by accident. The TALON fastener *locks* at the top automatically!

**BEHIND THE TIMES...** Unsightly gaps, often caused by the old trouser closure.



**UP-TO-DATE . . .** Seam-like closing—with TALON slide fastener for trousers.

## *ITS SPEED, DURABILITY, SECURITY WIN MILLIONS TO TALON FASTENER*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"What's the sense of having your trousers closed with five separate fastenings that often come open, break off, cause offensive gaps?

"With the Talon slide fastener, you get greater ease, speed, convenience—and perfect neatness, security, durability as well!"

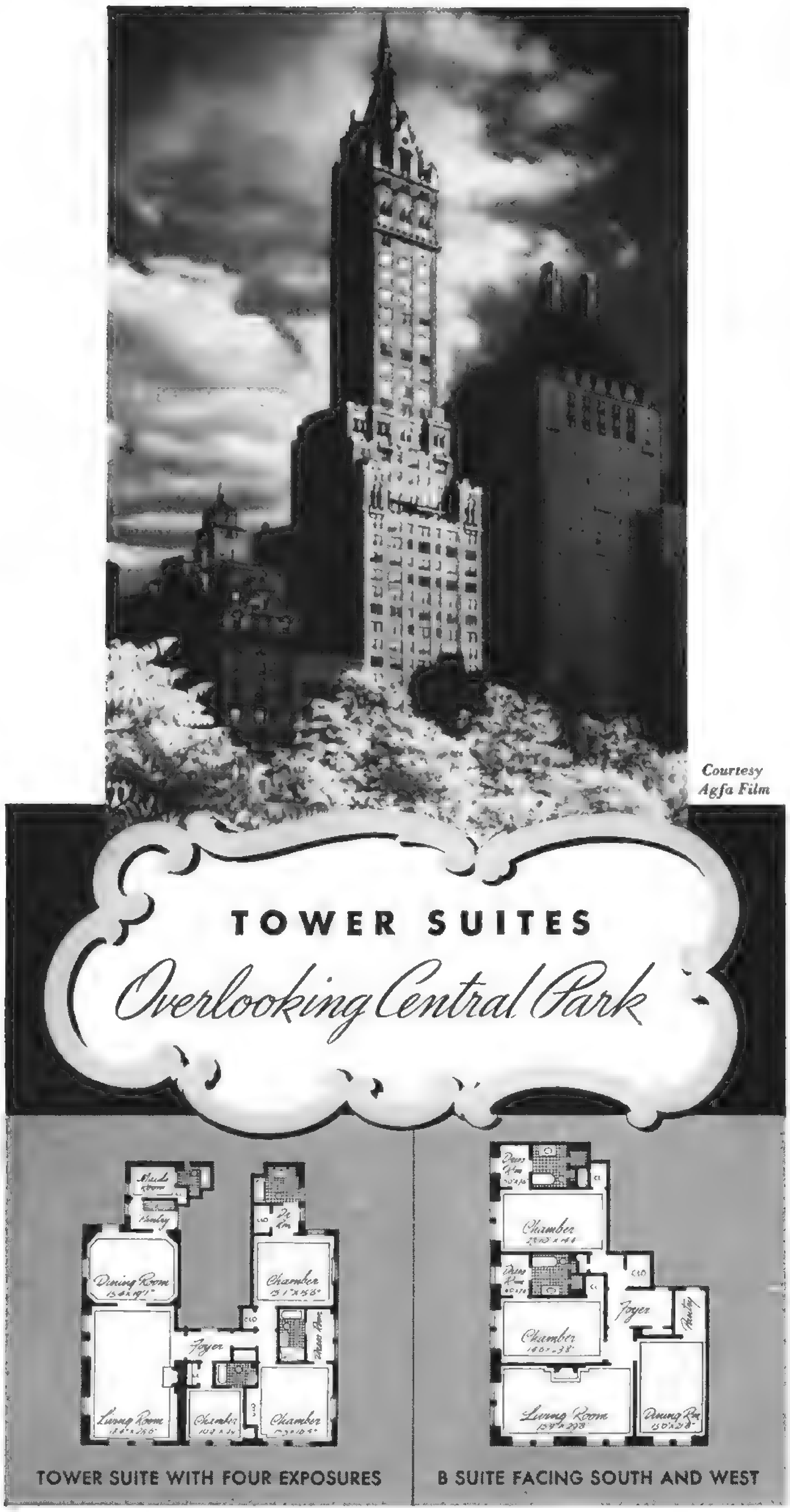
This sums up the reactions of millions of men who now insist on the Talon trouser fastener in all their clothes.

Ask for it on your next suit. Introduced in expensive clothes, it now comes as an *extra value* on better-made suits of all prices.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PA.

*TRY THE* **TALON** *FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


Courtesy Agfa Film
TOWER SUITES
Overlooking Central Park
TOWER SUITE WITH FOUR EXPOSURES
B SUITE FACING SOUTH AND WEST

The Tower Suites of The Sherry-Netherland... comprised of large living room, dining room, serving pantry, 3 Master bedrooms and baths—maid's room and bath—set the standard in luxurious living. Occupying an *entire floor*, they are available on both transient and permanent basis.

Equally attractive are the "B" apartments facing the Park—comprised of living room, 2 bedrooms, dining room, serving pantry and 2 baths.

NETHERLAND CAFE-BAR
air-cooled... for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and after-theatre supper.

The
SHERRY-NETHERLAND
*Facing the Park*
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH · NEW YORK
EUGENE VOIT, *Manager*

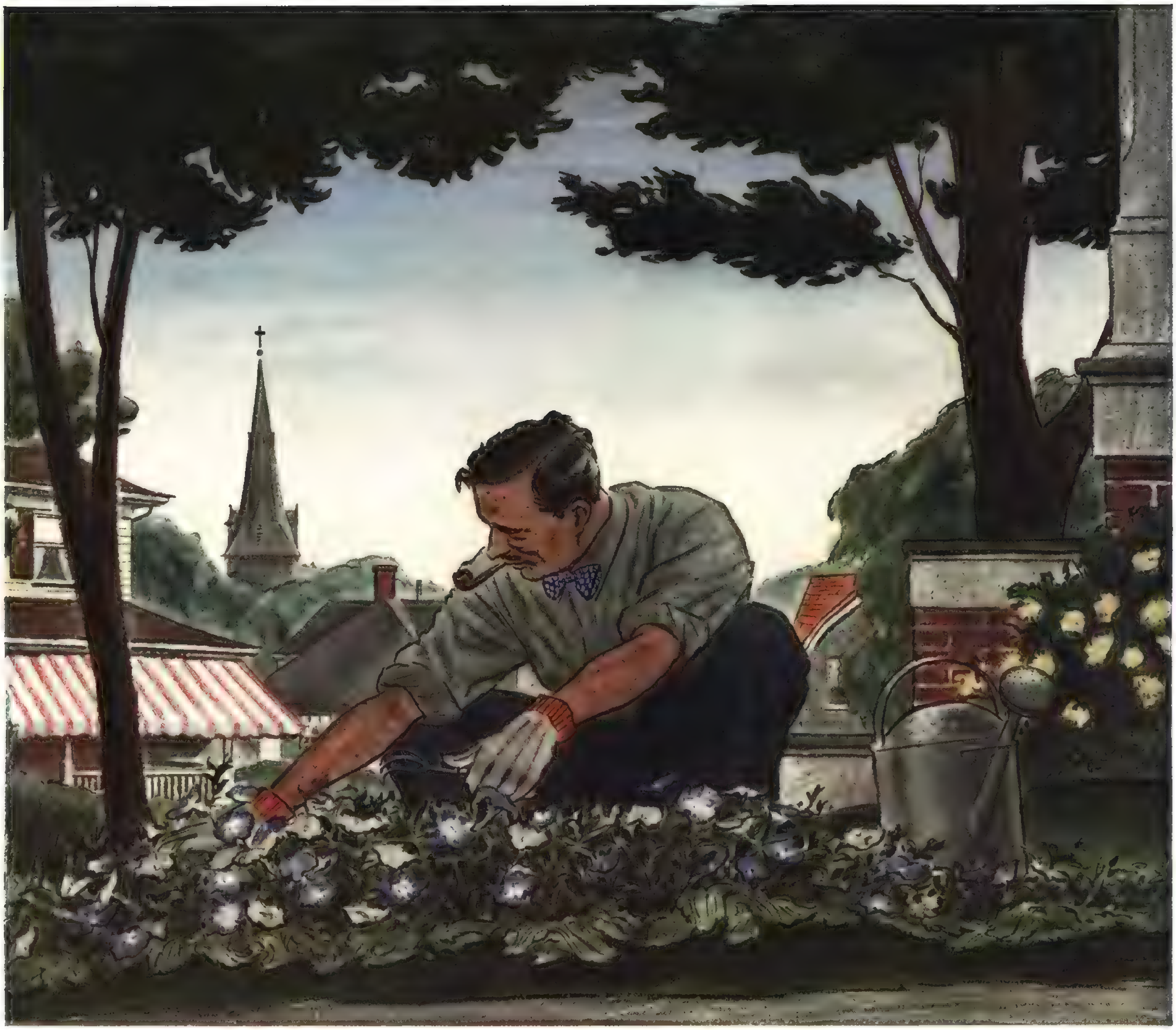
# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 101-174-176*

this French scholar were Protestants, because those who have "berger" at the end of their names in France are usually not Jews but Huguenots, and this would account somewhat for the scholarly dispassionateness with which he gives the findings of his study of the operation of the Nazi regime. Had he been of Catholic descent he would very likely, by an interesting irony which makes French Catholics the more nationalistic now that church and state are divorced, have viewed the scrapping of the Versailles Treaty and the emergence of a powerful, re-armed German nation with a trace of jingoistic alarm; but as a Protestant Frenchman, if he is a Protestant, he is able to survey developments in a predominately Protestant totalitarian state without rancor or emotional bias. I found this book a corrective to some of my more violent wishful thinking, for I so loathe the Hitler gang, all repression and all dictatorships, the brutal treatment of minority groups by the Nazis that I have liked to think no benefits have accrued under the Nazi regime even to the Germans. M. Lichtenberger demonstrates that this is untrue: a beaten, humiliated and hopeless nation has become, in a large part, a determined, self-confident, eager and healthy one; the Nazis have treated the vicious and murderous Versailles Treaty as a scrap of paper as it deserved to be treated and have turned a nation of worried cravens into a militaristic force that is at least a protection against further humiliations and blood-sucking and under a racial solidarity promoted by myths of Nordic supremacy and fantastic fustian the German people (not the Nazi gangsters and their agents, spies and police) have regained some of their former cheerfulness and air of contented well being. Lichtenberger draws few conclusions but he does not believe the collapse of the Nazi regime is imminent or that Germany will provoke or even invite a war, but, on the contrary, will stave off a war at all hazards. The precariousness of Hitler's position, he points out, lies precisely in the fact that Hitler has *apparently* reconciled two irreconcilable political theories and put to work two political propositions which tend to cancel each other: he has socialized industry by making it comply with the will of the state but not to the economic benefit of the people of the state; he has conserved capitalism by methods that tend ultimately to destroy capitalism and he has so far created a working illusion of national wealth out of a staggering national debt. How long Hitler can make his optical illusions prevail is anybody's guess.

*The Supreme Court and the National Will* (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $2.50) by Dean Alfange—This book won the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Award as being the best manuscript submitted to the jury of the award on historical, political, economic or social matters relating to the republic. The book, in effect, is a history of the nation in terms of the Supreme Court decisions and is interesting and informative aside from any contemporary problems having to do with the Supreme Court for the reason that any Supreme Court decision is understandable only in relation to social, economic and political problems which have made necessary a judicial review and decision at any time. This story of the Supreme Court is written with such pace and lucidity that it is enjoyable as well as instructive. From Mr. Alfange's history one finds that not only is the law what, according to Chief Justice Holmes, the Supreme Court at any one time decides it is and not only does the Supreme Court usually follow the election returns as Mr. Dooley observed, but all Supreme Court decisions have been, by and large, a clarification and articulation of the will of the people as that will is expressed by ballot at election time but as changing economic and social factors moulded and modified the thinking of the people. About the worst that can be said about the Supreme Court (and this worst is the basis of the current criticism of it) is that problems coming before the court for settlement are so long in reaching it that by the time the decision is made the conditions giving rise to the problem and the will of the people concerning it have already changed in a rapidly changing world. The Supreme Court decisions therefore tend to be not only a record of the growth and change of the national mind but stepping stones which from sheer accumulation tend to become a barrier against further growth and development. A remedy against this would be a bench occupied by men with flexible and intelligent minds who would not regard the decisions of their predecessors as sacrosanct (because with so many conflicting decisions in the past this can result only in muddlement) but as decisions reflecting the national will under particular conditions in the past and therefore not necessarily applicable to the conditions of the moment. After reading Mr. Alfange's book it is difficult for me to believe that any member of the Supreme Court, radical or conservative, past or present, is not actuated in his decisions by the highest integrity in respect to his oath of office. But judges, being fallible and quite inomniscient and conditioned in their thinking by their natures, their past and their surroundings, can, with the utmost integrity, be muttonheads at times, and the condition of being a muttonhead has nothing to do necessarily with youth or

*Continued at top of page 180*



# The most powerful man in America!

Who is he?

You and I. Our friends. Our neighbors. In other words, Mr. Average Citizen!

The only trouble is, he frequently fails to realize his own strength. He allows himself to be bullied, led, and tricked, and when he realizes it, is inclined to say: "But what can *I* do about it?"

Take, for instance, this absurd business of war. He doesn't want war. He doesn't want to give up his job, leave his wife and youngsters, *live* like an animal in trenches, and be *shot at* like an animal by Average Citizens of another country.

Yet he *does* all this. He fights wars created by Far-from-Average Citizens who do *not* give up their jobs, do *not* leave their wives and youngsters, do *not* get shot at.

Peace is something to fight for: war is something to fight against. So, Mr. Average Citizen, wield that tremendous power of yours! Let jingoistic politicians, big-navy lobbies, war-fomenting papers, feel the might of your wrath.

***What To Do About It***

Today with talk of another war heard everywhere, millions of Americans stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. WORLD PEACEWAYS is a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs. Your co-operation is needed to extend its campaign, of which this advertisement is a part, into every corner of the world. Send your inquiry today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Ave., New York City.

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 101-174-176-178*

senility. The hell of law, indeed, is paved with the best intentions of our Supreme Court judges.

*Canada Cavalcade* (D. Appleton-Century, $3) by Robert H. Davis—Bob Davis' stuff never has any electricity in it, none of the qualities of the magnet. Stand near a shelf of books on which there is a copy of a book by Bob Davis and your hand won't flop out and get fastened on Bob's book involuntarily. But the affable old boy is not only the most traveled man the world has ever known, he also has the largest, most diverse, collection of friends of any ten men living. And I mean friends: there is something about his homey, friendly personality that has an Eskimo calling him Bob and offering him the hospitality of his wife five minutes after meeting him or a fabulous Indian prince calling him Bob and offering him free run of the harem and a police escort of a hundred elephants for his morning constitutional three minutes after meeting him. If Bob would only dislike somebody in his writings just a tiny bit, I should read him with greater avidity; but he appears to love everybody and every place so much that when he is writing about a droll peasant in the beautiful Gaspe peninsula he might almost as well be writing about a droll voodoo doctor in the beautiful interior of Haiti for all the distinction Bob conveys between the two exhibits of human nature. But Bob's stuff, still and all, has a comfortable charm about it, once you get into it; and in this book here is old Bob making you enjoy yourself vicariously in the most uncomfortable-sounding places all over Canada from one coast to the other and old Bob also in his best good-natured, anecdotal, joke-making manner.

*None Shall Look Back* (Scribner's, $2.75) by Caroline Gordon—I have recommended this novel to you before but I am going to keep on recommending it to you until you do something about it—read it, for instance. Here is a novel of the South and of the Civil War in the South that is so true, so beautiful and so moving that I think only one other American novel, MacKinlay Kantor's *Long Remember*, can approach it in general excellence.

*And So Goes Vermont* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) pictures selected and edited and text written by Vrest Orton and foreword by Charles Beecher Hogan—A picture book of 200 reproductions of photographs of scenes in what is to me an alien, occasional visitor, the most fascinating state in the union. Vermont's countryside is even more beautiful than that of Wisconsin; its villages and homesteads more satisfying to the eye; its wealth less conspicuous, its poverty more dignified. I don't know anything about Vermonters except what I have read in books; and it would appear that the contrariness the Vermonters showed in the last presidential election is an essential characteristic of the Vermont nature and that the apparent effects of pickle-weaning, so noticeable in the countenance of a former incumbrance of the presidential chair, are widespread, but in my own casual contacts with Vermonters I have found them to be something less than chatterboxes but not anti-social or suspicious of "furriners" like me, trusting, rather, and sociable, quick to help a stranger in trouble (as when four of them got my car out of the mire after I had backed onto a soft shoulder and bogged down to the hub and refused with firm dignity my efforts to pay them for their trouble). Mr. Orton's picture book seems to cover every phase of Vermont life and I found the pictures and text nostalgic and enchanting.

There is also a new book called *Let Me Show You Vermont* (Knopf, $3) by Charles Edward Crane which New Englanders tell me is as accurate an account of Vermont and Vermonters as the Lynds' book, *Middletown in Transition*, is of Muncie, Indiana, but you will have to take their word for it: I haven't seen the book. #

# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 6-8*

### ON AMERICAN ENGLISH

The ways of book critics are sometimes wondrous to behold. Even the most revered oft reveal a regrettable lack of knowledge. To your own respected commentator, Burton Rascoe, the land of dictionaries is a vast expanse of thin ice, onto which he so gracefully skated and through which he ignominiously disappeared. For, in his July article, Mr. Rascoe . . .

. . . attacks the Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English (not American, mark you) and states quite bluntly that the pigment of the corpuscles that course your arteries should be spelt "hemoglobin." Since the aforesaid pigment derives its name from the Greek, αιμα, in which the letters "αι" are pronounced as a dipthong, the correct transliteration is the dipthong αε, or plainly "ae." Vide also αεgis, οεon, οεtology. Current usage prefers the plain "e" in some cases, but correct English still holds out for αεgis, haemoglobin, carboxyhaemoglobin.

. . . says that schedule should be pronounced "skedul." As it happens schedule is directly derived from the Old French: cédule, and only indirectly from skedula (Latin) and σκεδμ (Greek). How does Mr. Rascoe pronounce the French "cédule?"

. . . says that the C.O.D. pronounces chimera, "shimera," and chlorine, "tshlorine." But on page 141, C.O.D., edition of 1926, chimera is pronounced "kimera," and on page 142 chlorderivatives are pronounced "khlor-." What edition does Mr. Rascoe possess?

. . . questions the Fowlers' use of the "mute e" in judgment. On pages v and vi (ibidem) Mr. Rascoe, if he cares to look, will find the following: "such generally established spellings as judgement, rhyme, axe, have not been excluded in favour of judgment, rime, ax." As to the difference between "hinging" and "singeing," the reasons are obvious; and why bring Yiddisher Holtz into it anyway?

. . . also condemns the C.O.D. because it does not contain "androgyne," "olla podrida," "antipasto." To incorporate the latter two into the English language, already infinitely resourceful, is more than just flagrant prostitution. As an advocate of such procedure Mr. Rascoe should be blackballed. "Androgyne," as far as I know, is coined. Hermaphrodite is more customary, but I would be the first to say that "androgynous" is more botanically accurate then "hermaphroditic."

Webster's Dictionary cannot claim half the etymological accuracy of the C.O.D., and I would even put Chambers above Webster's (small edition). With American opuses I would only go so far as the Century and Funk and Wagnall, chiefly because thousands of Americans mis-spell and mis-pronounce English words quite unwittingly. For instance, here are a few of the more blatant abuses—the final "ue" pronounced "ew" as in due, issue: erase pronounced "erace:" Parisian like "Pareesan:" Zd from the Italian "zediglia" pronounced "Zee:" the appalling use of tire: the undoubled last consonant in traveler, woolen, instead of traveller, woollen: through spelt thru and pronounced "threw:" and so on ad infinitum.

There is much in the American usage of English to be admired and much also that is just vulgar and blatant. If nobody got up and said anything, the mis-educated American will have every excuse for mis-pronunciation and mis-spelling. And if the Americans, as they often claim, admire English traditions, they should at least attempt to maintain what is best in the English language—the only tradition that they inherited directly.

There is an old saying in the house of learning, where I once studied, and it runs like this:

> Aut disce aut discede
> Manet sors tertia caedi.

And so, Mr. Rascoe, take your licking.

Vale!
GUY H. NICHOLSON
Kew Gardens, L. I.
New York, N. Y.
and London

### ODE TO THE FELLOWS MAN

(*With apologies to*
*John Greenleaf Whittier*)

Blessings on thee, "ESQUIRE" man,
Six foot two, with cheek of tan!
With thy faultless silk cravat,
And thy pearl-gray Homburg hat.
On well-built frame, held so erect
Thy tweeds are carelessly correct.
Steeped in sedateness thou dost stand
With thy whangee stick in hand,
Wing tipped shoes, and patterned hose,
Foulard hankie for thy nose.
A lizard belt holds up thy pants
Tailored with Talon. What romance!
Thou hast the sleek and slightly boring
Features of the fashion drawing.
Calmly right in all you wear—
Self-assured, and debonair.
Can such perfection ever live?
Bring it to me. I will give.

ADA-LOUISE LANDMAN
New York City

### ANOTHER CANUTE

I've been looking over your magazine since its inception, generally in advertising agencies or when you gave my doctor an introductory number. But for the July issue I paid fifty cents American.

Well now, I'm more or less of a hail-fellow-well-met, been in the Army, led a dance band, travelled a bit, seen the rise and fall of banks, stock and the GOP, been in radio and advertising and so on. But I must admit disappointment in your magazine.

For one thing all you feature is sex, with practically every picture intimating intercourse or suggesting pregnancy or birth without wedlock. What might well be termed the bare bottom and breast complex.

The article on the facts of life or whatever it is—revolting. I have daughters of my own, Mr. Editor. The stuff about how few virgins get married gives a feeling of hopelessness, if true. What's the sense of living anyway? Are you married and do you have daughters, and is it your opinion that they will be amateur prostitutes and your sons male whores? Wherein lies the thrill of printing a survey like that? Who made it, Crossley or Ross Federal, or just a dirty mind?

Oh, I know your magazine is for smart people, whatever they are. I know one is broadminded when he reads "ESQUIRE" and must be full of that damn old acuteness of knowing how to "take it," when and how to make suggestive remarks at parties so that the only unmarried girl present won't know what you mean, and all that crap. But where does all the naked pictures come in? Life doesn't begin at forty. It starts at birth. Everybody has seen something of anatomy by design or accident. Your pictures merely color up old boiler plate.

True, if you don't like "ESQUIRE" don't read it, and if you don't like the *Christian Herald* don't look at it. But you don't have to hide the *Herald* from juveniles. What I'm trying to say is that you simply can't live without knowing all the stuff you print, so why amplify it on a foul pedestal?

I'm a sap to write. It's like playing pinball. You know you're licked before you start. But I don't mind so much being a sap when I know it first. I must be wrong. Maybe people like adlibbing in art and articles. Edgar Guest had one of your publishers on his homey program, mixed with poetry, and Edgar must know.

I'm just an old fashioned 38 year old phony, I guess. I always thought the place to learn about life was at my mother's knee; and that the church was a place to worship and meet good people—generally speaking; and that womanhood was a shrine; and most men were gentlemen, allowing for tare.

Yours truly,
T. W. CLELLAND
Philadelphia, Pa.

### MEYER'S ALL GAUL

Following the example set by Louis Paul I wish to disagree *violently* with the opinions of *S & F-ers* who, in the July ESQUIRE, disapproved violently of Meyer Levin's liberalism.

ESQUIRE, to me, is divided, like all Gaul, into three parts: cartoons, departments, and Meyer Levin. Petty, Hoff, and Webb are good sometimes; Gilbert Seldes, Carleton Smith, and Burton Rascoe are good often; Meyer Levin is good invariably. The Candid Cameraman makes smooth reading, is a reliable guide, and has a realistic social attitude.

If it were not for Levin's criticisms I am sure ESQUIRE would not be worth my fifty cents per month.

Yours,
Urbana, Ill. PAUL R. HALMOS

*Continued at top of page 182*

最優桂皮
Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
90 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
FIVE O'CLOCK Cocktail GIN
85 PROOF
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
70 PROOF
FIVE O'CLOCK Sloe Gin

# INTERNATIONAL PEDIGREE OF A NATIONAL FAVORITE!

**1.** From the heart of **CHINA,** Hiram Walker brings aromatic cassia bark . . . to put a finishing touch to the inimitable flavor of Hiram Walker's Gin!

**2.** World-famous juniper berries—the plumpest and spiciest of **ITALY'S** prize harvests are selected for Hiram Walker's Gin!

**3.** From sunny **SPAIN** Hiram Walker brings golden, glistening orange peel to add zest to America's favorite gin!

**4.** By camel caravan comes **MOROCCAN** flavor-magic—coriander seed. Taste the difference it makes in Hiram Walker's Gin!

**5.** From the **U. S. A.** the most important ingredient of all—American grain, world's best!

## HIRAM WALKER'S GINS

MORE PEOPLE BUY HIRAM WALKER'S GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

**Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin and Five O'Clock** Cocktail Gin are distilled from 100% American grain. And the world of tempting flavor in every bottle is always the same, thanks to Hiram Walker's exclusive Controlled Condensation Process. There never can be the slightest variation, today, tomorrow, a year from now! Try these famous gins soon—and enjoy the difference they make!

Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 proof.
FIVE O'CLOCK COCKTAIL DISTILLED DRY GIN—85 proof.

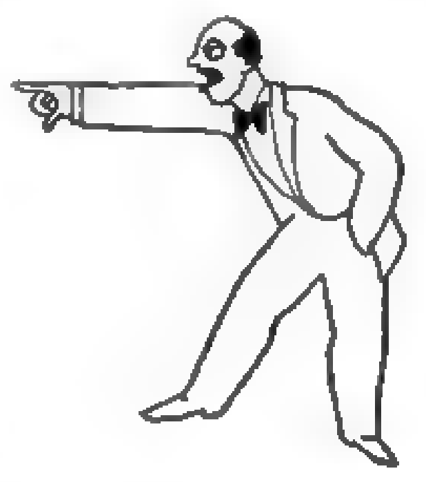
Try also FIVE O'CLOCK SLOE GIN—Flavored with imported sloeberries—70 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Peoria, Ill.

# The Sound and the Fury

*Continued from pages 8-10-180*

### CHANGE WITH MEYER

I note in your July issue a reactionary condemnation of Critic Levin, by one Poor Downtrodden Man, Joe Price. (Mr. Price used Common Man, but this is a disgrace to the common man.) I have read Levin's comments regularly and am unable to find the cause of the Downtrodden Man's scathing remarks. This much I I have found: There are certain persons in this country so narrow in their lives that any new idea, thought, belief, creed, philosophy, aim, desire on the part of any person, conservative, liberal, or radical, brings from these narrow people cries of "Red," "Communist," and the like.



So it is with Mr. Price. I could be sarcastic and say he is a moron, which, incidently, his letter indicates, but the issue is far broader. I resented the assertions made in regard to "Winterset," for I was able to assimilate this play. Most people are not of sufficient intelligence to appreciate the work, for most people, including Mr. Price, have not the reasoning power to comprehend writing more involved than the daily press. (Even then their interpretations are far from rational.) But this is a little matter. The big issue is the great many, similar to Mr. Price.

Why are people adverse to change? Why do people call Mr. Roosevelt a "Red," Mr. Lewis a "Communist," "Winterset" propaganda, and every man desiring the greatest good for the greatest number a radical. It seems to me that these reactionaries are afraid. The thing they are most afraid of is Life, which means they are afraid to think. They are afraid that if they disturb their equanimity, they may be inconvenienced. They probably would find the world a little unpleasant, for they would see all the distasteful conditions, which have been allowed to exist due to their own ignorance. But after these conditions are corrected, the world would be much more enjoyable.

This letter is sort of futile if valued by the reform it will effect, but I hope it will serve as a warning to Mr. Price and his category. The world is changing—change with it.

Yours very truly,
HARRY H. GREGG
Philadelphia, Pa.

### FROM PINK TO PUNK

It is with regret that I begin to notice increasing evidence of pink liberalism make its headway into your mag. God knows Master Levin is bad enough with his love for the underdog and movies with a message, but still by avoiding his four star ratings, one would suffer but little from his youthful ignorance. However when you print such a masterpiece as *Stepan and Natasha* by that frivolous leftist Waldo Frank, the heart of your subscriber sinks very low indeed.

How low and to what pink hell thou sinketh ESQUIRE?

Mr. Frank, who has probably been with the Intourist to Soviet Russia and deems himself an authority on things Russian (including the old regime) spins a romantic and tragic fable of the tzarist days.

Stepan and Natasha are playfully struggling in a barn. He—"the man force, the man will, the man odor" . . . She—"the delicious flesh that would soon be his, now fended in thick red skirt and creamy bodice." (Is this fiction or is this fiction???)

Appears the "barin," whose first name is Gregor, which may sound Russian to Waldo, but ain't, and an actress Katya. (Waldo must have met his actresses in a night-club on 14th street, but we shall forgive him that). The actress wants a necklace, but Gregor says—no dough. But you have oil in your land, says Katya. (Wonderful, Waldo—the Soviets should use you as a petrologist—you shall bring riches to the workers—oil at Nijni-Novgorod.) Then she adds: "I only ask the necklace from the man I love." What fiction! What dialogue!)

Now another evil character appears on the scene—the pope Darius Sergeitch, whose name may again sound Russian to Waldo, but ain't. (It matters but little to our author that popes in Russia are always known as Father this or that and never by first and second name.) The pope is accompanied by another sinister character, recruiting officer Mr. Falsch (why not Mr. Borstch, Waldo? You could eat that one too). Whereupon the barin Gregor becomes an "Excellency" and Falsch demands Stepan or a bribe. After some lovely dialogue Stepan's doom is sealed (I omit the dialogue—it is of the trashiest kind your mag has ever printed), Katya gets the necklace (off the record), Natasha is taken advantage of by the recruiting officer, and in the KIZBA (some more of Waldo's Russian, which ain't) the pope, who it appears all that time has been going around in his cope and mitre, is praying over the still unrecruited Stepan. (What's a recruiting and examining board to Waldo.) The tzar needs an army—give him an army. ESQUIRE needs a story—give the ESQUIRE a story.

WHERE IS THE WORLD GOING TO?????

Yours,
for better fiction,
GEORGE MAKAROFF
Sea Cliff, N. Y.

(Georgi Alexandrovitch Makaroff—in case you are interested.)

### ON THE GLORY OF WAR

I would like to say how absolutely right Mr. Seldes is in his article *That Was Woollcott Speaking* and I know something about it for I went through it all with an only son—

I am sure my son was never in a fight until he went to France—and he was not a coward as the Harvard War Records will show. I never have heard him speak one word against Germans either before, during or after the war. I once asked him why he dashed off to France so quickly and he replied—"I wanted to see what war was like" and I said "You saw" and he replied "Yes"—

I would like to say also our copy of Walter Millis *Road to War* is about worn out. It is my War Bible.

I would also like to say that my son was at Plattsburg with American officers, a Sous-Lieutenant in the French Army, and of course heard something of German officers in France, and I judge from the very little he has said, they are pretty much alike.

Very truly yours,
GERTRUDE GOODSPEED
Waban, Mass.

# Marshal Blucher of the Far East

*Continued from page 102*

figure of 1937. Once more a civilian, Blucher returned to the lathe. For a time he worked in the shipbuilding plant of Sormovo, Central Russia, then moved to the Osterman mechanical shops in the ancient Tartar city of Kazan on the Volga. He resumed revolutionary propaganda among fellow-workers. In 1916 he joined the Bolshevik party, then in its last year of underground existence.

It was here, in the Volga region, that Blucher hailed the first months of the revolution of 1917. When later in the year the civil war broke out he was a most valuable man to the Reds. For it was not often that a tried revolutionary possessed military experience. An ex-soldier, he was popular with the plebs of the provinces. Thus he gained his first command of fighting forces.

Rapidly whipping into shape a motley troop of soldiers, workers, Kalmucks, and Austro-German prisoners of war, Blucher led it against the anti-Soviet forces of Ataman Dutov, the headman of the Ural Cossacks. Much to the amazement of all parties involved, he defeated the professional Cossack warriors, driving them East until they either perished of heat and thirst in the steppes of Kirghizia or sought refuge in Persia and even India. This was Blucher's first march toward the rising sun. He has kept on marching farther and farther east ever since.

But late in 1918 and early 1919 new armies rose against the Soviets. The Czechoslovaks and Admiral Kolchak's land forces pressed to meet such isolated commands as Blucher's. Soon Blucher found himself and his army completely encircled. Certain it is that for many months Blucher with his men and women darted from one corner of West Siberia to another, only to find all exits blocked.

Yes, women, too. For many of the fighters had their wives and sweethearts with them, and when the battle waxed hot the females fought too. As this hunted caravan passed through villages, furtive men emerged from the cellars and haystacks, where they were hiding from the Whites, and joined Blucher's force. Now and then Blucher turned the tables by attacking the Whites, disrupting their communications, and creating general chaos. Finally he blazed his way toward the main front, broke through, and rejoined the Red line. His army had been absent almost a year. It had been given up for dead, but now behold this triumphant horde counting 10,000 more fighters than it originally contained!

Plainly, Blucher was a commander of no mean ability. There was by now an assured air about him, a power of lightning-like decision, a deep insight into the enemy's possible plans and just how such plans may be undone. In 1918 Blucher was given the order of the Red Star, the first Soviet officer to be so decorated.

The triumphant "Blucherovtzi" were made the nucleus of the newly formed Fifty-first Division. Heading this unit, Blucher once more sped east, and in September, 1919 captured the important Siberian city of Tobolsk. But fighting front to front was not exactly to his liking. Operating in the enemy's rear was always more dangerous and thus attractive. So he led the division into Kolchak's rear. At first he did not fight but, hiding his men in villages, sent them out on night expeditions of collecting artillery from the sleeping enemy. Then he struck, but all too soon. Near the Irtysh River he was surrounded. This time, the ring was tight, surrender seemed imminent.

But Blucher believed in his unfailing star. Attacking against tremendous odds, he broke through once more. He went on his destructive trail through the enemy's rear so effectively that presently, with the main Red forces hammering from the other direction, the Whites were put to rout. In a few months the Reds appeared in triumph as far east as Lake Baikal. Early in 1920, the trim, ascetic-looking Admiral himself was captured, tried, and shot.

In the fall of the same year, Blucher and his division were sent post-haste to the Crimean front where Baron Wrangel was staging the Whites' comeback. Thanks to Blucher it turned into the Baron's farewell party. Early in October, 1920, starting from the left bank of Dnieper, Blucher led his troops in a furious onslaught against Wrangel's formidable position at the Perekop Isthmus. As usual he won. The Whites fled pellmell to Sevastopol and thence, in a sorry armada, to Constantinople and other points of exile. At meetings of celebration in Moscow and elsewhere Lenin spoke high praise of the erstwhile mechanic. More decorations were sent to Blucher. His Fifty-first Division received the honorary appellation of the Perekop Division.

Back to Siberia went Blucher and here for the first time met the Japanese. They were backing the remnants of the Whites. "Those Japanese executioners," recalled Blucher recently—his initial encounter with the small men of the warm isles, "made demands upon us that would have made our Far East a Japanese colony." He would not give in. No truce with the Whites. He fought them, he defeated them, and as Blucher's troops occupied the Maritime provinces, the Japanese forces gradually withdrew, leaving the Whites to their fate. By the end of 1922 the Russian Far East was Red.

China was an interested neighbor and spectator. In 1923, a young Chinese chieftain was on his homeward way after a course

*Continued on page 184*

# Is Advertising Untruthful?

Isn't it true that advertising sometimes makes mis-statements? Are not the writers of advertisements often prone to exaggeration? Does advertising ever actually lie?

Yes, advertising does sometimes make mis-statements. Indeed, advertising has been known to state exaggerations. And there certainly have been instances, all too numerous for less calloused consciences, where advertising told bold and deliberate lies.

Shouldn't we condemn advertising, therefore, as a brash, faithless evil? Isn't it obvious that a force, guilty of such connivance, should be relentlessly curbed?

No, neither should we denounce advertising's record, nor should we check advertising's double-time forward march. Advertising's errors of commission are merely the reflection percentage-wise of the blunders of society-at-large.

Since national advertising is written, created and directed by *people*—it is no better and no worse than its makers and sponsors. But the montebanks in advertising are a hapless minority . . . no more representative of its wholesome exponents than do the inmates of Sing Sing mirror the average American's character.

Lies in advertising have always bred a singular freedom from dividends. No permanently profitable advertising success ever has been built on other than truth's foundation. And, since the good advertiser is a good business man, the consumer wisely relies on the integrity of his printed words.

Advertising, then, is only so good as the people around us. Psychological studies indicate that, of *all* people, at least 98% are honest. Which ought to be good enough for you.

Esquire

**THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN**

**now over 600,000 net paid**

## Marshal Blucher of the Far East

*Continued from pages 102-182*

in military sciences at Moscow. Passing through Vladivostok he met and liked Blucher. So well did he like the Soviet commander that when this Chinaman rose to greater power in his own land, and needed expert advice in a projected campaign against reactionaries, he asked the Soviet government whether it would not lend him Blucher. The Soviets would and did. The Chinaman was overjoyed. His name was—and is—Chiang Kai-shek.

Blucher arrived in Canton under the Chinese name of Ga-Lin. The Westerners rendered this *nom de guerre as* Galen, Galens, and Gallentz. (Some there were who said that at other times of his career Blucher-Galen masqueraded under the name of Medvedev which, translated from the Russian, means the Bear-Man.) He organized the Whampoa Military Academy, training its Chinese cadets in the same spartan spirit as he had led his whilom Siberian sharpshooters. With these cadets as active officers, and some forty Russian instructors, he guided the new Chinese army of the Kuomintang, or Nationalists, in a victorious drive against the North Chinese.

His power and ability were realized at once. There were attempts at assassination, and on the roof of his white residence he kept two guards ready to fire at a hat's drop. The Russians were becoming too much of an influence for Chiang to relish it. After Blucher led Chiang's army to the Yangtse Valley, capturing Hankow, Chiang fell out with Borodin and the other Russian advisers and told them to leave. They did, and Blucher had to go with them. This was in 1927.

For two years not much was heard of Blucher except that he was in charge of the special Far Eastern army in the Lake Baikal region. Then, suddenly, he leapt into the news afresh. General Chiang Tso-liang tried to push the Russians out of North Manchuria, but Blucher crossed the border into the Chinese territory, administered a quick punishment, and retired to his own soil.

He has been there, in the Russian Far East, ever since.

He truly loves that cold, bleak region. As a matter of fact, if in the next war with the Japanese his army is triumphant and Blucher finds himself chasing the enemy into warmer climes, it may not be an unmixed advantage to him. For he definitely dislikes balmy weather. Because in the 'twenties he did not like Canton's tropical climate he quit the job with Chiang, returned North, and came back only in response to Kai-shek's strong persuasions (that was, of course, before the latter quarreled with the Russians). Nevertheless, such personal considerations will not stop him from driving toward the enemy's most important centers. For he believes in striking at the heart of each problem. In the 'twenties it was his advice to Chiang Kai-shek first of all to attack and seize Shanghai, the money capital of the Far East. The Chinaman did listen to him. In the next Far Eastern war Blucher will strike wherever he chooses.

So now he reviews his troops constantly, looks after the economic development of the rich region as well as after its fortifications, and as he travels back and forth, there is a blaze of invectives crackling in the frosty air:

"The flames of real war are beginning to flicker near our frontiers!" he cries. "We know the capitalist world wants war and is ready to choke the hated Soviet Union!"

But he and his men are ready:

"If war bursts like thunder in the Far East, we will answer the attack with such a blow that the foundations of capitalism will quiver and crumble! We have barred our frontier with a lock of steel and concrete strong enough to resist the sharpest teeth!"

He grows poetic when he speaks of his tanks and planes:

"Those children of the first Five-Year Plan will repay their debt to the Soviet Union!"

Occasionally he journeys to Moscow, to repeat the same sort of talk at various Soviet congresses. As the spotlight plays upon him delegates rise in uproarious ovations.

He is, however, careful to praise Stalin and Voroshilov (the war comissar) in every speech of his. He never sided with Trotsky. In November, 1935, when Blucher was given the marshal's rank, Karl Radek praised him in a special article in the *Izvestiya*, contributing this bit of reminiscence: "In 1932 when the Chinese Nineteenth Army astounded the world by its heroic struggle at Shanghai against overwhelming forces of the enemy, even bourgeois Chinese patriots said to us with pride at Geneva: 'Our Nineteenth Army learned from Blucher.' " Recently the marshal affirmed his unblemished loyalty by declaring:

"The Japanese play with fire all along our borders. They recruit spies and murderers among Trotskyists and similar scoundrels."

He has no undue personal ambitions, or so it seems. Over the entrance of the Whampoa Academy, when he commanded it, was a motto in large gilt characters:

"He who seeks power or riches need not enter here."

In those days he liked it to be said of him that he was a servant, not master, of the Chinese revolution. Now he makes it emphatically clear that the revolution anywhere, everywhere, but above all in Russia, has always been his lord, that he is but a servitor of the Socialist fatherland.

We will yet hear of him. ⧺

FOR
PIXILATED
COCKTAILS
MIX WITH
Dubonnet
ORIGINAL
Dubonnet
Wine
An Aperitif
Schenley IMPORT
MIXED (in Gin drinks) STRAIGHT (as an aperitif)
Enjoy Dubonnet today
... EITHER WAY
DUBONNET COCKTAIL
½ Dubonnet ½ Gin
Stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Add twist of lemon peel.
A. M. CASSANDRE

(*Say Doo-bo-nay*)

Premeditate—if you'd exhilarate your gin drinks. Think to add Dubonnet! With its amazing affinity for gin, Dubonnet makes your drink piquant, pixilated, PERFECT! An old Continental custom is to drink well chilled Dubonnet as an aperitif—before meals.

*Copyright 1937, Schenley Import Corp., New York, N.Y.*

Alcohol 18% by volume

## The Kansas Cupid

*Continued from page 60*

of *Star* reporters learned to enjoy, once they got over the irritation of waiting for him to get to the point.

"Hello, hello. This is Bert Rogers. At Olathe, yes, Bert Rogers," a typical session began. "Say, a Missouri Pacific train hit a motor car here on a grade crossing and—well, this man was driving his car down the road, and just as he came to the crossing the train came along and smacked right into it, and . . ."

"Bert, was anyone killed?" the reporter managed to ask.

"Was he killed!" Bert's voice rose to a triumphant, Mrs. Grundy shriek of satisfaction. "Was he killed? Well! I should SAY HE WAS!"

After which the reporter could go to work and dig out the salient details from the gossip, slowly, sweatily as edition deadlines approached. Bert always had the facts, but it was hard to take them away from him.

Following his graduation from Olathe High School when he was seventeen years old, Bert served for nine years as teacher in various Johnson County rural schools—served without any particular zip. Then he returned to Olathe as editor of the *Mirror* and immediately became a self-conscious entity.

He made himself a walking bureau of vital statistics of Johnson County and a lightning calculator of Olathe affairs. Wearing the tie and pencil, he made it a habit to walk around the courthouse square daily, calling everybody he met by name and gossiping about farm and family affairs. His memory was prodigious, and although he seldom brought the pencil down from his ear to take notes, he returned to the *Mirror* office and wrote column after column of "personals."

To such a high point did Bert build himself in the public esteem with these homely devices that in December of 1929, when he resigned as editor and prepared to go to Hollywood as business manager for his movie-rich son, the town gave him a party at the First Methodist Church. As Bert and Mrs. Rogers came in the door of the church parlor they saw that every man present was wearing a red necktie and a yellow pencil in loving caricature.

The party was sponsored by the Sky Pilot Sunday School class which Bert had founded fourteen years before. The records of the class show that until he left for Hollywood Rogers was perfect in attendance. A chorus made up of men from all the Olathe churches sang parodies addressed to Bert and family, and adapted freely from Stephen Foster melodies.

One of the major successes of the evening was sung to the tune of *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* and ran like this:

"Carry me back to ol' Olathe,
Back where the best folks in the whole world live and grow,
Back where the church bells all ring out so sweetly,
Back to that spot I will always long to go.
There's where we worked, where we labored in the *Mirror*,
There we were married, there the kids were born . . ."

The song expressed Bert's sentiments perfectly. And after several visits, he returned to ol' Olathe for good in 1932. Two years later his inaction irked him, and with thirty years of unofficial campaigning behind him, he decided to run for elective office. He chose as his goal the probate judgeship, and as his vehicle the Republican party.

The year was a bad one for Republicans, but Bert spent the summer thoroughly shaking hands and gossiping with the entire county electorate, and was elected by a skinny margin. And because he couldn't stop talking, he promptly began running for re-election.

"Hello there Art, Art—say Art," he'd say in his cheery style. "How are you, boy ol' boy? Yes Art, that's right. Looks like I'm in, maybe a little less than a thousand, about a thousand, I guess.

"Democratic times, Democratic times. Hello, Fred, nice to see you, Fred. Old Fred! Thanks, Fred. Nice for you to say that. Hey, Charlie! Charlie! Oh say, Charlie, I'm glad to see you."

Bert almost always repeats a large portion of his conversation in a rapid-fire beat as if savoring its sweet, friendly flavor. The voters liked it, and when he stood for re-election in 1936 the county Democratic organization could not find anyone willing to run against him.

He had other campaign tricks besides the talking, though—homely ones like the tie and the pencil. When he ran his first race, Bert did a thorough job of it. He got a real estate map of Johnson County and started out in his car, driving into farmyard after farmyard, shaking hands all around and uttering something cheerily banal. As he left each farm he took down the pencil and marked the tract on the map.

Once he drove up to a house and found everybody away except the family dog which stood on the front porch and growled in no uncertain terms.

"Nice doggie, doggie, doggie," babbled Bert in his enthusiastic way.

But the doggie roared down the steps and sank his teeth in the candidate's leg, releasing his hold only when Bert shook him loose as he swung back into his car. When the farmer returned home he found his faithful dog lying on the porch with a fragment of Bert's pants in his teeth.

Nearby was a card which read: "Bert Rogers wants to be your probate judge."

The candidate won many votes in that neighborhood, the farmers

*Continued on page 186*

**AS EASY AS AN OLD SHOE . . .**
**AS TAILORED AS BOND STREET**

MEN have a word for it when they want smart tailored ease in underwear. They ask for "Munsingwear". For whether it's shirts and shorts, or union suits, Munsingwear makes them as flat and tailored as your outside garment and as comfortable as your own skin. Ask for Munsingwear at a quality store near you. Examine the careful construction, the quality materials and fine workmanship. MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis.

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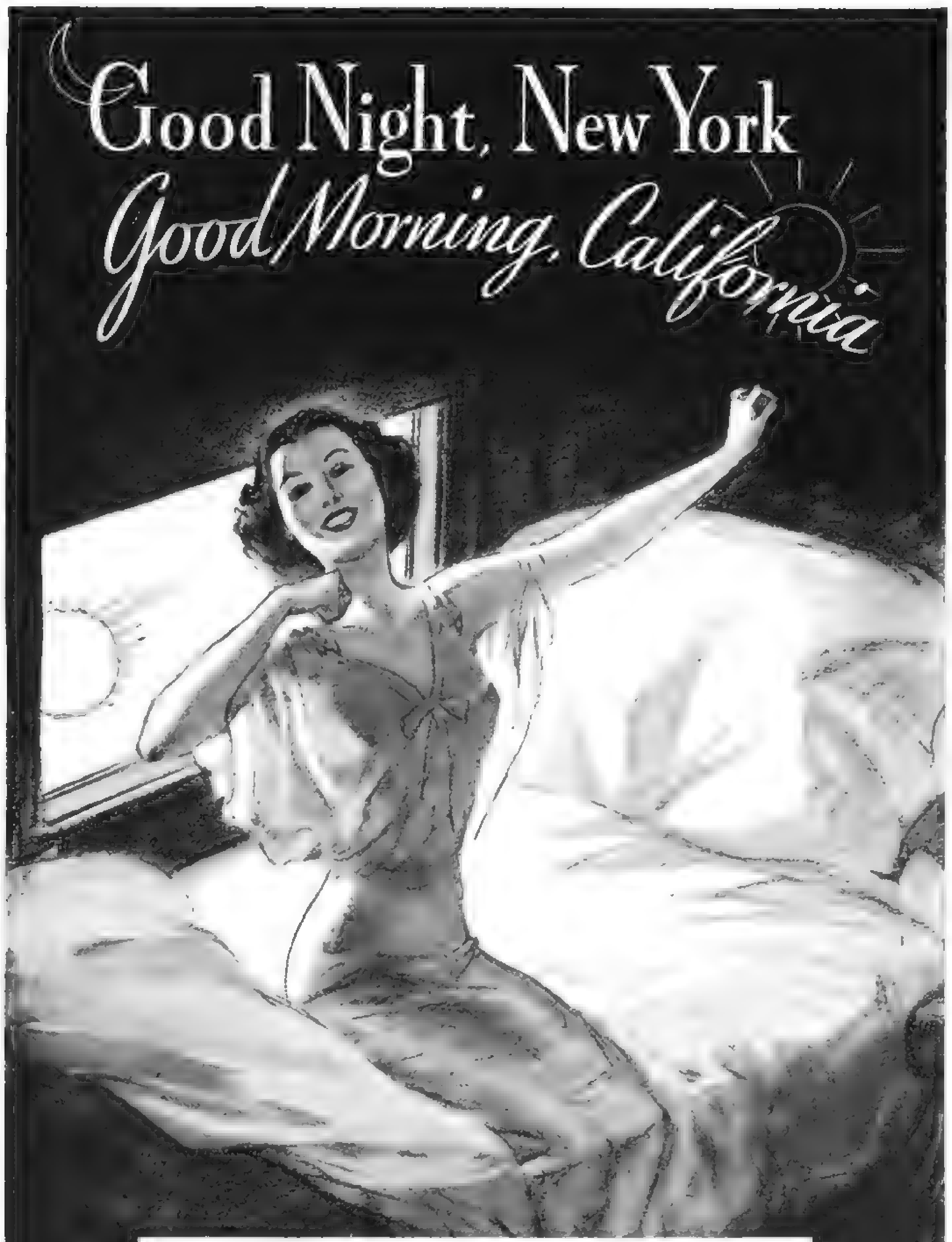
*To the comfort of a pipe add that of Munsingwear's SKIT-short with patented no-gap buttonless fly. Add too, the Munsingwear shirt specially cut to fit inside the SKIT-short.*

MUNSING Wear
FOR MEN



5:55 P.M. and it's "good night, New York" as you board United's new DOUGLAS sleeper-type "Mainliner". "Your menu," and a charming stewardess serves a piping hot full course meal as, through your sky window, the sinking sun paints fascinating shadow pictures on the moving terrain below. Then an early evening of lounging, reading, bridge or chatting with fellow passengers. Time to retire and you slip into a berth larger than your twin bed at home. A night of repose on a real down mattress and you awaken at 10,000 feet feeling the exhilaration of greeting a day in an Alpine lodge! 8:15 A. M. and it's "good morning, California." Like a dream you've spanned the continent over night. Such is the magic of DOUGLAS Sleeper planes.

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**ORIENT:** Japan Air Transport... China Nat'l Aviation Corp... K.N I.L.M. in Netherlands Indies

## The Kansas Cupid

*Continued from pages 60-185*

figuring logically that if Rogers could take such a dog in stride he was just the man to handle their wills, estates, juvenile delinquencies, insanity hearings, and marriages.

One night while he was making a folksy little speech at a farm political rally Bert glanced down at the floor and spied a pin. He picked it up and said:

"Folks, I've just found a pin on the floor. Yes sir, and the point was towards me. That will mean good luck, and I'll carry this precinct sure."

Throughout the campaign he kept that pin in his coat lapel, planting it on the floor before every meeting, and always managing to find it with the point toward him before the rally ended. He figures he won a lot of votes that way.

Well in the background of Bert and Buddy are the judge's wife, his daughter, Mrs. Geraldine Binford of Lincoln, Nebraska, and his younger son, Bh. By inclination and by years of association with her frolicksome husband Mrs. Maude Rogers has maintained a dignified position in a household given over almost wholly to the sweet strains of newspaper publicity. Handsome, white-haired, smartly dressed Mrs. Rogers privately deplores the inroads newspaper reporters have made on her home, but publicly is polite though silent.

Bh's strange name (pronounced B.H.) is a concentration of his father's initials to which Bert, as in most other decisions of his career, yielded in his desire for the mildly unusual. At the peak of his brother's success, Bh arrived in Hollywood ready to join Buddy as a matinee idol. But although his features are nearly as regular and pleasing as Buddy's, he smiled only briefly before the cameras. His optional contract died a natural death, and shedding his movie name of Bruce, he returned home.

Bert has always called Buddy that, with the exception of one time when he referred to him by his Christian name Charles. He won't tell what happened that one time. But he is fond of relating how a telegram arrived at the home addressed to Charles Rogers and Bert sent it to a cousin of the same name living out in the county. Most of the time he addresses Bh as "Honey," and often calls the other members of his family and his close friends that too.

He is mighty proud of Buddy, who has made him a motion picture fan. So far he has seen the silent picture *Wings* in which Buddy played the rôle of the pretty young birdman, thirteen times.

It's pretty hard not to be proud of him when people like Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Cramer come in from nearby Gardner, Kansas, and tell him they still have Buddy's picture in the parlor, and that their daughter's first words were, as she pointed to the photograph, "Buddy Wogers!"

Pleasing as all that is, Bert has his work to think about, too. As probate judge he capably handles estates aggregating several millions of dollars, and performs the other duties of the office as well. But it is as a wedding official that he excels.

As hundreds of young Missouri and Kansas couples will cheerfully attest, the marriage ceremony as interpreted by Judge Rogers is a monument of Christian ethical and artistic grace. Bert himself has a fine scorn for the routine patter of the average justice of the peace.

"It's too cold and matter-of-fact," he explains. "A proper marriage ceremony should be warm . . . nice and warm."

The pre-ceremony technicalities he dispatches swiftly, pausing only to ascertain whether the prospective bride and groom are of sound mind, and neither brother and sister nor father and daughter. Another glance satisfies him that they are not tainted with liquor. Then gracefully he ushers the couple into the Parlor. Patiently he instructs them as to their speaking parts.

As he swings into the ceremony Bert's voice takes on a thick buttery monotone relieved only by an occasional abrupt and rising inflection.

"Do you take this man to be your lawful WEDDED husband?" he demands, dropping his voice shyly on the "husband."

The high point in the service he withholds for the last. His questions satisfactorily answered, he clasps his hands behind his back. He beams coyly at the wondering pair before him.

"I now pronounce YOU husband and . . ."

"Then I wait," he explains happily. "I hold back on the 'wife' until the little lady smiles. Sometimes she smiles right away. Sometimes she doesn't. But it doesn't matter. I hold back until she does . . . and she always comes through. I just couldn't marry an unsmiling bride."

The mystic word uttered, Bert steps back a few paces and bows his head in meditation while the bridegroom fumbles for his billfold.

"Just anything you wish to give," he murmurs. He smiles then and adds softly, "I could ask you to give what the young lady is worth . . . but I'm afraid you just couldn't afford to pay that MUCH."

Gallantly Bert accompanies the newlyweds to the door.

"Well, it won't be long before you'll be celebrating your Diamond anniversary," he chuckles.

The bride and groom smirk evasively.

"Only seventy-five more years," Bert cries. ##

## American Bluebloods, Inc.

Continued from page 42

est of all heritages is the knowledge that however lamentable be our own failure to attain desired results in life, there are those behind us," etc.

The Aryan Order of St. George of the Empire in America has more ramifications. Its purposes are to promote social virtues, to reprobate fashionable vices and follies (the police will take care of the unfashionable ones?) and "to preserve genealogical records and accounts of ancestral greatness as a means to further the end of enlivening a feeling of family worth and honor by present memorials." Membership trickles down through male line. If Father was a cacique (chief to you), you become a cacique. All members must be Aryan, upright, honorable and noble. If you pass the Supreme Council you are entitled to letters patent, with titles and decoration—the imperial two-headed eagle, argent, on whose breast reposes the red cross of St. George. If besides being Aryan, upright, honorable, and noble, you are a cacique as well, you may emblazon an ancient ducal coronet between the eagle's heads.

The Order of Americans of Armorial Ancestry is founded rather heavily on "Heraldic Ancestry," is designed to promote those dull things, general historical and biographical research, and seems to take in the whole miscellaneous job lot of bluebloods who have wandered from the home base. Although admission is by invitation only (plus life membership fee) all you need is unbroken descent from some ancient have-at-thee who bore a grant or confirmation of arms. The gold insignia of the order bears the arms of the United States and the first five countries to send settlers.

There is more color and dash to the Baronial Order of Runnemede. In spite of the slighting remarks of the First Crusaders, the Barons are tops among the noble born. The membership requirements are so complex it is difficult to understand how anyone succeeds in entering the fold. Members are divided into two classes. The first class, or Baronage, is restricted to 200, and descent must be from one of the twenty-five barons who were selected to be sureties for the observance of the statutes of Magna Carta. In addition suppliants must bring reams of recommendations to their peers. The second class, or Knights-in-waiting, is unrestricted as to number, but is up against the same difficulties of heritage and sponsorship, inasmuch as every knight must be eligible to step into the breach should a baron pass into the great beyond. Twenty-five sureties carry out the objects and purposes of the Baronial Order, electing by secret ballot the executive officers; the Marshal, the Justiciar, the Chancellor, the Keeper of the Purse, the Keeper of the Signet, the Keeper of the Rolls, and the Genealogist and Herald. The Marshal authorizes things like the Diploma of the Baronial Order; the remainder have assorted jobs and fill in for one another. The Barons wear lapel buttons of Or and Gules; the Knights are fobbed off with Black and White.

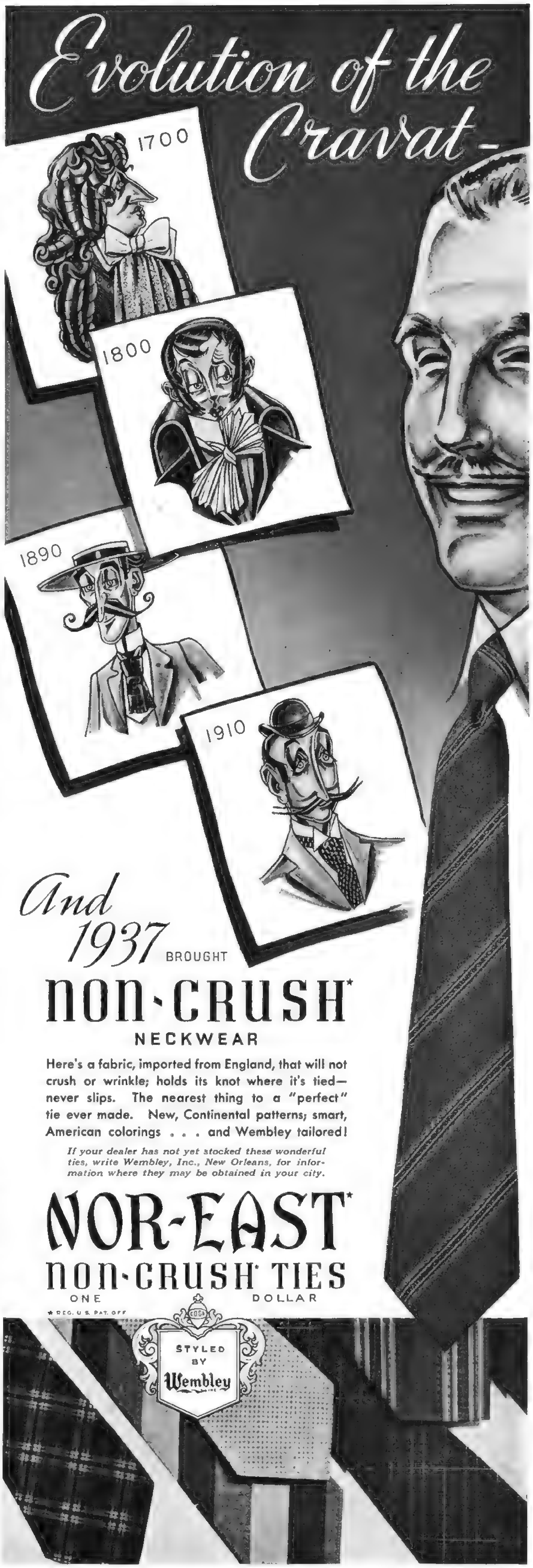
Those who have Barons of Runnemede in their past go through all this to perpetuate the memory of the rebels who forced wicked King John to sign a paper in an English meadow on June 15, 1215. (You may as well get a little history with this.) A second object is to keep fresh in the membership's minds the events connected with this episode (the membership does not accept the Marxist interpretation of the Runnemede fracas); a third, to promote good fellowship among the descendants; a fourth, to inspire; and a fifth, to observe the anniversary.

But the real prize package among the blueblood orders is the Society for the Restoration of the Ducal Province of Normandy, which, in addition to the usual record and armorial collecting, aims to bring together descendants of Norman nobles to practice and perpetuate Norman chivalry, and to urge the French republic to cede back the territory of Normandy to the Crown of Great Britain. It has all been worked out: the British in turn would cancel the French war debt, and Normandy would be restored to its former status. The publicity on this has been poorly handled. It will be news to most people, who have forgotten their college history, that Normandy ever belonged to anybody but France. The propaganda work among the Normans themselves seems to have been lax; when I was in Normandy last summer (having crossed by the French ship of that name) I noted a singular lack of desire on the part of the Normans to go British. They seemed on the whole to be getting along rather well without those old barons.

Membership in the society requires a pledge to aid in restoring the ducal province, but conditions in Europe are not propitious. The British have their hands full with Germany and Italy, and don't seem inclined to approach France on the subject at this time. What is more, we were told by a Keen Observer over there (one of those fellows the foreign correspondents lean on) that Downing Street is fretful enough about having to defend one side of the Channel, let alone two. All in all, the cause seems to be pretty hopeless.

Well, that concludes the roll call of American escutcheonry. There are some odd lots of societies, such as the Colonial Dames of the 17th Century, and the Colonial Daughters of the 17th Century, but they sound hopelessly bourgeois. The Order

Continued at top of page 188



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ACROSS FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION, N. Y.
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## American Bluebloods, Inc.

*Continued from pages 42-187*

of Colonial Lords of Manors in America has possibilities, but after Runnemede and the Ducal Province it would be an anticlimax.

But just the other day, when the taxi strike broke out in Chicago and I had to walk a piece on the Near North side, I ran into, of all things, a pretty piece of knightly jousting. It was on a cinder field across the street from the super-barn of the Black Horse Troop. Investigation revealed it to be a rehearsal for a tournament in the Troop's annual show. The knights were Private Bob Rigg, Knight of Monthermer; (yellow shield, black eagle, squire Private S. Tompkins); and Private Ed Taylor, Knight of Lancaster; (red shield, three yellow lions, squire Private R. Nelson). They rode at each other fearfully—that is, whenever Sir Rigg's horse could be coaxed into it—batted each other on the shields with plugged and pennoned lances—and then the Monthermer horse, instead of wheeling and making for the House of Lancaster again, would head for the crowd of the curious, which scattered, and the horse would come to a halt on the stable runway, with his head in a window as close to the stall and the oats as he could get. The noble steed did this at the end of every tilt and the consensus of the spectators at this joust seemed to be that the Monthermer horse was showing more sense than the human beings involved.

It had evidently not been put across to him that this was the first joust ever held in America, and the first in any part of the world in a century. Perhaps the horse sensed he was being ridden by a Private Rigg, and if he could only have felt the spurs of a genuine seventh son of a seventh son of the First Crusade in his flanks, he would have riden furiously at the House of Lancaster and spilled it in the cinders. But the real stuff was probably foregathering in a tea room, keeping ancient memories green among the salad forks and plotting darkly abaft the raspberry pie.

Well, sirrah Hoi Polloi, what about us? We cannot all be descended from the 60 original knights of Tramontane's Golden Horseshoe, nor from the 25 saucy sureties of Runnemede's martial meadow, nor can we build our lives with sad nobility around a beautiful lost cause like that of Ducal Normandy. But aside from a king the United States has everything, so be content in the knowledge that here a gentleman who is descended from a long line of upholsterers can get his car nastied at a Greasing Palace (numbers 1 to 16 depending on your neighborhood), and a lady whose Kentucky grandame sucked a clay pipe can choose her apartment house among the Manors, Inns, Garths, Cloisters, Castles, Towers, Arms, Chateaus, and Courts. The Washington Shirt Company insists on its delivery trucks that it caters to "His Majesty the American Citizen," and that should be plenty good for any of us.

Let these ancient, arms-bearing, memorializing, heavily genealogized, and much descended lords and ladies meet in their Polly Darling Tea Rooms, the attenuated bluebloods. May a Baron of the Bronx invite a visiting Duchess of Dubuque to a royal push-around in the Empire Room of the Hotel Sovereign? Okay, baby, let's go. #

## A Modern Sheik

*Continued from page 53*

about seventy Bedouin tents.

It was Jidran's own camp.

The chief's great tent, made from black goat hair as were all the others, stood to the west of the camp under the shelter of a hill.

After my arrival my own small tent was set up by the two slaves who were my constant attendants and who took care of my horses, some milk camels, a race camel, two falcons and three greyhounds.

I had time to observe at the leeside of the chief's tent a small white canvas one.

I questioned a slave of Jidran who had come to my tent. "Since when are traders allowed to live so close to the Prince's abode?"

Camel dealers who sell for gold or trade wheat, coffee, sugar, etc., for young live stock (camels and horses) frequently stay with a migrating tribe a while, but they are considered inferior and have to live on the outskirts of a camp in their white canvas tents to distinguish them from the aristocratic nomads in their black goat hair tents.

However, the slave corrected me, explaining that an "Inglisiyeh," an Englishwoman, lived in that tent.

I was surprised to hear that and asked if she were a scientist studying the people and animals or just a traveler.

"She is one of the wives of our chief, Jidran. She came to Damascus about five weeks ago and our prince married her."

Jidran had divorced one of the four wives allowed him and had married Helen!

She had returned to her lover, but I learned that he was already tired of her and had gone back to Damascus and his Viennese dancer. To leave Helen in the desert was almost equivalent to casting her off, because Jidran's life was lived entirely in the cities now, with only an occasional, fleeting visit to his own migrating clan.

Poor Helen was treated as badly as an outcast. While Jidran was in Damascus the other three wives, jealous of the white woman, had

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tried to poison her. She was violently ill, and when Jidran heard of this he separated her from the other wives and sent to her a famous white tent which his grandfather had once had especially made in France. It cost five thousand dollars, I was told. It was silk-lined, embroidered on the inside and furnished with gilded bed, dressers, mirror, rugs and other luxuries which are unknown to the desert.

But the misery of this little Helen!

There she lived practically within the chief's tent, yet she was guarded by a Negro bodyguard of three men who watched her every move. They also brought her meals and water—but this wasn't the life of a sheik's wife which she had imagined and read of in lurid fiction! She lived in solitary confinement, with no embarrassment spared her. There were no sanitary arrangements, and to fulfill the most necessary human needs she was accompanied by a slave who must see to it that she would not escape or harm herself.

What a frightened, lonesome little girl she must have been!

I wanted to see her and help her. I was sure she wanted to escape and return to Damascus. Nobody spoke her language and she could not speak Arabic.

Finally I wrote her a note, asking her very politely if I could be of any help, as I was returning to the city. I entrusted one of my slaves with the letter to be given to her secretly, but he returned some time later with the torn letter in his hand.

He told me that he had sat down at the entrance of the white tent and talked with one of the guardsmen. The man asked him to take his place while he went over to the chief's tent. My own slave took advantage of this opportunity to hand my letter to Helen.

From the slave's description it seems she must have felt humiliated that I, a white man, should be witness to her disgrace. After reading my note, she flew into a rage and tore it up. My slave was scared when he saw the paper bits fly around but luckily was able to collect them before the guard returned.

This was the first and only attempt in my life to interfere in a harem affair.

Never again! I was doubly glad that I had to go on with my caravan.

When I reached Damascus I learned that Jidran had rushed to the desert because the British consul had suddenly decided to see the girl and induce her to return to her country.

A few days later the Consul returned, and I heard from Jidran's grandfather that the envoy's mission had been in vain. Jidran had prevented the Britisher from seeing or speaking to his European wife.

After all, he *was* lord of the desert out there, though within Syrian territory where the French authorities could have enforced the demand of a British consul.

This is what happened in the complicated affair after the return of the Consul to the city. He was extremely angry and complained to the French in Syria. They in turn complained to Jidran's grandfather and told him they would make him responsible for the whole business.

He, being a good fellow, and also desirous of remaining in the good graces of the French (from whom he drew a share of money every month) drove out into the desert in his luxurious car (also given him by the French as a New Year's present).

He was a spry old fellow. True, his hair was dyed, his eyelids painted and his cheeks lightly touched with red, but he was a powerful old man. The French loved to show up with him at their military parades. He cut a majestic figure in his gold embroidered shepherd coat with its fine woolen under-robes, the red belt in which he carried a Mauser pistol, and the curved silver dagger or golden scimitar in his hands.

Along with his imposing ebony-colored bodyguards he was always given a place in the grandstand with the generals, governors and civilian bigwigs. Naïvely enough, he never realized that he was exhibit number one.

Now the old man rushed out to the desert to speak to his grandson and make him give up the lovely white girl. Jidran wanted to get rid of the Englishwoman anyhow, but pride and jealousy rioted in his primitive spirit. He enjoyed seeing his three Bedouin women jealous, and he especially enjoyed the humiliation suffered by the white woman. For once his inferiority complex was really satisfied. He had always wanted to "get even" with the white race.

He instinctively felt that he was a servant of the French race, and this flame was fanned by the mortification he thought he had suffered from the slap of the French meharist officer's glove in the café. From that night on he hated the whole white race, even though European women threw themselves at his feet. He knew them only as *one* kind, and he imagined himself their master. Cynically he once said to me, "Try to do to the women in my tribe what I can do to the women from *your* country!"

The old grandfather was too direct a nature to be able to comprehend the devious thoughts of his grandson. But he was allowed to see the girl.

One of his slaves later described the scene to me. The old man sat for hours in her presence, talking to her as to a child, consoling her with the promise that her husband would soon allow her to return to Damascus. Of course, all this was not helped by the fact that Helen did not understand a

*Continued on page 190*

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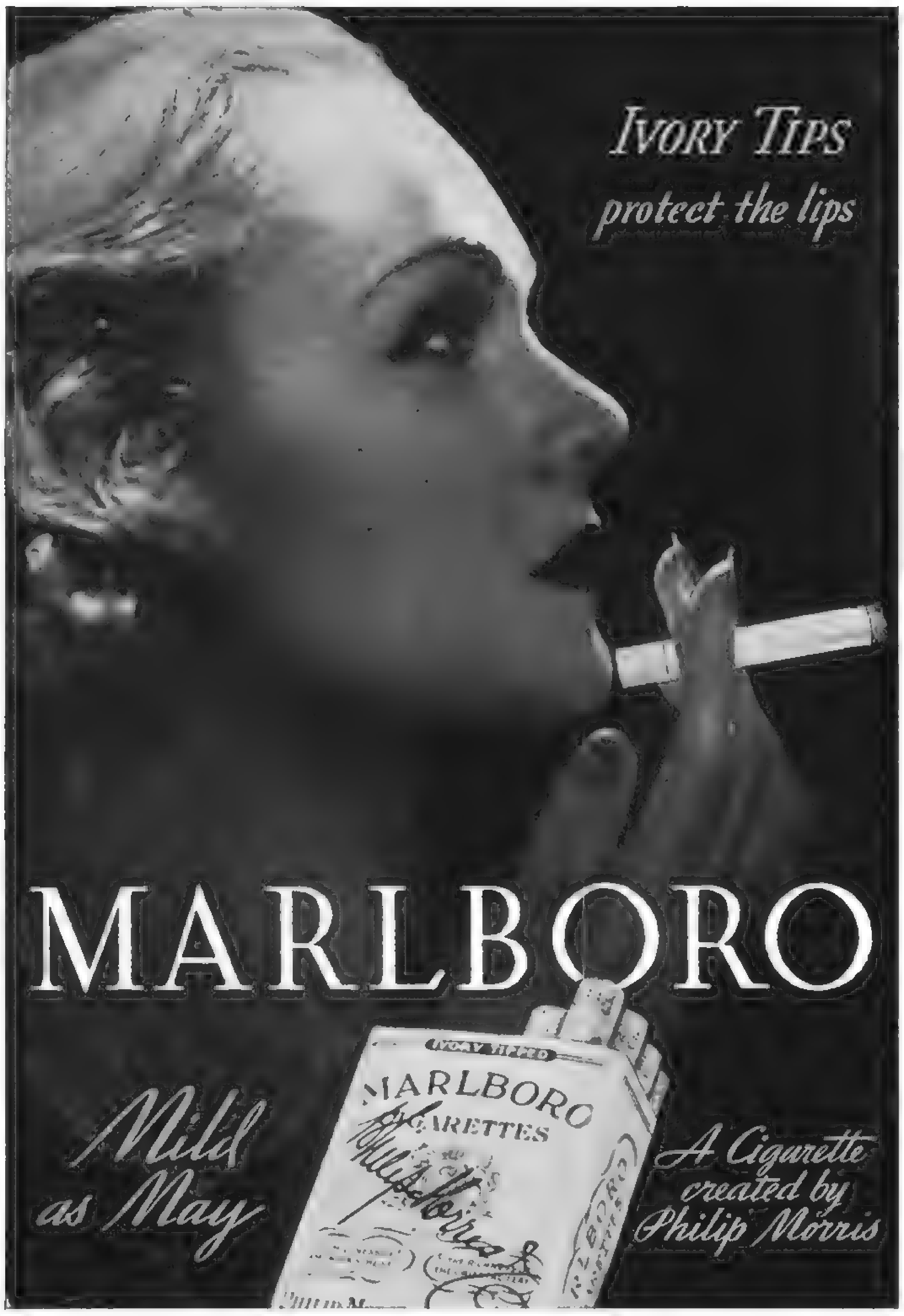

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## A Modern Sheik

*Continued from pages 53-189*

word. She probably thought he was making love to her. (In fact, the slave was sure that was his master's feeling for her!)

Jidran sat there, not saying a word to his grandfather or European wife. But the slave who told me all this was of the opinion that Jidran was very jealous. Not that he minded losing Helen, but he would have hated to give her up to the French authorities whom he hated and against whom all his envy was concentrated. And he was jealous of his grandfather's interest in the girl.

Jidran refused to allow the girl to depart, and nothing would make him see reason. His grandparent returned to Damascus empty-handed.

From a relatively unimportant incident, the affair grew increasingly serious. The French authorities and the British consul demanded a showdown. An order was issued to bring Jidran to Damascus. But the grandfather in the meantime had developed a scheme:

While Jidran would be on his way to Damascus, the old chief would send his car and some slaves to the desert to kidnap the white woman and bring her into his palace in Damascus.

First of all a message was sent to Jidran, luring him to Damascus on some pretext, and this he answered with a promise to be in Damascus on the following Friday noon.

On that fatal holiday (Friday is Moslem Sunday) the old chief's car sped with six slaves to the camp of Jidran. They bristled with weapons, as they usually do when on a dangerous mission.

Upon their arrival in the camp they were received with all the honor due the bodyguard of a great chief. They were seated in the great tent, leaning on camel saddles, and were served bitter, black coffee. The chief of the bodyguard of Jidran conversed with them.

Finally they stated their mission, which was an audience with the white woman, in the name of their chief. The head of the old man's bodyguard produced a sealed paper, which was handed to the chief Negro of Jidran. He in turn gave the paper to the scribe, who opened and read the order.

The piece caused almost as much confusion as a bombshell. It scattered all those who heard the message out of the tent.

The old man had demanded the return of the white girl. She was to be released to his slaves and brought to Damascus. A note from the British Consul was included, to be presented to the Englishwoman. But if she refused to leave, the slaves were not to force her to do so.

Everybody left the assembly, even the women in the harem part of the tent, and rushed to the other abodes to spread the sensational news.

The six slaves rose and walked to the white tent of the sheik's fourth wife. At their appearance the harem guards evaporated. The Consul's note was handed to the white girl. While she tore it open and read it, a slave took a bag from his belt and produced several diamond and emerald-studded rings, also a heavy diamond bracelet and two anklets. Two slaves began to place the precious gifts of the old man on her arms and legs.

Helen, happy that the British Consul had arranged her release, allowed the swarthy fellows to decorate her.

Then she stepped courageously out of the tent into the car. "Home, James, and don't spare the horses," she is supposed to have said to the dark chauffeur. The British Consul had it from her own lips later, and gossip carried it to many ears throughout Syria.

Instead of James, however, Jidran and his bodyguard suddenly appeared as if from the very ground beneath their feet.

Mephisto himself could not have frightened the slaves more. Trembling, they put the car hastily into motion but were waylaid shortly by three other automobiles. After making a show of fighting off Jidran's men, and with the exchange of a few shots, they were taken prisoner and disarmed.

Jidran, like the proverbial villain in the story book, had the beautiful white girl thrown back into her silken cell.

The six slaves were brought before Jidran in the great black tent of his ancestors. In that assembly he demanded the death of all six, but it was brought to light that only two men had been informed of the chief's real scheme.

Jidran ordered the two men to be executed at once. The four surviving slaves were to return at once to Damascus.

I was in the office of Captain Sauvignac, who was in charge of the Bureau of Bedouin Affairs, when the old chief asked for an audience. When he entered the office with two slaves, the old man asked that they show the contents of the basket they had brought with them as a 'present" from his grandson.

As long as I live I shall never forget the shock the captain and his secretary and I received when the slaves nonchalantly dumped the basket at our feet and two heads actually rolled over the floor, the heads of their executed comrades.

Excitedly the grandfather told us the whole story, and when he finished the captain repeated the entire affair by phone to his superior officers.

The same day a detachment of French soldiers was sent to Jidran's camp in a motorcade of gun cars. They were received with op-

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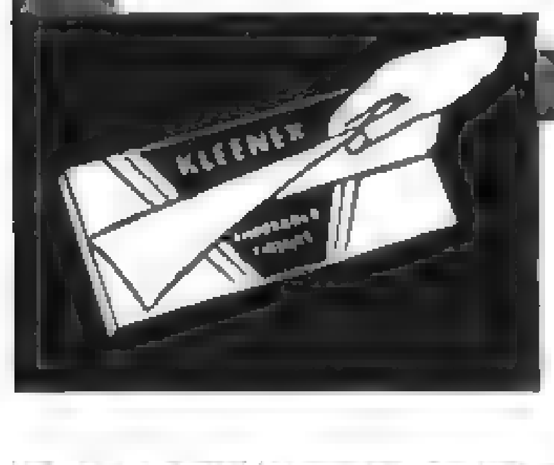

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position before they reached Jidran's camp and in the ensuing fight twenty men of the French were killed.

Six hundred French soldiers were engaged in two more ambushes and both sides lost heavily.

The British Consul in Damascus finally managed to arrange a council to which the old and young chiefs sent their own representatives.

A truce was arranged. Helen was brought to Beyrouth. The French saw to it that she left Syria on the first available boat, and the old chief handed her three thousand Syrian pounds, asking her to go to the nearby island of Cyprus and wait for him.

The old man had lost his heart to the English beauty and was ready to take the next boat to live with her, if necessary as an exile where no Arabs or French could disturb their peace.

Helen took the money and the jewelry and wrote a note of thanks to the old man in Damascus. Her three months' exile as an Arabian sheik's white bride were enough to cure her of any further desire for such a life. It was left to the French in Syria to force the lonely old lover to straighten out his differences with his problem-child grandson.

Writing of this bizarre incident now—sitting peacefully in America ten years later—I ask myself if it really happened. But a yellowed clipping from the *Wiener-Tageblatt* of December 4, 1927, relates that a hundred and twenty people had already been killed in the struggle between the prominent old chief and his grandson for the love of an English girl.

I wonder who of the three concerned ever gave a serious thought to the soldiers and Bedouins killed for the whim of a "sheik crazy" white girl and the complex of a modern desert prince.

It seems that I was not yet through with figuring in the misadventures of Jidran.

I prepared to leave Syria with a number of horses I had purchased and talked over the shipment with an Arab who had stabled my animals for me in Maidan, the old *caravanserie* section of Damascus which the French had so badly shelled in the last Druse rebellion.

There are old limestone and adobe buildings with narrow lanes. Low houses with hardly any windows but large back yards, stables and store rooms are set in walled enclosures.

Through one of the one-way streets came thundering, with cut-out open, the car of Jidran, prince of the desert.

I rushed out, not so much to receive him as to rail at him for his unwanted noise. My horses were accustomed to the calm and serenity of the desert, but here within the enclosing walls the noise of the sputtering machine was increased tenfold and would frighten the horses.

Jidran had with him four slaves, armed to the teeth. They looked like another raiding party, and I told him so.

"No, not a raid," he said. "But we want you to come with us. We have to settle something."

I refused.

"It is no raid; it is not even a chase after gazelles," he laughed.

"We're going to Salhieh," he explained.

This was the suburb in which his grandfather had his palace.

I wanted no arguments with the old lover and rival of Jidran.

"Come join us, Aziz," Jidran urged, amused. "Trust me. It is harmless. I want you to help me translate something for a friend of mine. We are not going to see my grandfather or any enemies."

"A woman then?" I should have known.

The old smile brightened his face. "Yes, it is Mimi (the Viennese dancer). I am tired of her, and she threatens to kill herself."

He handed me a note from Mimi written in French. She was obviously in a desperate mood.

I decided to join Jidran and see if I couldn't help settle the affair with the unfortunate Viennese girl in a decent way. I knew he could drive her to a rash act with his usual spiteful manner of treating white women.

With Jidran at the wheel we thundered through Damascus toward the barren mountain range in whose shelter nestles the beautiful suburb of Salhieh. It is made up of many walled homes which boast delightful gardens to afford quiet and repose.

Jidran stopped at one of the modern Damascene apartment houses which have risen almost overnight among the ancient ruins and old Turkish and Arabian dwellings. They were in American style (if there is anything so definite), but I discovered that the modern conveniences were more for looks than utility.

The elevator in this building was an example.

As the car drew up to the curb a group of twenty or more Arab boys thronged the walk. The one who seemed to be the leader rushed up to Jidran, inquiring, "Your Highness, to which floor does your Excellency, your Lordship care to ride?"

"The fourth, you scum." And with his leather gloves he slapped the boy's forehead because the dirty fellow, in his exaggerated gesture of devotion, had bowed too close to him.

Jidran threw coins to the group of boys who scrambled madly for them. Then the winners followed us into the garish hallway of the apartment house.

I learned that the elevator had almost never been known to work, because there was not enough power in the building for it. There it was, all modern and efficient looking, and the gang of rowdies who followed us lifted it by pulling the cables. Perspiring and anxious, they failed to make a success of this operation, and we ended by walking four flights to Mimi's apartment.

*Continued on page 192*

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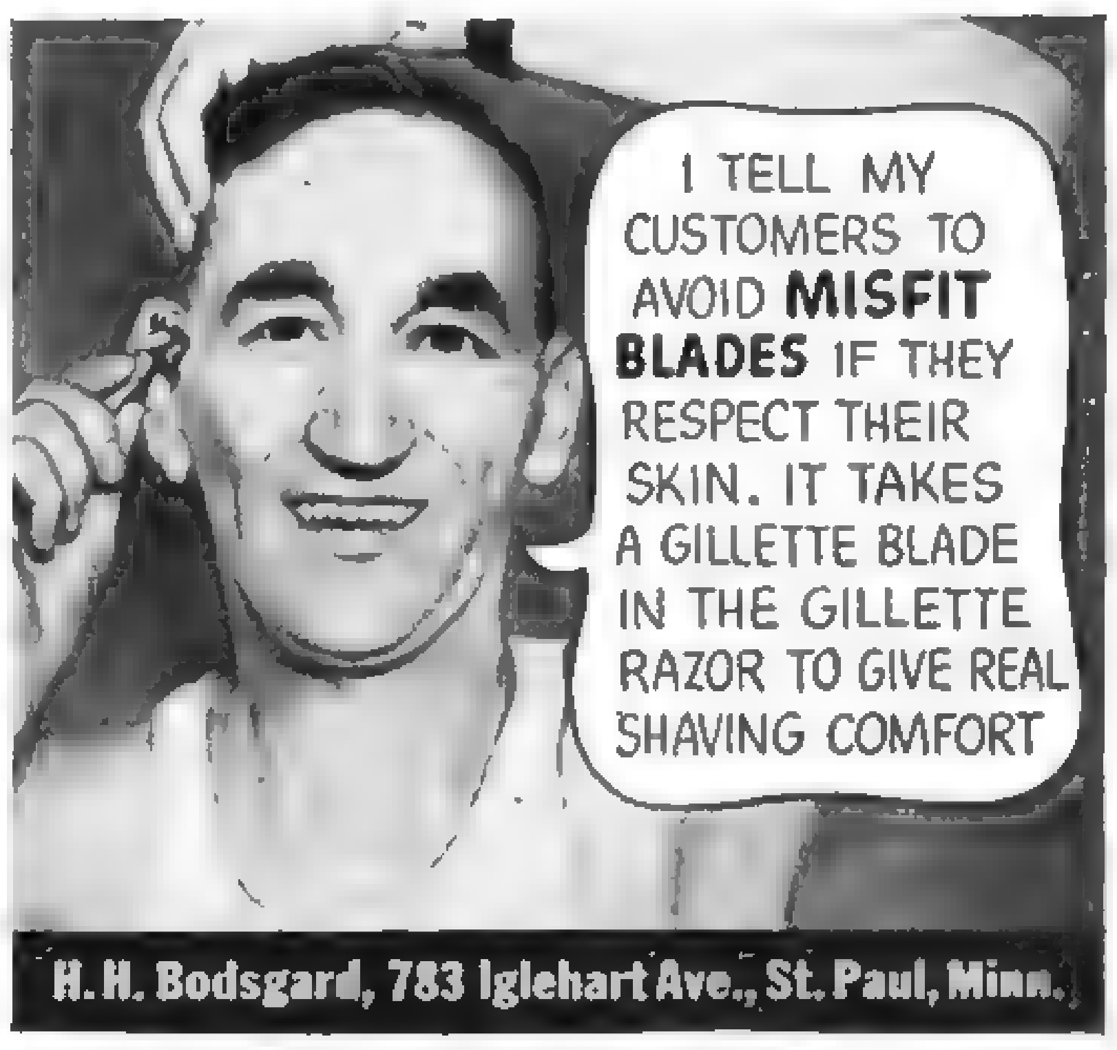
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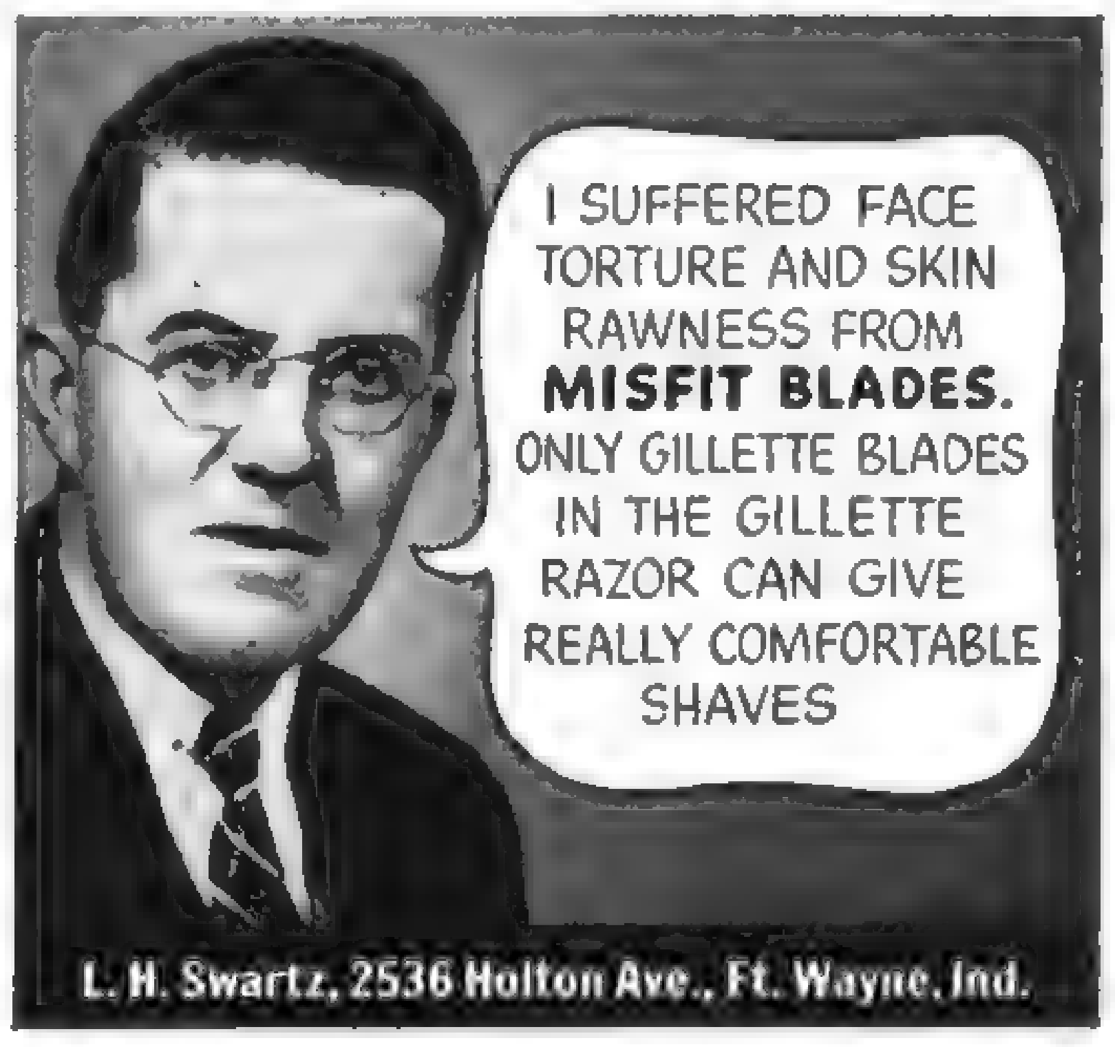
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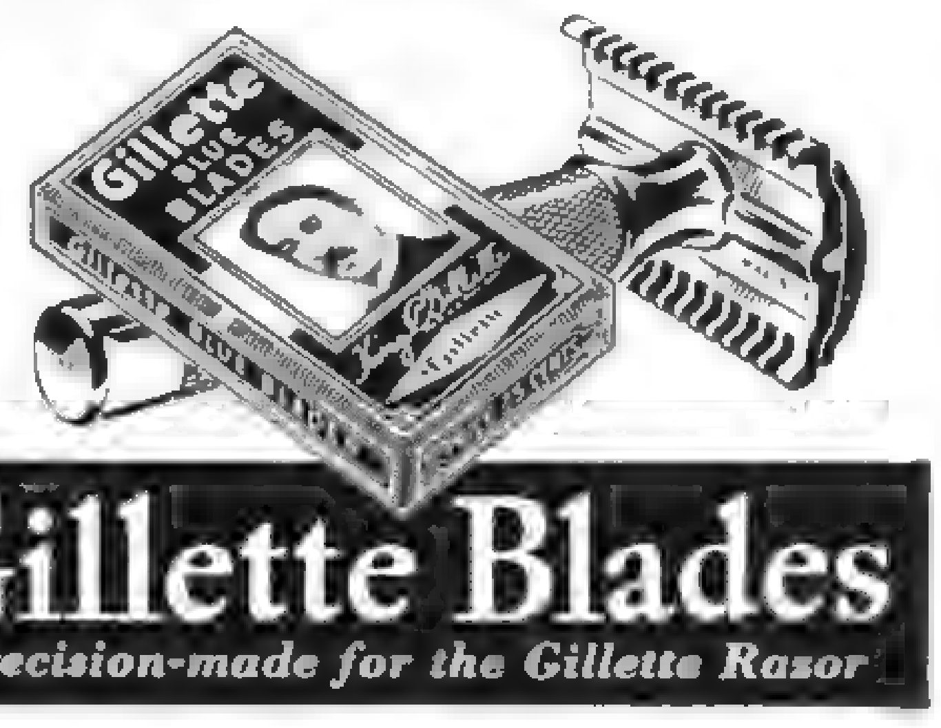

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## A Modern Sheik

*Continued from pages 53-189-191*

Jidran assembled the slaves in front of the door, and when it was answered by a timid old Syrian woman, they rushed right past her.

I felt duty-bound to apologize for him, explaining, "He doesn't know any better. He is from the desert."

Immediately I regretted this remark, for after all it is the decent Bedouin who reveres and protects womanhood with more care than any other race I know. Men like Jidran who have been spoiled by the life in the cities are degenerate, unnatural and indifferent.

But I had no time to meditate upon these matters.

A piercing scream issued from the far room of the apartment. There was Mimi in a half reclining position on the couch in her bedroom, her blue eyes staring wildly at Jidran, her hands clutching her gauzy negligee. Her hair fell in a bright gold cloud about her smooth, full shoulders.

I could tell that her scream had been one of rage as well as fright, for Jidran stood in the doorway of the room, surrounded by his gigantic slaves, and a rude and sarcastic laughter issued from his lips.

The old lady had come to the door and peeked in, her trembling hand on my arm.

Then Mimi noticed me. Her anger seemed to give her strength. She rose and pointed an accusing finger at me. "You have arranged all this to humiliate me, to keep him from me and throw him into the arms of another woman!"

She would not listen to me but walked toward me with uplifted arms, crying, "Get out! Get out! Jidran and I understand better what we have to say to each other."

"Thank you," I said, digusted with the whole affair. "Only Jidran asked me to come along so that I might give you a message from him."

He knew a smattering of French—about twenty or thirty words—more than enough to enable him to carry on a flirtation. And Mimi apparently knew a few Arabic phrases. But their combined vocabulary did not suffice for such a situation.

Jidran held up the letter she had written him. Mimi reached for it. At that Jidran withdrew his arm and burst into a loud fit of laughter. "No, no, my girl. I want to keep this as a souvenir." Turning to me, he said, "Ask her if she remembers what threat she made in this letter."

I put the question to Mimi.

"You beast!" she raged. "You *would* enjoy asking me this!"

"Not at all," I told her. "I came more to help *you* out than to help Jidran. Knowing him as I do, I feel you would be happier if you gave him up."

Jidran was growing impatient. "Ask her if she did not threaten to kill herself for me?"

Mimi went white with fury when I translated this question for her. "Of course I did," she said. "Everything would be easy if I were dead!"

This seemed to satisfy Jidran who turned to his slaves and ordered them to pull their guns. The old lady disappeared like a frightened little bird, and for a moment I, too, feared for what might happen. Jidran reached for two of the large pistols, and he held the heavy weapons in his hands while he said, "Do not be excited."

This was useless advice to Mimi, who leapt back to her couch screaming and weeping with fear. I knew it would be madness to lay a hand upon Jidran, so I cautioned him in Arabic to come to his senses before it was too late. I might as well not have been there, for he did not listen.

He moved over to the dressing table, so bewilderingly laden with glass, and placed the two guns carefully on a tray. Turning to me with his most cynical smile he said, "Tell Mimi that to be successful in a suicide she had better use two guns. One here" (and he made a motion toward one side of his head) "and the other gun behind this ear, and be sure to pull both triggers at the *same* time. This is most important."

"What did he say?" Mimi asked me in small voice.

I told her. Her pale, tense face betrayed her humiliation. I felt very sorry for her in that moment.

She fought for words. At last she said, "You may say to him that he has made hating him very easy. He is not worth the death of anyone. And he had better get out of here quickly with his evil bodyguard." Her voice rose to a shrill crescendo.

Jidran did not bother to find out what her words had been. Perhaps he knew them from her very posture of hate that she was through, disgusted. He gave her just two words, two of the few French words he knew. "Au revoir!" Pushing his slaves out in front of him, he left the room. I hesitated a moment, feeling that I must somehow apologize to Mimi. But she was crying like a little girl now, and all she could do was shake her head at me. She could not talk to me then.

Outside, Jidran's satisfied smile awaited me. "Now will you agree that I know women?"

"You shouldn't have thrown such a scare into that poor girl," I said angrily. "How can you have changed so?" Again I saw him as the fine young desert prince, kind and just, before the toys of civilization had been given to him.

"Listen, Aziz, she hates me, doesn't she?" he persisted.

"Completely. And well she may."

"That's all I care to know." He

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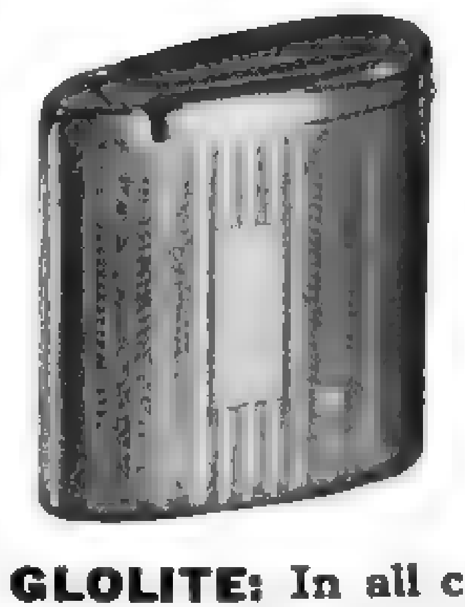
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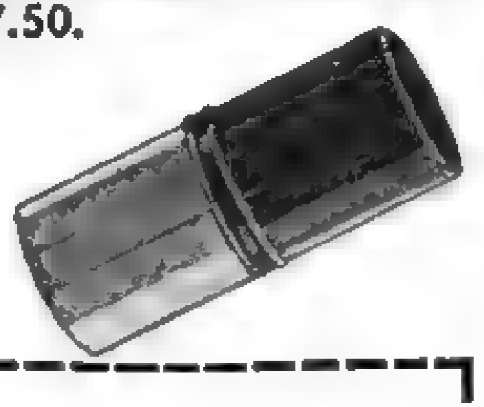

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sighed with relief. "But don't you see how clever I was? Imagine the scandal if she had really killed herself! Besides, she was such a beautiful woman, and I had no way of getting rid of her. And she cost me a lot of money. Now she will go back to work in the cabaret and all this has been solved because I taught her to hate me. It is very simple, Aziz. First make women love you and when they refuse to leave, make them hate you."

A new philosophy indeed!

Mimi's story had a happy ending—happier because it is not fiction, but the truth.

One of my English friends fell madly in love with her shortly after, and before she could sign a contract with the cabaret, she affixed her signature to a marriage contract.

I saw them again last year in Teheran, Persia. The nice young fellow has a responsible position in one of the great oil companies in Persia. Two beautiful little daughters played with me in the garden at the foot of the snow-capped mountain.

Needless to say the name of Jidran did not pass the lips of Mimi or myself. But I wanted to thank her for letting me see her surer happiness.

And Jidran?

I did not see him on last year's trip. He sent his car and slaves to bring me to Syria while I was with his people in the desert. But I did not want to go. I did not want to witness any further cruelties.

I understand that at that time he was living with a French woman. He may be with her yet. ###

## The Long Way Out

*Continued from page 45*

"Good morning, Doctor," she said. "I'm going to meet my husband and we're going to Virginia Beach. I'm going to the hall because I don't want to keep him waiting."

He looked into her face, clear and happy as a child. The nurse signaled to him that it was as ordered so he merely bowed and spoke of the pleasant weather.

"It's a beautiful day," said Mrs. King, "but of course even if it was raining it would be a beautiful day for me."

The doctor looked after her, puzzled and annoyed—why are they letting this go on he thought. What possible good can it do?

Meeting Dr. Pirie he put the question to him.

"We tried to tell her," Dr. Pirie said. "She laughed and said we were trying to see whether she's still sick. You could use the word unthinkable in an exact sense here—his death is unthinkable to her."

"But you can't just go on like this."

"Theoretically no," said Dr. Pirie. "A few days ago when she packed up as usual the nurse tried to keep her from going. From out in the hall I could see her face, see her begin to go to pieces—for the first time, mind you. Her muscles were tense and her eyes glazed and her voice was thick and shrill when she very politely called the nurse a liar. It was touch and go there for a minute whether we had a tractable patient or a restraint case—and I stepped in and told the nurse to take her down to the reception room."

He broke off as the procession that had just passed appeared again, headed back to the ward. Mrs. King stopped and spoke to Dr. Pirie.

"My husband's been delayed," she said. "Of course I'm disappointed but they tell me he's coming tomorrow and after waiting so long one more day doesn't seem to matter. Don't you agree with me, Doctor?"

"I certainly do, Mrs. King."

She took off her hat.

"I've got to put aside these clothes—I want them to be as fresh tomorrow as they are today." She looked closely at the hat. "There's a speck of dust on it, but I think I can get it off. Perhaps he won't notice."

"I'm sure he won't."

"Really I don't mind waiting another day. It'll be this time tomorrow before I know it, won't it?"

When she had gone along the younger doctor said:

"There are still the two children."

"I don't think the children are going to matter. When she 'went under,' she tied up this trip with the idea of getting well. If we took it away she'd have to go to the bottom and start over."

"Could she?"

"There's no prognosis," said Dr. Pirie. "I was simply explaining why she was allowed to go to the hall this morning."

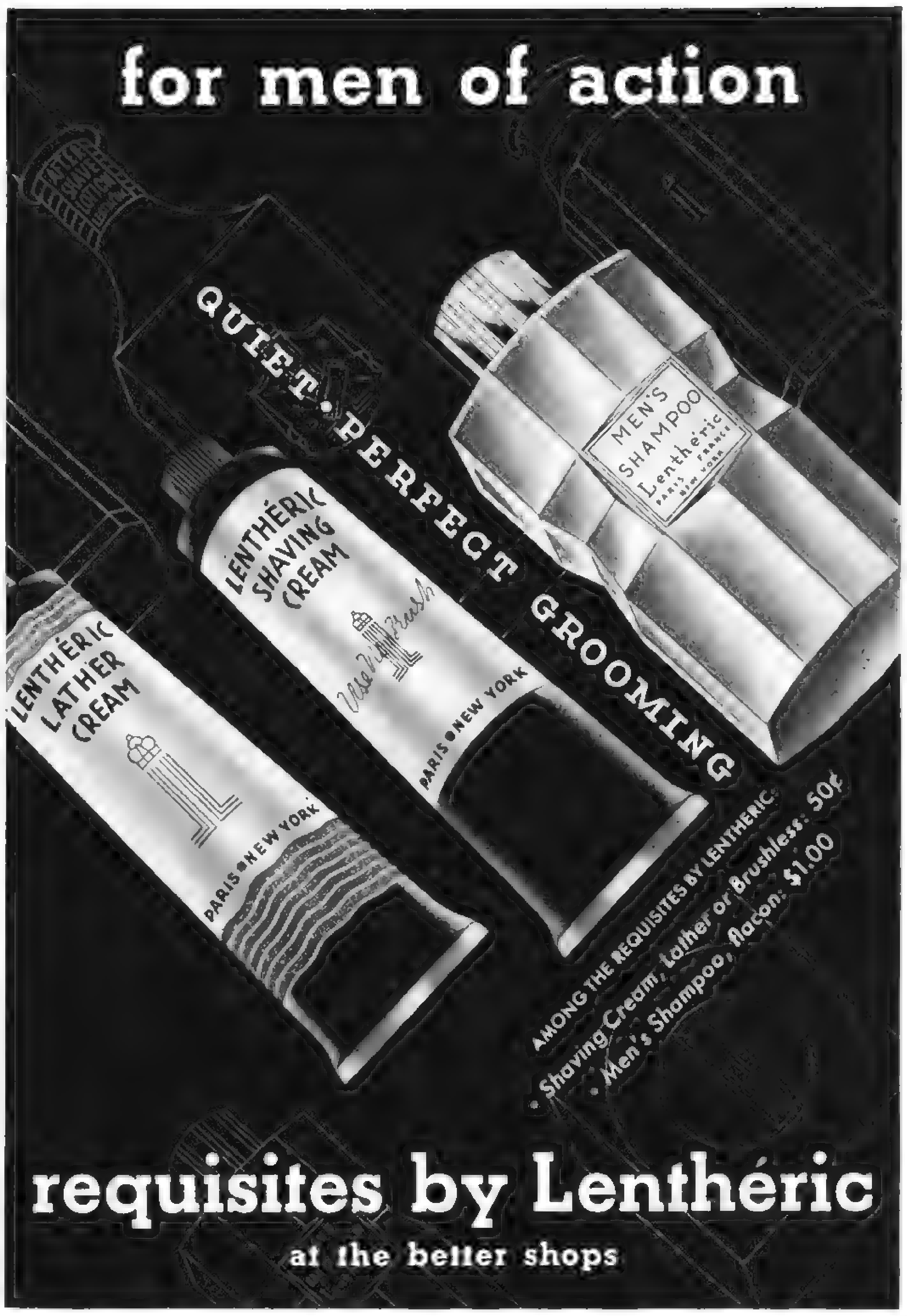
"But there's tomorrow morning and the next morning."

"There's always the chance," said Dr. Pirie, "that some day he will be there."

The doctor ended his story here, rather abruptly. When we pressed him to tell what happened he protested that the rest was anti-climax—that all sympathy eventually wears out and that finally the staff at the sanitarium had simply accepted the fact.

"But does she still go to meet her husband?"

"Oh yes, it's always the same—but the other patients, except new ones, hardly look up when she passes along the hall. The nurses manage to substitute a new hat every year or so but she still wears the same suit. She's always a little disappointed but she makes the best of it, very sweetly too. It's not an unhappy life as far as we know, and in some funny way it seems to set an example of tranquillity to the other patients. For God's sake let's talk about something else—let's go back to oubliettes." ###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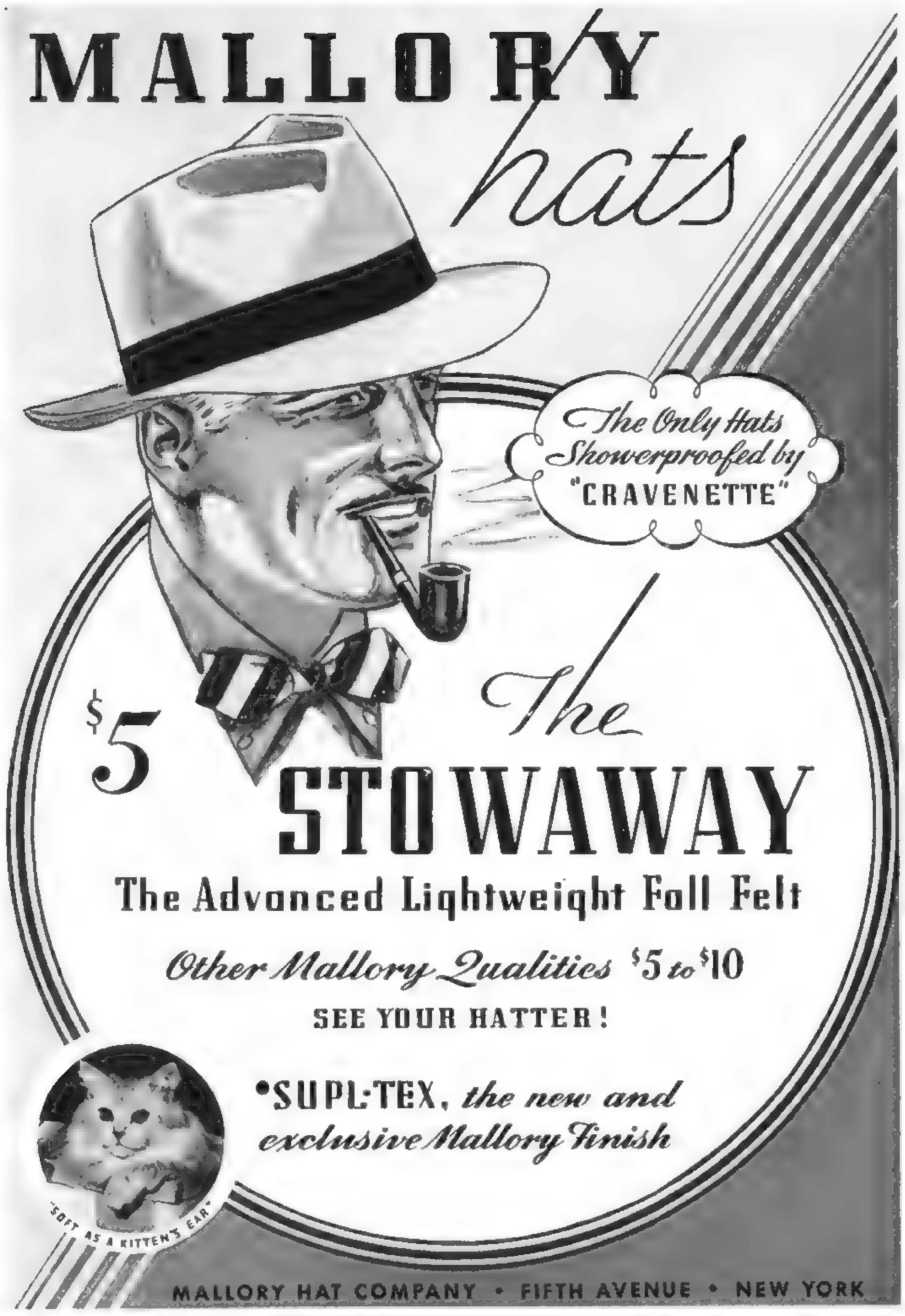
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## A Dollar and a Quarter Too Much

*Continued from page 80*

stick started to hurt. He swore and got in and started the car and drove out the yard and along the road to where he had left the beans. He loaded them into the car and drove into town.

He went to the produce market and the little Greek shoved his hands into the box and lifted up handfuls of beans and complained about there being too many leaves in them. They argued a little while and finally the Greek figured on a piece of paper, and scratched his head and figured again. Then he took out four dollars and handed them over.

The farmer started to say something and then changed his mind. He put the money in his pocket and hurried away. It was all he could do to keep from looking back over his shoulder and he felt an impulse to run. But he didn't. He cranked his car and drove away as fast as he could and felt relieved when he got around the corner and the Greek didn't come after him shouting.

He was too excited at first to figure the thing out exactly. He had not been so excited since the days he was a small boy and had successfully stolen watermelons.

Finally he calmed down and worked the figures out in his mind.

"He gave me a dollar'n a quarter too much," he said.

His car started sputtering and he choked it a couple of times and got it to a corner service station just in time. He got out of the car while the attendant lifted the seat and put five gallons in the tank and looked at the oil and filled the radiator with water. Across the street was a small dress shop and in the window were some white and pink and blue dresses that looked awfully stylish and cool. At first he didn't pay much attention to them. Then he got interested and finally he went across the street and looked at the dresses. They certainly were pretty. He wished his wife had one like that pink and white one, for instance.

He noticed a card saying the dresses were on sale for two and a half and it occurred to him that that was pretty cheap for such swell looking clothes. Why, they looked as if they would sell for five or six dollars at least. He started back across the street. Half way there he stopped and jingled the money in his pocket. He decided to do it and to hell with the expense. He hurried so he wouldn't change his mind.

He was flustered when he asked for one of the dresses. It seemed everyone in the place was looking at him. He wished he hadn't come in.

"What size does your wife wear?" the girl asked him.

"I dunno," he said. "She's about your size. Maybe a little bigger here."

He touched his chest and blushed and felt like a fool. The girl smiled and got a dress and wrapped it up and he paid her. He went out with his ears burning. He was going over in his mind what he'd said and done in the shop and he doubled up his fists from embarrassment. He went to the corner and looked at the cigars under the glass case of the stand. He decided to get the three for a dime kind and then he decided to hell with it. He liked the five centers better. He paid his dime for two cigars and stuck one in his mouth and went back to his car. He paid the service station man and got in the car.

"Just bought my wife a dress," he said and patted the package.

The service station man gave him a funny look.

"Aren't you going to crank it?" he asked.

He got out of the car and cranked it and got back in, cursing himself under his breath.

By the time he got home he was puffing his cigar and blowing out the smoke with *Turkey in the Straw*. He hadn't whistled for some time.

His wife was still sewing when he got in. It was cooler now and the place'd lost its hot smell.

He threw the package on the bed.

"Present for you," he said.

She looked at him in surprise and then looked at the package. She didn't move.

"Well, aren't you going to look at it?" he asked.

She looked at him again and finally got up and went to the bed. She opened the package and her hands trembled and she dropped the dress and looked at him again.

"Why——," she said.

He felt embarrassed and wanted to go outside.

"Thought it might look good on you," he said.

She didn't say anything but her eyes lighted up and she picked up the dress again and held it in front of her.

"Put it on," he said.

She turned her back and stooped over and caught the hem of her dress and straightened up and lifted it over her head. She slipped the other dress on and smoothed it out over the hips.

"It looks swell," he said.

She got the small mirror and put it on the bed and walked toward it and away from it and turned and twisted. Then she came over and put her arms around him and hugged him. He patted her back and shoved her away from him.

"Want cigar ashes down your neck?" he asked.

She stood in front of the mirror again and he watched her for quite awhile. Then he went over and kissed her and pinched her arm and she blushed and was embarrassed and the tears on her cheeks looked funny because she was smiling.

He decided not to tell her the Greek'd given him a dollar and a quarter too much for the beans. #

## The Ears of Johnny Bear

*Continued from page 35*

the doorway, swinging his arms jerkily the way halfwits do. On his face there was a foolish happy smile. He moved forward and for all his bulk and clumsiness, he seemed to creep. He didn't move like a man, but like some prowling night animal. At the bar he stopped, his little bright eyes went about from face to face expectantly, and he asked, "Whiskey?"

Loma was not a treating town. A man might buy a drink for another if he were pretty sure the other would immediately buy one for him. I was surprised when one of the quiet men laid a coin on the counter. Fat Carl filled the glass. The monster took it and gulped the whiskey.

"What the devil—" I began. But Alex nudged me and said "Sh."

There began a curious pantomime. Johnny Bear moved to the door and then he came creeping back. The foolish smile never left his face. In the middle of the room he crouched down on his stomach. A voice came from his throat, a voice that seemed familiar to me.

"But you are too beautiful to live in a dirty little town like this."

The voice rose to a soft throaty tone, with just a trace of accent in the words. "You just tell me that."

I'm sure I nearly fainted. The blood pounded in my ears. I flushed. It was my voice coming out of the throat of Johnny Bear, my words, my intonation. And then it was the voice of Mae Romero—exact. If I had not seen the crouching man on the floor I would have called to her. The dialogue went on. Such things sound silly when someone else says them. Johnny Bear went right on, or rather I should say I went right on. He said things and made sounds. Gradually the faces of the men turned from Johnny Bear, turned toward me, and they grinned at me. I could do nothing. I knew that if I tried to stop him I would have a fight on my hands. And so the scene went on, to a finish. When it was over I was cravenly glad Mae Romero had no brothers. What obvious, forced, ridiculous words had come from Johnny Bear. Finally he stood up, still smiling the foolish smile, and he asked again, "Whiskey?"

I think the men in the bar were sorry for me. They looked away from me and talked elaborately to one another. Johnny Bear went to the back of the room, crawled under a round card table, curled up like a dog and went to sleep.

Alex Hartnell was regarding me with compassion. "First time you ever heard him?"

"Yes, what in hell is he?"

Alex ignored my question for a moment. "If you're worrying about Mae's reputation, don't. Johnny Bear has followed Mae before."

"But how did he hear us? I didn't see or hear him."

"No one sees or hears Johnny Bear when he's on business. He can move like no movement at all. Know what our young men do when they go out with girls? They take a dog along. Dogs are afraid of Johnny and they can smell him coming."

"But good God! Those voices—"

Alex nodded. "I know. Some of us wrote up to the university about Johnny, and a young man came down. He took a look and then he told us about Blind Tom."

"You mean the Negro piano player? Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, Blind Tom was a halfwit. He could hardly talk, but he could imitate anything he heard on the piano, long pieces. They tried him with fine musicians and he reproduced not only the music but every little personal emphasis. To catch him they made little mistakes, and he played the mistakes. He photographed the playing in the tiniest detail. The man says Johnny Bear is the same, only he can photograph words and voices. He tested Johnny with a long passage in Greek and Johnny did it exactly. He doesn't know the words he's saying, he just says them. He hasn't brains enough to make anything up, so you know that what he says is what he heard."

"But why does he do it? Why is he interested in listening if he doesn't understand?"

Alex rolled a cigarette and lighted it. "He isn't, but he loves whiskey. He knows if he listens in windows and comes here and repeats what he hears, someone will give him whiskey. He tries to palm off Mrs. Ratz' conversation in the store, or Jerry Noland arguing with his mother, but he can't get whiskey for such things."

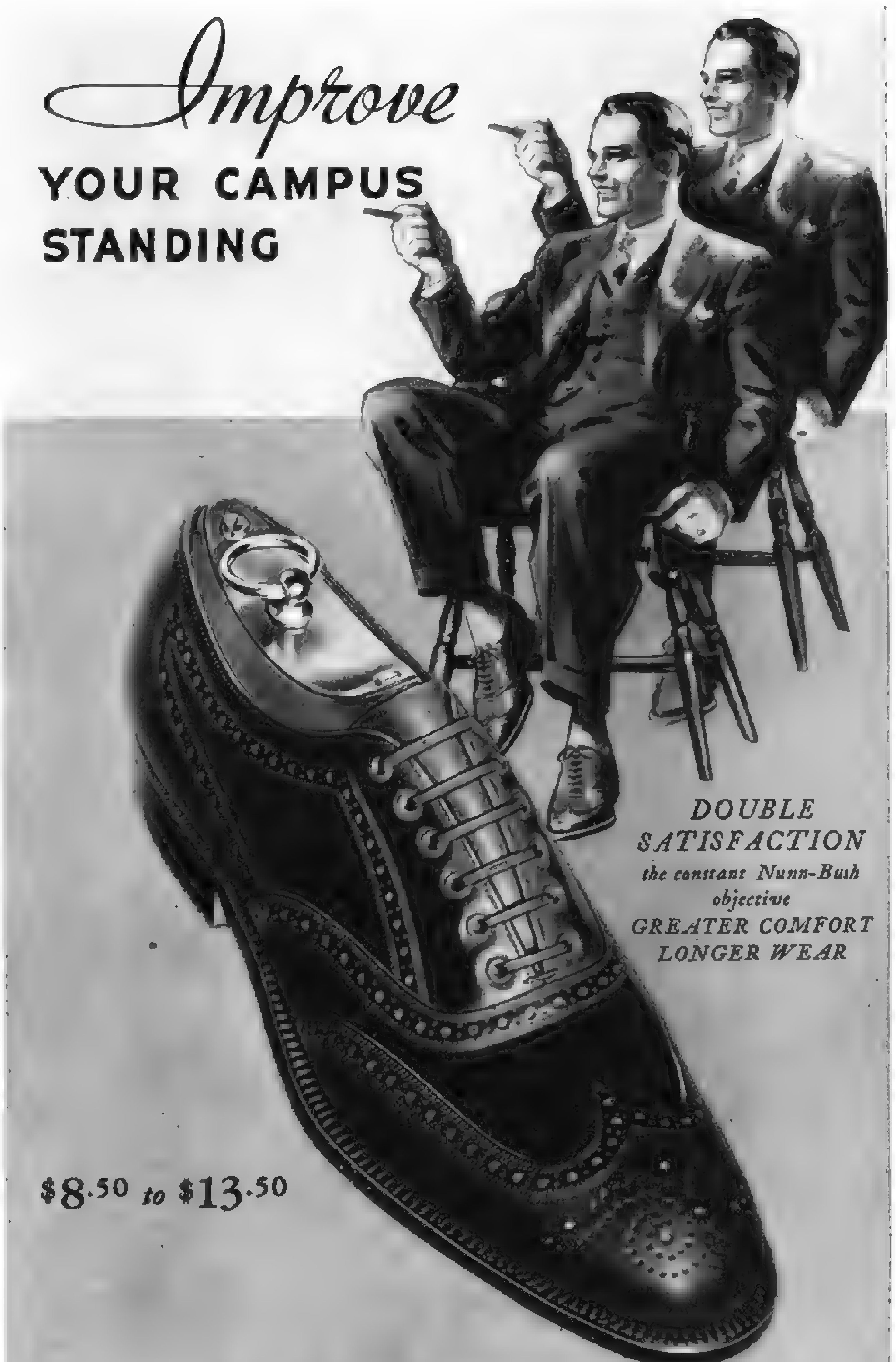
I said, "It's funny somebody hasn't shot him while he was peeking in windows."

Alex picked at his cigarette. "Lots of people have tried, but you just don't see Johnny Bear, and you don't catch him. You keep your windows closed, and even then you talk in a whisper if you don't want to be repeated. You were lucky it was dark tonight. If he had seen you, he might have gone through the action too. You should see Johnny Bear screw up his face to look like a girl. It's pretty awful."

I looked toward the sprawled figure under the table. Johnny Bear's back was turned to the room. The light fell on his black matted hair. I saw a big fly land on his head, and then I swear I saw the whole scalp shiver the way the skin of a horse shivers under flies. The fly landed again and the moving scalp shook it off. I shuddered too, all over.

Conversation in the room had settled to the bored monotone again. Fat Carl had been polishing a glass on his apron towel for the last ten minutes. A little group of men near me was discussing

*Continued on page 196*



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## The Ears of Johnny Bear

*Continued from pages 35-195*

fighting dogs and fighting cocks, and they switched gradually to bull fighting.

Alex, beside me, said, “Come have a drink.”

We walked to the counter. Fat Carl put out two glasses. “What'll it be?”

Neither of us answered. Carl poured out the brown whiskey. He looked sullenly at me and one of his thick, meaty eyelids winked at me solemnly. I don't know why, but I felt flattered. Carl's head twitched back toward the card table. “Got you, didn't he?”

I winked back at him. “Take a dog next time.” I imitated his clipped sentences. We drank our whiskey and went back to our chairs. Timothy Ratz won a game of solitaire and moved to the bar.

I looked back at the table under which Johnny Bear lay. He had rolled over on his stomach. His foolish smiling face looked out at the room. His head moved and he peered all about, like an animal about to leave its den. And then he came sliding out and stood up. There was a paradox about his movement. He looked twisted and shapeless, and yet he moved with complete lack of effort.

Johnny Bear crept up the room toward the bar, smiling about at the men he passed. In front of the bar this insistent question arose. “Whiskey? Whiskey?” It was like a bird call. I don't know what kind of bird, but I've heard it—two notes on a rising scale, asking a question over and over, “Whiskey? Whiskey?”

The conversation in the room stopped, but no one came forward to lay money on the counter. Johnny smiled plaintively. “Whiskey?”

Then he tried to cozen them. Out of his throat an angry woman's voice issued. “I tell you it was all bone. Twenty cents a pound, and half bone.” And then a man, “Yes, ma'am. I didn't know it. I'll give you some sausage to make it up.”

Johnny Bear looked around expectantly. “Whiskey?” Still none of the men offered to come forward. Johnny crept to the front of the room and crouched. I whispered, “What's he doing?”

Alex said “Sh. Looking through a window. Listen!”

A woman's voice came, a cold sure voice, the words clipped. “I can't quite understand it. Are you some kind of monster? I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen you.”

Another woman's voice answered her, a voice low and hoarse with misery. “Maybe I am a monster. I can't help it. I can't help it.”

“You *must* help it,” the cold voice broke in. “Why you'd be better dead.”

I heard a soft sobbing coming from the thick smiling lips of Johnny Bear. The sobbing of a woman in hopelessness. I looked around at Alex. He was sitting stiffly, his eyes wide open and unblinking. I opened my mouth to whisper a question, but he waved me silent. I glanced about the room. All the men were stiff and listening. The sobbing stopped. “Haven't you ever felt that way, Emalin?”

Alex caught his breath sharply at the name. The cold voice announced, “Certainly not.”

“Never in the night? Not ever—ever in your life?”

“If I had,” the cold voice said, “if ever I had, I would cut that part of me away. Now stop your whining, Amy. I won't stand for it. If you don't get control of your nerves I'll see about having some medical treatment for you. Now go to your prayers.”

Johnny Bear smiled on. “Whiskey?”

Two men advanced without a word and put down coins. Fat Carl filled two glasses and when Johnny Bear tossed off one after the other, Carl filled one again. Everyone knew by that how moved he was. There were no drinks on the house at the Buffalo Bar. Johnny Bear smiled about the room and then he went out with that creeping gait of his. The doors folded together after him, slowly and without a sound.

Conversation did not spring up again. Everyone in the room seemed to have a problem to settle in his own mind. One by one they drifted out and the back swing of the doors brought in little puffs of tule fog. Alex got up and walked out and I followed him.

The night was nasty with the evil smelling fog. It seemed to cling to the buildings and to reach out with free arms into the air. I doubled my pace and caught up with Alex. “What was it?” I demanded. “What was it all about?”

For a moment I thought he wouldn't answer. But then he stopped and turned to me. “Oh, damn it. Listen! Every town has its aristocrats, its family above reproach. Emalin and Amy Hawkins are our aristocrats, maiden ladies, kind people. Their father was a congressman. I don't like this. Johnny Bear shouldn't do it. Why! they feed him. Those men shouldn't give him whiskey. He'll haunt that house now—now he knows he can get whiskey for it.”

I asked, “Are they relatives of yours?”

“No, but they're—why, they aren't like other people. They have the farm next to mine. Some Chinese farm it on shares. You see, it's hard to explain. The Hawkins women, they're symbols. They're what we tell our kids when we want to—well to describe good people.”

“Well,” I protested, “nothing Johnny Bear said would hurt them would it?”

“I don't know. I don't know what it means. I mean, I kind of know. Oh! Go on to bed. I didn't bring the Ford. I'm going to walk

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out home." He turned and hurried into that slow squirming mist.

I walked along to Mrs. Ratz' boarding house. I could hear the chuttering of the Diesel engine off in the swamp and the clang of the big steel mouth that ate its way through the ground. It was Saturday night. The dredger would stop at seven Sunday morning and rest until midnight Sunday. I could tell by the sound that everything was all right. I climbed the narrow stairs to my room. Once in bed I left the light burning for a while and stared at the pale insipid flowers on the wallpaper. I thought of those two voices speaking out of Johnny Bear's mouth. They were authentic voices, not reproductions. Remembering the tones I could see the women who had spoken, the chill-voiced Emalin, and the loose, misery-broken face of Amy. I wondered what caused the misery. Was it just the lonely suffering of a middle-aged woman? It hardly seemed so to me, for there was too much fear in the voice. I went to sleep with the light on and had to get up later and turn it off.

About eight the next morning I walked down across the swamp to the dredger. The crew was busy bending some new wire to the drums and coiling the worn cable for removal. I looked over the job and at about eleven o'clock walked back to Loma. In front of Mrs. Ratz' boarding house Alex Hartnell sat in a Model-T Ford touring car. He called to me, "I was just going to the dredger to get you. I knocked off a couple of chickens this morning. Thought you might like to help with them."

I accepted joyfully. Our cook was a good cook, a big pasty man; but lately I had found a dislike for him arising in me. He smoked Cuban cigarettes in a bamboo holder. I didn't like the way his fingers twitched in the morning. His hands were clean—floury like a miller's hands. I never knew before why they called them moth millers, those little flying bugs. Anyway I climbed into the Ford beside Alex and we drove down the hill to the rich land of the southwest. The sun shone brilliantly on the black earth. When I was little, a Catholic boy told me that the sun always shone on Sunday, if only for a moment, because it was God's day. I always meant to see if it were true. We rattled down to the level plain.

Alex shouted, "Remember about the Hawkins'?"

"Of course I remember."

He pointed. "That's the house."

Little of the house could be seen, for a high thick hedge of cypress surrounded it. There must be a small garden inside the square too. Only the roof and the tops of the windows showed over the hedge. I could see that the house was painted tan, trimmed with dark brown, a combination favored for railroad stations and schools in California. There were two wicket gates in the front and side of the hedge. The barn was outside the green barrier to the rear of the house. The hedge was clipped square. It looked incredibly thick and strong.

"The hedge keeps the wind out," Alex shouted.

"It doesn't keep Johnny Bear out," I said.

A shadow crossed his face. He waved at a whitewashed square building standing out in the field. "That's where the Chink sharecroppers live. Good workers. I wish I had some like them."

At that moment from behind the corner of the hedge a horse and buggy appeared and turned into the road. The grey horse was old but well groomed, the buggy shiny and the harness polished. There was a big silver H on the outside of each blinder. It seemed to me that the check rein was too short for such an old horse.

Alex cried, "There they are now, on their way to church."

We took off our hats and bowed to the women as they went by, and they nodded formally to us. I had a good look at them. It was a shock to me. They looked almost exactly as I thought they would. Johnny Bear was more monstrous even than I had known, if by the tone of voice he could describe the features of his people. I didn't have to ask which was Emalin and which was Amy. The clear straight eyes, the sharp sure chin, the mouth cut with the precision of a diamond, the stiff, curveless figure, that was Emalin. Amy was very like her, but so unlike. Her edges were soft. Her eyes were warm, her mouth full. There was a swell to her breast, and yet she did look like Emalin. But whereas Emalin's mouth was straight by nature, Amy *held* her mouth straight. Emalin must have been fifty or fifty-five and Amy about ten years younger. I had only a moment to look at them, and I never saw them again. It seems strange that I don't know anyone in the world better than those two women.

Alex was shouting, "You see what I meant about aristocrats?"

I nodded. It was easy to see. A community would feel kind of—safe, having women like that about. A place like Loma with its fogs, with its great swamp like a hideous sin needed, really needed the Hawkins women. A few years there might do things to a man's mind if those women weren't there to balance matters.

It was a good dinner. Alex' sister fried the chicken in butter and did everything else right. I grew more suspicious and uncharitable toward our cook. We sat around in the dining room and drank really good brandy.

I said, "I can't see why you ever go into the Buffalo. That whiskey is—"

"I know," said Alex. "But the Buffalo is the mind of Loma. It's our newspaper, our theatre and our club."

This was so true that when Alex started the Ford and prepared to take me back I knew, and he knew, we would go for an hour or two to the Buffalo Bar.

Continued on page 198

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# The Ears of Johnny Bear

*Continued from pages 35-195-197*

We were nearly into town. The feeble lights of the car splashed about on the road. Another car rattled toward us. Alex swung across the road and stopped. "It's the doctor, Doctor Holmes," he explained. The oncoming car pulled up because it couldn't get around us. Alex called, "Say, Doc, I was going to ask you to take a look at my sister. She's got a swelling on her throat."

Doctor Holmes called back, "All right, Alex, I'll take a look. Pull out, will you? I'm in a hurry."

Alex was deliberate. "Who's sick, Doc?"

"Why Miss Amy had a little spell. Miss Emalin phoned in and asked me to hurry. Get out of the way, will you?"

Alex squawked his car back and let the doctor by. We drove on. I was about to remark that the night was clear when, looking ahead, I saw the rags of fog creeping around the hill from the swamp side and climbing like slow snakes on the top of Loma. The Ford shuddered to a stop in front of the Buffalo. We went in.

Fat Carl moved toward us. He reached under the bar for the nearby bottle. "What'll it be?"

"Whiskey."

For a moment a faint smile seemed to flit over the fat sullen face. The room was full. My dredger crew was there, all except the cook. He was probably on the scow smoking his Cuban cigarettes in a bamboo holder. He didn't drink. That was enough to make me suspicious of him. Two deck hands and an engineer and three levermen were there. The levermen were arguing about a cutting. The old lumber adage certainly held for them: "Women in the woods and logging in the honky-tonk."

That was the quietest bar I ever saw. There weren't any fights, not much singing and no tricks. Somehow the sullen baleful eyes of Fat Carl made drinking a quiet, efficient business rather than a noisy game. Timothy Ratz was playing solitaire at one of the round tables. Alex and I drank our whiskey. No chairs were available, so we just stayed leaning against the bar talking about sports and markets and adventures we had had or pretended we had—just a casual barroom conversation. Now and then we bought another drink. I guess we hung around for a couple of hours, Alex had already said he was going home, and I felt like it. The dredger crew trooped out, for they had to start to work at midnight.

The doors unfolded silently, and Johnny Bear crept into the room, swinging his long arms, nodding his big hairy head and smiling foolishly about. His square feet were like cats' feet.

"Whiskey?" he chirruped. No one encouraged him. He got out his wares. He was down on his stomach the way he had been when he got me. Sing-song nasal words came out, Chinese I thought. And then it seemed to me that the same words were repeated in another voice, slower and not nasally. Johnny Bear raised his shaggy head and asked, "Whiskey?" He got to his feet with effortless ease. I was interested. I wanted to see him perform. I slid a quarter along the bar. Johnny gulped his drink. A moment later I wished I hadn't. I was afraid to look at Alex; for Johnny Bear crept to the middle of the room and took that window pose of his.

The chill voice of Emalin said, "She's in here, doctor." I closed my eyes against the looks of Johnny Bear, and the moment I did he went out. It was Emalin Hawkins who had spoken.

I had heard the doctor's voice in the road, and it was his veritable voice that replied, "Ah—you said a fainting fit?"

"Yes, doctor."

There was a little pause, and then the doctor's voice again, very softly, "Why did she do it, Emalin?"

"Why did she do what?" There was almost a threat in the question.

"I'm your doctor, Emalin. I was your father's doctor. You've got to tell me things. Don't you think I've seen that kind of a mark on the neck before? How long was she hanging before you got her down?"

There was a longer pause then. The chill left the woman's voice. It was soft, almost a whisper. "Two or three minutes. Will she be all right, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, she'll come around. She's not badly hurt. Why did she do it?"

The answering voice was even colder than it had been at first. It was frozen. "I don't know, sir."

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"I mean what I say."

Then the doctor's voice went on giving directions for treatment, rest, milk and a little whiskey. "Above all, be gentle," he said. "Above everything, be gentle with her."

Emalin's voice trembled a little. "You would never—tell, doctor?"

"I'm your doctor," he said softly. "Of course I won't tell. I'll send down some sedatives tonight."

"Whiskey?" My eyes jerked open. The horrible Johnny Bear smiling around the room.

The men were silent, ashamed. Fat Carl looked at the floor. I turned apologetically to Alex, for I was really responsible. "I didn't know he'd do that," I said. "I'm sorry."

I walked out the door and went to the dismal room at Mrs. Ratz'. I opened the window and looked out into that coiling, pulsing fog. Far off in the marsh I heard the Diesel engine start slowly and warm up. And after a while I

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heard the clang of the big bucket as it went to work on the ditch.

The next morning one of those series of accidents so common in construction landed on us. One of the new wires parted on the inswing and dropped the bucket on one of the pontoons, sinking it and the works in eight feet of ditch water. When we sunk a dead man and got a line out to it to pull us from the water, the line parted and clipped the legs neatly off one of the deck hands. We bound the stumps and rushed him to Salinas. And then little accidents happened. A leverman developed blood poisoning from a wire scratch. The cook finally justified my opinion by trying to sell a little can of Marijuana to the engineer. Altogether there wasn't much peace in the outfit. It was two weeks before we were going again with a new pontoon, a new deck hand and a new cook.

The new cook was a sly, dark, little long-nosed man, with a gift for subtle flattery.

My contact with the social life of Loma had gone to pot, but when the bucket was clanging into the mud again and the big old Diesel was chuttering away in the swamp I walked out to Alex Hartnell's farm one night. Passing the Hawkins place, I peered in through one of the little wicket gates in the cypress hedge. The house was dark, more than dark because a low light glowed in one window. There was a gentle wind that night, blowing balls of fog like tumbleweeds along the ground. I walked in the clear a moment, and then was swallowed in a thick mist, and then was in the clear again. In the starlight I could see those big silver fog balls moving like elementals across the fields. I thought I heard a soft moaning in the Hawkins yard behind the hedge, and once when I came suddenly out of the fog I saw a dark figure hurrying along in the field, and I knew from the dragging footsteps that it was one of the Chinese field hands walking in sandals. The Chinese eat a great many things that have to be caught at night.

Alex came to the door when I knocked. He seemed glad to see me. His sister was away. I sat down by his stove and he brought out a bottle of that nice brandy. "I heard you were having some trouble," he said.

I explained the difficulty. "It seems to come in series. The men have it figured out that accidents come in groups of three, five, seven and nine."

Alex nodded. "I kind of feel that way myself."

"How are the Hawkins sisters?" I asked. "I thought I heard someone crying as I went by."

Alex seemed reluctant to talk about them, and at the same time eager to talk about them. "I stopped over about a week ago. Miss Amy isn't feeling very well. I didn't see her. I only saw Miss Emalin." Then Alex broke out, "There's something hanging over those people, something—"

"You almost seem to be related to them," I said.

"Well, their father and my father were friends. We called the girls Aunt Amy and Aunt Emalin. They can't do anything bad. It wouldn't be good for any of us if the Hawkins sisters weren't the Hawkins sisters."

"The community conscience?"

"The safe thing," he cried. "The place where a kid can get gingerbread. The place where a girl can get reassurance. They're proud, but they believe in things we hope are true. And they live as though, well, as though honesty really is the best policy and charity really is its own reward. We need them."

"I see."

"But Miss Emalin is fighting something terrible and—I don't think she's going to win."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean. But I've thought I should shoot Johnny Bear and throw him in the swamp. I've really thought about doing it."

"It's not his fault," I argued. "He's just a kind of recording and reproducing device, only you use a glass of whiskey instead of a nickel."

We talked of some other things then, and after a while I walked back to Loma. It seemed to me that that fog was clinging to the cypress hedge of the Hawkins house, and it seemed to me that a lot of the fog balls were clustered about it and others were slowly moving in. I smiled as I walked along at the way a man's thought can rearrange nature to fit his thoughts. There was no light in the house as I went by.

A nice, steady routine settled on my work. The big bucket cut out the ditch ahead of it. The crew felt the trouble was over too, and that helped, and the new cook flattered the men so successfully that they would have eaten fried cement. The personality of a cook has a lot more to do with the happiness of a dredger crew than his cooking has.

In the evening of the second day after my visit to Alex I walked down the wooden sidewalk trailing a streamer of fog behind me and went into the Buffalo Bar. Fat Carl moved toward me polishing the whiskey glass. I cried "Whiskey," before he had a chance to ask what it would be. I took my glass and went to one of the straight chairs. Alex was not there. Timothy Ratz was playing solitaire and having a phenomenal run of luck. He got it out four times in a row and had a drink each time. More and more men arrived.

At about ten o'clock the news came. Thinking about such things afterwards you never can remember quite what transpired. Someone comes in; a whisper starts; suddenly everyone knows what has happened, knows details. Miss Amy had committed suicide. Who brought in the story? I don't know. She had hanged herself. There wasn't much talk in the

*Continued on page 200*

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## The Ears of Johnny Bear

*Continued from pages 35-195-197-199*

barroom about it. I could see the men were trying to get straight on it. It was a thing that didn't fit into their schemes. They stood in groups, talking softly.

The swinging doors opened slowly and Johnny Bear crept in, his great hairy head rolling, and that idiot smile on his face. His square feet slid quietly over the floor. He looked about and chirruped, "Whiskey? Whiskey for Johnny?"

Now those men really wanted to know. They were ashamed of wanting to know, but their whole mental system required the knowledge. Fat Carl poured out a drink. Timothy Ratz put down his cards and stood up. Johnny Bear gulped the whiskey. I closed my eyes.

The doctor's tone was harsh. "Where is she, Emalin?"

I've never heard a voice like the one that answered, cold control, layer and layer of control, but cold penetrated by the most awful heartbreak. It was a monotonous tone, emotionless, and yet the heartbreak got into the vibrations. "She's in here, doctor."

"H-m-m." A long pause. "She was hanging a long time."

"I don't know how long, doctor."

"Why did she do it, Emalin?"

The montone again. "I don't—know, doctor."

A longer pause, and then, "H-m-m. Emalin, did you know she was going to have a baby?"

The chill voice cracked and a sigh came through. "Yes, doctor," very softly.

"Is that why you didn't find her for so long—No, Emalin, I didn't mean that, poor dear."

The control was back in Emalin's voice. "Can you make out the certificate without mentioning—"

"Of course I can, sure I can. And I'll speak to the undertaker, too. You needn't worry."

"Thank you, doctor."

"I'll go and telephone now. I won't leave you here alone. Come into the other room, Emalin. I'm going to fix you a sedative—"

"Whiskey? Whiskey for Johnny?" I saw the smile and the rolling hairy head. Fat Carl poured out another glass. Johnny Bear drank it and then crept to the back of the room and crawled under a table and went to sleep.

No one spoke. The men moved up to the bar and laid down their coins silently. They looked bewildered, for a system had fallen. A few minutes later Alex came into the silent room. He walked quickly over to me. "You've heard?" he asked softly.

"Yes."

"I've been afraid," he cried. "I told you a couple of nights ago. I've been afraid."

I said, "Did you know she was pregnant?"

Alex stiffened. He looked around the room and then back at me. "Johnny Bear?" he asked.

I nodded.

Alex ran his palm over his eyes. "I don't believe it." I was about to answer when I heard a little scuffle and looked to the back of the room. Johnny Bear crawled like a badger out of his hole and stood up and crept toward the bar.

"Whiskey?" He smiled expectantly at Fat Carl.

Then Alex stepped out and addressed the room. "Now you guys listen! This has gone far enough. I don't want any more of it." If he had expected opposition he was disappointed. I saw the men nodding to one another.

"Whiskey for Johnny?"

Alex turned on the idiot. "You ought to be ashamed. Miss Amy gave you food, and she gave you all the clothes you ever had."

Johnny smiled at him. "Whiskey?"

He got out his tricks. I heard the sing-song nasal language that sounded like Chinese. Alex looked relieved.

And then the other voice, slow, hesitant, repeating the words without the nasal

Alex sprang so quickly that I didn't see him move. His fist splatted into Johnny Bear's smiling mouth. "I told you there was enough of it," he shouted.

Johnny Bear recovered his balance. His lips were split and bleeding, but the smile was still there. He moved slowly and without effort. His arms enfolded Alex as the tentacles of an anemone enfold a crab. Alex bent backward. Then I jumped and grabbed one of the arms and wrenched at it, and could not tear it loose. Fat Carl came rolling over the counter with a bung starter in his hand. And he beat the matted head until the arms relaxed and Johnny Bear crumpled. I caught Alex and helped him to a chair. "Are you hurt?"

He tried to get his breath. "My back's wrenched, I guess," he said. "I'll be all right."

"Got your Ford outside? I'll drive you home."

Neither of us looked at the Hawkins place as we went by. I didn't lift my eyes off the road. I got Alex to his own dark house and helped him to bed and poured a hot brandy into him. He hadn't spoken all the way home. But after he was propped in the bed he demanded, "You don't think anyone noticed, do you? I caught him in time, didn't I?"

"What are you talking about. I don't know yet why you hit him."

"Well, listen," he said. "I'll have to stay close for a little while with this back. If you hear anyone say anything, you stop it, won't you? Don't let them say it."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He looked into my eyes for a moment. "I guess I can trust you," he said. "That second voice—that was Miss Amy." ⌗

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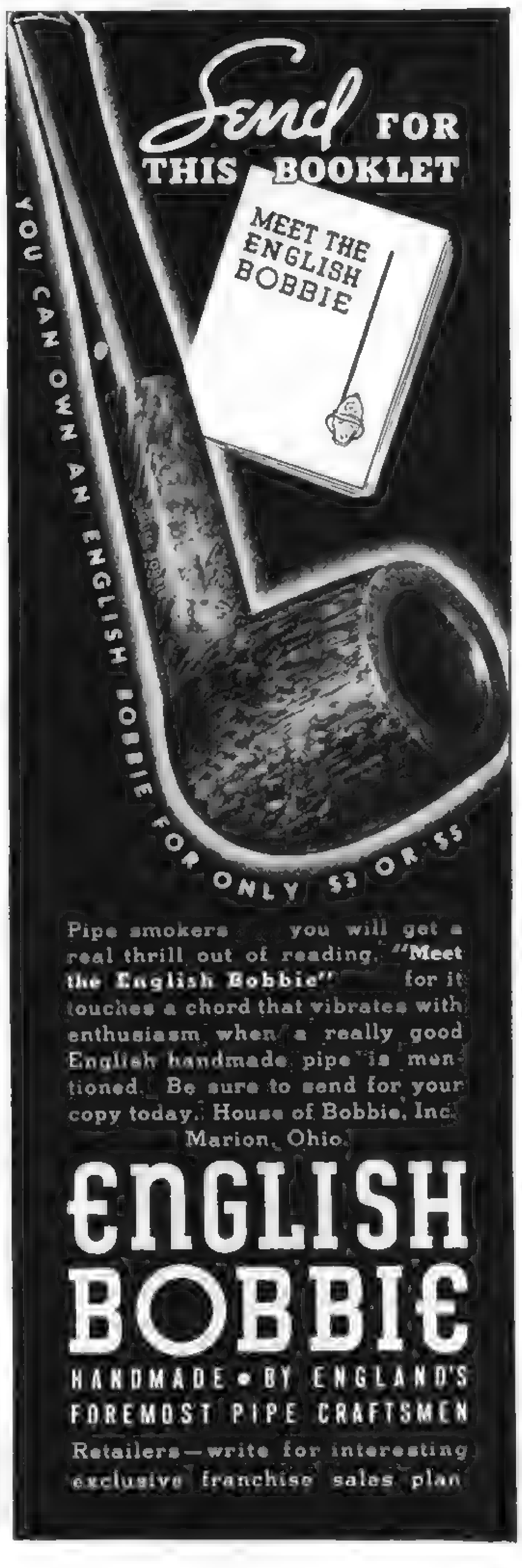

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## Private Smoot and the Corp

*Continued from page 51*

with all this money, like, and goes and buries it in some place, secret, and then enlists in the army. There ain't nobody as private as no private in the army, see. The cops could be huntin' all over hell for a guy like Big Jackson, and they ain't gonna dream he is way out here in the wilds in a army post, see? So after a while his enlistment is up, and nobody don't know him or anything, he don't talk. And he goes and digs up this money, the police got sick o' lookin' for him, and he could join a country club or buy a yacht or go to South America or anything and go big with the dames and who's gonna worry? That's my crime theory."

"Maybe you are right," said the corporal. "But I think you are full of tomatoes. This Big Jackson don't look like any ex-army officer to me, or either a bank cashier. If a guy don't want to be a windbag, like some people," he observed pointedly, "it don't have to follow that he is got such past records."

"Look—try these dummy cartridges on this dam extractor, Corp. It feels worn. Maybe I oughta get a replacement before we go out on the firin' range. Well, it is possibly this Jackson ain't got no past record. I figger it is O.K. to have a theory. But what I say still goes. A bird which don't talk there is something he has got a matter with him. That is why you have got such people like politicians and on the radio these people are tellin' everybody everything about anything. There is something in a guy which whatever he is got on his chest he is gonna spill it sooner or later. That is human nature."

"There ain't nothin' a matter with this extractor, anyway," said the corporal. "Well, what about old Cal Coolidge? How they used to call him Silent Cal and all. He was a politician. Where does your argument stand up to on that one?"

Private Smoot thought that over for a moment. "That ain't so hard to put the explanation for on it. Like I told you, outside of past records, there is guys which is either a genius or a dummy. If a guy is a dummy and he wants to be a politician and he is smart enough to keep quiet so that nobody will find out he is a dummy, then he would be a genius. Or take Greta Garbo and Lindbergh, for instance. They are geniuses, too. The big difference between a genius and a dummy is that geniuses know why they are keepin' quiet and dummies don't."

"Maybe you're right," said the corporal.

"On the other hand a person could be a spy. I am readin' in this here book, this magazine, *Spy Stories*. You would think by this time spies would be a thing of the pass, and on'y in movies and all. Like I mean, it is printed in the newspaper that United States of America has just finished builtin' a battleship over in Virginia or some place. But do them other countries take this paper's word for it? No. They hire a spy which he is good at actin' mysterious and sneaks around very careful on a dark night where anybody can go if they want to in broad daylight, and snaps pictures of this battleship which you can buy on a penny postal card in the drug store. Well, such a guy might figger by enlistin' in the army he would find out some deep secrets, like everybody knows there is twenty-six naval guns up there by the Coast Artillery fort. Naturally such a guy ain't gonna talk much, he is got a German or a Japanese accent. Except this Big Jackson don't look much like a Chink or anything. I guess he could be an American spy which enlisted to spy on the foreign spies in the army—maybe a colonel from the Intelligence Department."

"Well," the corporal grinned, "I don't think there's much chance of no spy findin' out anything from you. Not nothin' worth while knowin'. For my part, all them theories are baloney. This Big Jackson is prob'ly just some plain ordinary natural guy tryin' to mind his own business and get along."

"There ain't no such persons," said Smoot.

"What's a dam site more important, have you got a complete housewife for inspection tomorrow? This brigade commander, the first thing he pokes into is a soldier's housewife. If every needle and thread and spool ain't there it's a week's K.P. for the guy and a layin' out for the corporal."

"Of course I have got a complete housewife," said Private Smoot. "Me, I would like to go pokin' into this here brigade commander's equipment some day. I bet I would find his sword is rusty as hell or something. But if a brigade commander's sword is rusty you are not gonna put such a guy on K.P. or extra duty follerin' the horses."

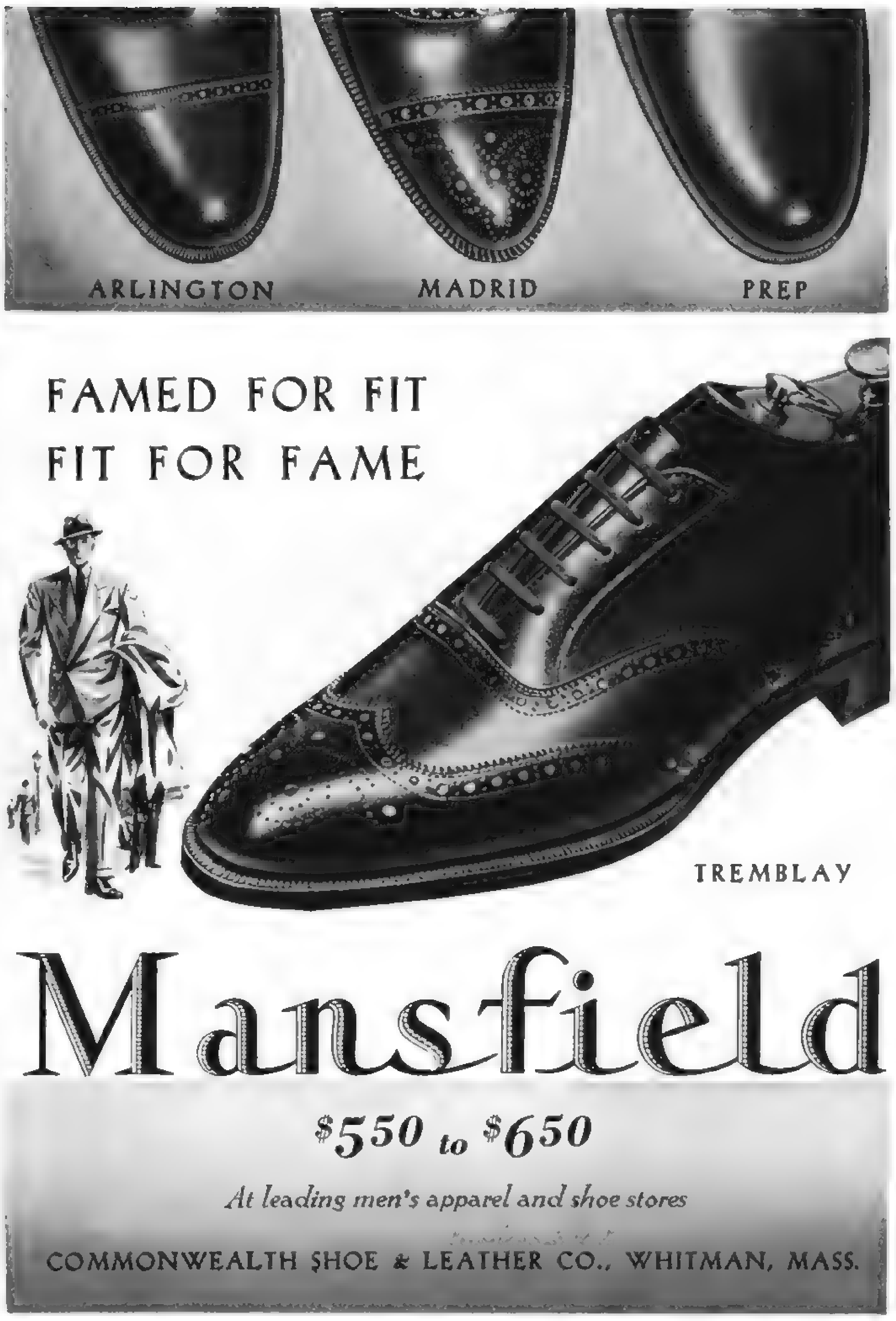
"Well, I figger the brigade commander has got his troubles in Washington," said the corporal, "explainin' why it looks like the ony thing all the rum-dums in his brigade enlisted for was to get their belly full of chow, they are consumin' more food than a whole army corps."

"He could blame it on the recruitin' officer," said Smoot.

"Yeah?"

"Sure. They should oughta X-ray these new recruits first, and if their belly is pressin' against their backbone they could be turned down and sent to a fattenin' school or something. I bet if they X-rayed this Big Jackson's head they would find out plenty. Such a guy which don't talk about theirselfs is something phony." He tightened the leather

*Continued at top of page 202*



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## Private Smoot and the Corp

*Continued from pages 51-201*

sling on his rifle until it vibrated to the touch, then stood up and went through the manual of arms, each movement a marvel of precision. "Uh—you got six bits till next payday, Corp?" he asked casually.

"No, I ain't got no six bits until payday. After I send the old lady her fifteen I ain't got enough left to be any philanthropisk. I think I will ask to get busted. Every guy in the squad is into me for a piece of jack. I would have to get money from home if I shelled out every time you birds put the bee on me."

"I just thought I would ast."

"Well, you asted."

"Look, Corp, I got a new idear. Maybe this Jackson is under a false name he is duckin' payin' his wife alimony, it could be. I have heard of a feller to go so far he leans out of his automobile and pops a traffic policeman on the head with a full bottle of milk and gets life inprisonment on account of just to duck payin' some dame alimony."

"I think I'll go some place and do something," said the corporal.

"Well, you take it from me, Corp. A guy which don't talk there is something he has got a matter with him. It ain't human nature."

"Yeah?" said the corporal, turning on his way out.

"Sure."

"Then you don't have to worry," he called back. "There ain't nothing a matter with you."

"That's right," said Private Smoot. ⧺

## Uncle Fonse and the Starlings

*Continued from page 41*

potatoes. Plenty of live stock. Plenty of everything. Plenty of everything but life. We don't have life. And I love life. No children to ride the ponies through the lawn and up the lane. Don't hear their voices at play. Don't have a son to bear my name. The name of Dangerfield must die. The land that we have held over a hundred and fifty years must go to another name. Ah—it hurts me to think about it."

"Priscilla is the smartest thing," says Liddie Bee. "She's the liveliest woman—just so young and full of life. W'y she's made our home different. Just the two young people with us. W'y Fonse just thinks she's the most wonderful woman in the world and I do too. When I start to fight the starlings off the porch with a broom she just starts laughing and she says: 'Ah—just leave the poor birds alone. Let them live and love and get life. They have their right to life. Just poor little fickle birds. They're something like human beings after all.' And Priscilla just sits back and laughs and I get ashamed of myself. So I just walk back and put my broom against the wall."

Stalwart corn grows from the luscious river earth. Great tall stalks of corn. "Soon will be too high for a cultivater," says Fonse, "then I'll get my old double-shovel out and go between the corn rows a couple of times. Like to plow corn when it gets over the horse's back. Just love to go through the corn and hear the blades rustle and hear the trace chains jingle. Would rather plow corn as to eat any old time when I'm hungry."

And the days pass. May comes with her river breezes and her sunlight and rain that softens the earth and feeds the roots of the corn water. "What did I tell you. Watch that corn boom won't you? Going to be a bumper crop this year. Never saw prettier corn in these bottoms. Have seen this overflowed land corned all my life. One of the best crop prospects I ever saw." And Fonse wipes the sweat from his rugged forehead with his big hand. "Lord but I'll have corn to burn this year. But I'll not burn it. I've got the hogs to feed it to. If I don't have enough hogs I'll get me some more." And the wind of May rustles the green corn blades. And the winds of May sing the songs in the green corn blades Fonse loves to hear. It is sweet music to his ears as he follows the double-shovel now—corn over the horse's back.

June comes. The great corn growing days in the valley. "I tell you my corn is way over the horse's back. Got brace roots nearly as big as the roots of sapling trees. Lord that corn field is good to smell now. W'y the corn is shooting and tasseling. Prettiest corn silks. A lot of them have golden hair. A lot of them have hair the color of frost-bitten sweet potato leaves. And a lot of the stalks have light yellow hair. And the tassels wave in the wind —just seems like they try to talk to the wind. W'y Liddie Bee you ought to go through my corn field with me. It's the prettiest sight you ever saw." And Liddie Bee says: "I have to can fruit. I have to cook and keep the house clean. I have my work to do and I just don't have the time. I don't have it now."

"I'd like to go with you," says Priscilla, "if Liddie Bee doesn't care." And she laughs. Liddie Bee laughs and Fonse just grins. "Come on then," says Fonse, "why should Liddie Bee care? She's lived with me past the thirty mark. She ought to know me by now." And Liddie Bee says: "I don't want a man that I have to watch. You go on with him." And Priscilla and Fonse go to the big bottom of corn. You ought to see them—Fonse big and slow moving as a draft horse—his broad shoulders nearly fill up the corn rows.

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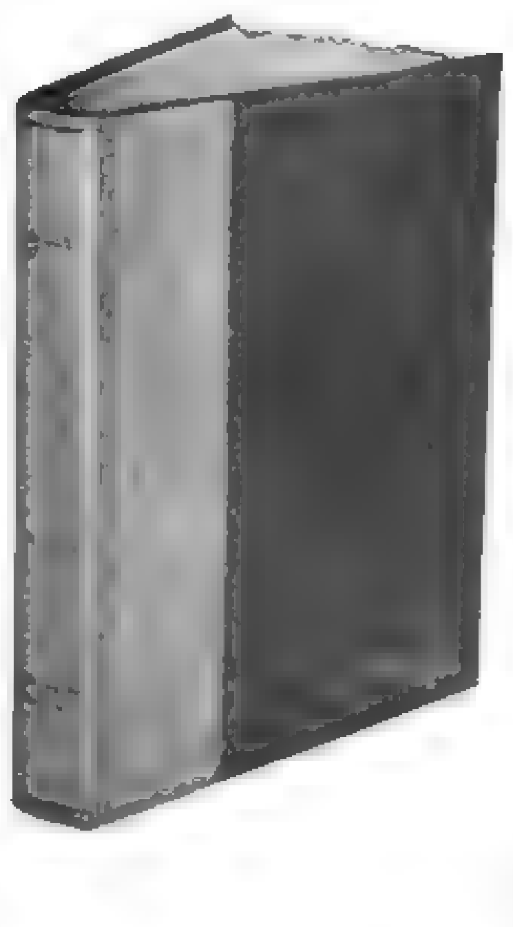

Priscilla young and full of life as the starlings that fly above the field of corn.

"Look at the pretty silks," says Fonse, "and hear the wind in the field. Ain't that sweet music to your ears?"

"Yes," says Priscilla, her eyes blue as the Kentucky April sky. "I like your cornfield and I like your starlings. I just love those birds. And say—bet I saw something from the window today that you didn't see?"

"What," says Fonse.

"I saw two male birds chasing a hen. I thought it was the prettiest sight I ever saw."

"I have seen that more than one time," says Fonse. "I have stood here in this field and watched that. I stopped my plow and looked on."

"And which won?" says Priscilla.

"I'd like to know," says Fonse as they walk down the corn-balk between two corn rows. "Maybe there is not life there for the hen. Maybe she doesn't have any eggs in the nest. Maybe the eggs won't hatch. Maybe she seeks what human beings seek when there's not children in the house."

"I have been thinking that," says Priscilla. "There's not any eggs in my nest. Nor are there any birds."

"Nor mine," says Fonse, "and I do wish there was a nest of them. A nest of small birds to sing and ride ponies up the lane and cry and fuss. Oh but it would do my heart good."

"And I wish the same," says Priscilla. And now they walk silently down the tall corn row.

"Maybe there'll be before the starlings nest again," says Fonse breaking a little silence in that heaven of his fields.

"I hope you are right," says Priscilla.

"But your blood would never take to the earth as mine has taken. And I would never leave the bird in my nest. I would love to have a young bird there."

"My blood would take to the great, sweet-smelling earth. My blood would love it. My blood cries for the earth—I love it—and I love the sun. And I love a strong man who loves the earth. I would love to have a bird in my nest by that man. And remember, I would never forsake the bird I have—one of those dark starlings that follows the hen."

And they walk down the long corn row. "W'y this corn row will never come to an end," says Priscilla. "It's just going on and on under a tunnel of green corn blades—under the heaven of a cornfield. I always wished I'd a married a farmer. One that loved the earth and the trees and the starlings.

"Corn is awfully good to smell when the sun starts to set and the dew falls on the corn—about the time we get the cows to milk and the beetles go to hollering so lonesome like from the horseweeds and the careless." Corn nourished from the rich breasts of the bottom earth. Corn stalwart from this bosom—hide them now. Hide them under your corn blades. And you starlings fly overhead. Do not chatter of their love. And you winds that blow over the fields talk not to the corn blades of their love.

This is Fonse's earth and his fields. This is his heaven and he must not leave his heaven. His flesh and blood must go on. It must go on forever and forever. His blood has come so far—it has been sturdy blood—and if it can let it go on—so be mindful, blades of corn, what you tell the whispering wind. And you be mindful wind and do not speak too much. Keep your tongue inside your teeth. The great silent loamy earth will not speak. It knows Fonse too well—it is a brother to him.

And the starlings—they will only chatter—and no one will know what they say only the starlings.

"W'y," says Fonse, "we will have to hurry. A quarter moon is coming up over the river. A quarter moon is shining down on the corn field. The dew on the corn is shining like silver. Look at the tassels now won't you? Ah these old river nights—I've seen them all my life—moon on the water and on the green clouds of sweet smelling corn. I have loved them all my life—a red moon glow above the water—above the corn and the horseweeds."

"We must hurry," says Priscilla. "I love it too—but Amos will be in wanting his supper and he'll be uneasy. He'll think that you've run away and took me with you." And Priscilla laughs. And they hurry down the green avenue of two corn rows. "They are two starlings swirling in the sweet-smelling air of summer—two starlings that wheel and dart. And the wind of June will not whisper and the corn blades will never tell their words of love. The mellow earth will not speak nor the rows of corn the great earth has nourished and Fonse has cultivated. It will not tell—nor the red moon will not speak. It has been their night and their afternoon. It has been a day of love amid the tall corn. Speak not corn blades. Speak not, you stalwart stalks of corn from the bosom of the earth and you whispering winds, keep your tongue inside your teeth."

"A little late," says Liddie Bee, "moon up. Cows not milked. Left them for you to come and milk." "Sorry," says Fonse, "corn silking the fields so pretty and Priscilla loved my fields." "I see she did," says Amos, "my—my—Priscilla—if Fonse Dangerfield just wasn't a little too old I'd a thought that you'd a run away with him." And Amos laughs. And Liddie Bee laughs and she says: "Yes and if my old man hadn't a been old enough for Priscilla's Grandpa I'd a thought she'd a run away with him." And they laugh and laugh. And Liddie Bee says: "I'm proud to think somebody besides

*Continued on page 204*

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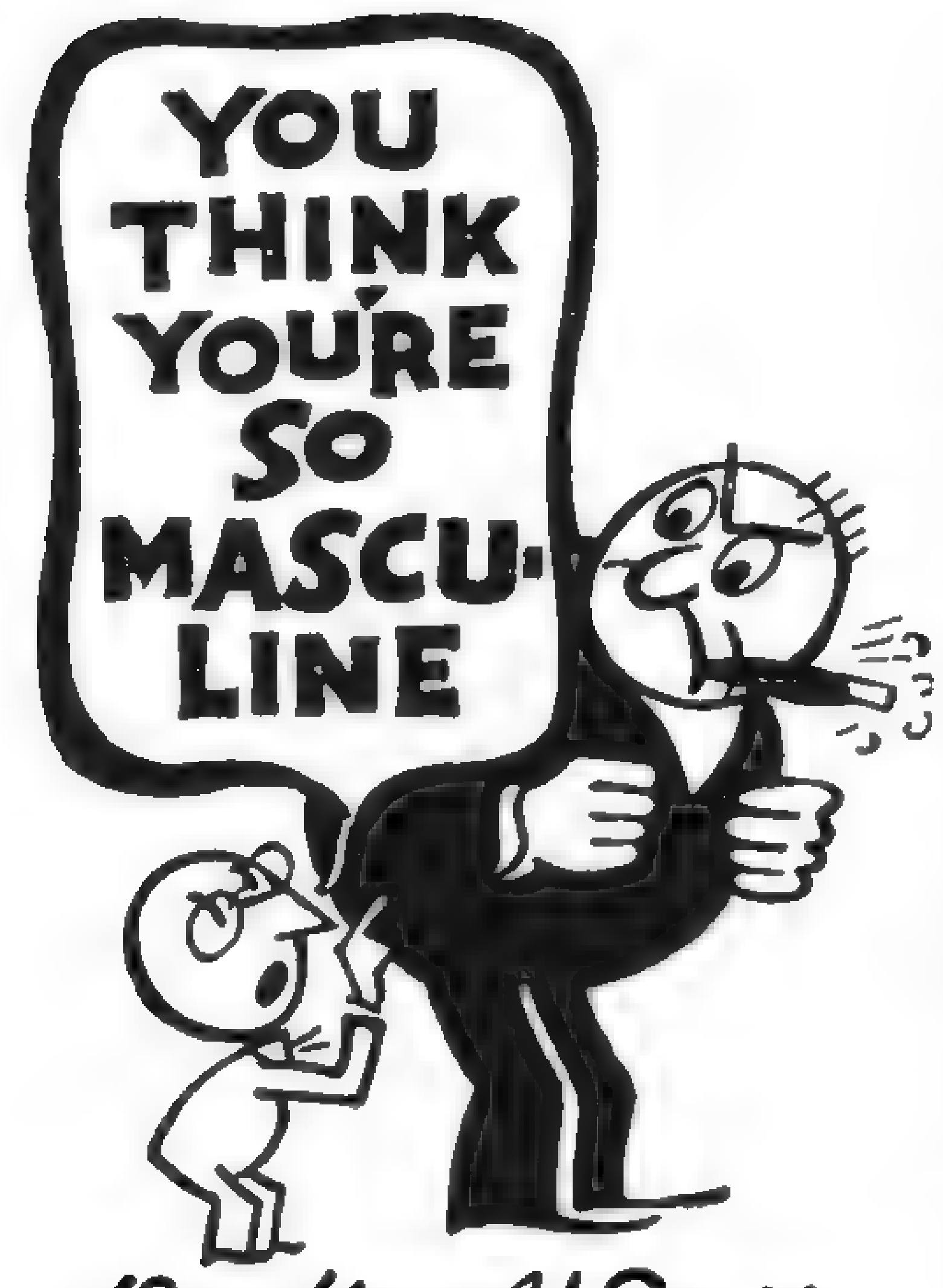
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO MASCULINE

Don Herold Says:

Maybe you're just a big coward

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We'll brag more, fight more, drink more and swear more than we want to, just to be big, strong MALES.

We're still scared stiff that somebody will think we're sissy. THAT is perhaps our biggest cowardice.

And that is how some of us still are about Mum. We think that to use Mum might be too "dainty." Goodness knows, no man really wants to give the offense that Mum is made to prevent (perspiration odor, my hearties).

Mum is a pleasant, harmless cream which kills perspiration odor *all day* without interfering with perspiration itself. Two dabs underarm each morning will do the trick.

"Two dabs, huh?" All right, put it on with a jackknife, if you want to!

Women have used Mum for years. Perhaps you think *that's* against it from our angle.

I'LL USE IT IF I WANT TO—AND I WANT TO
MUM

But think with your head. Is there any reason why we men should have the exclusive right to give off a perspiration aura? 1000 times no.

Thousands of men now use Mum. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

Don't be a scaredy-cat. Take a try at this Mum thing. Be brave and start by sending for a free sample to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. P97, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City. Nobody will know if you do; many may know if you don't.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

## Uncle Fonse and the Starlings

*Continued from pages 41-203*

myself can see that I have a good husband. And that she thinks well enough of him to look over his corn crop and his silking corn and see the beauty in it—walk with him like a young lover under the summer moon. W'y it makes me think back again." And she laughs. And they laugh until Fonse takes his milk buckets and goes to milk the cows and Priscilla shows Amos the berries she has canned.

"Canning berries," says Priscilla, "wish we had more to eat them, Honey, than just us. Wish we were the starlings with just a big nest of birds. Just listen up there among the English Ivy vines won't you at the little birds talking to their mothers."

"I'm sorry," says Amos. "I wish I knew."

And in Priscilla's mind a thousand thoughts race like white clouds across an April sky. "I wish I knew. I wonder. And it doesn't satisfy a woman when she sees two dark starling roosters chase the hen bird across the sky."

And the beetles sing lonely in the sticker-weeds by the corn field's edge. The jarflies sing in the black locusts in the yard. And the moon—ah—the red moon rides above the river. A night in old Kentucky when the winds of summer are blowing low—right down whispering with the river corn. Big ears of corn hang down and sway the stalk. Ears of corn—living things that make the human family bread and feed the cattle and the hogs. Corn from the rich bosom of the loamy river bottom earth—corn—ah corn—the bread of life. Ask Fonse and he'll rub his big hands together and tell you corn is the bread of life and that he loves to raise corn—that he is the king of the corn fields—ah—the summer in Kentucky and the whippoorwills that sing on the pasture hills back of the Tygart River. And the red moon—riding, riding, riding—over the dewey corn fields—silvered by that river moon—a great field of beauty and bread. "I tell you," says Fonse, "you got to hand one thing to the Dangerfields. They are good corn raisers. Been at it on this river long enough." And he rubs his big fire-shovel hands together and smiles. And he watches his field as the summer goes. August comes with her jarflies singing in the midday sun. "Seems to me like," says Fonse, "them devilish jarflies says: 'School days. School days.' And I think of the days when my mother fixed my dinner in a lard bucket and sent me to school. Now if I just had a son to start in that old school up there on the hill."

August and the whir of swallows over the meadows and the chimney sweep around Fonse's big red-brick chimneys. Three of them to his big home. And they dart among the starlings and the starlings run them away. You ought to see them fight in the air and wheel and dart. "Want to see my starling birds run them devilish sweeps away from my chimneys? Have to get up there and tear out a lot of nests before I can build fires in my grates this fall. My starlings might litter up the porch a little but they're not half as dangerous as the sweeps building in the chimneys." And Fonse walks to the barn—he carries a feed bucket for the hogs.

"My," says Liddie Bee, "I'd like to know what is the matter with Fonse these days—w'y he acts just like a child. He's taking a new hold on life. Just acts like he's a young man again. Guess it's the way I've been petting him. You know a man and a horse are about the same. They both love sugar and they love to be petted a little." And Liddie Bee smiles—her red hair—faded somewhat with the years—flies loose to the September wind. August has passed. And the corn ripens now. Great white ears of corn bursting through the husk. Corn buff-colored in the September sun. Corn pretty in the sun. Wigwams of corn in the Tygart River bottoms and the red moon—red as the sassafras leaf in September—riding, riding, riding above the fields of rich harvest. August gone—and the creepy autumn coming on in Kentucky. Ah the season nearly done—where is the song of love now—the songs of young starlings in the spring—where are the new love songs? Ask Fonse Dangerfield—I wonder if he knows—I wonder if he understands as he walks out the lane. I wonder if he understands as he drives the horses to town. And that moon—that river moon—you who have never seen a moon above the Tygart—you will never know—a moon above the rich harvest fields in September—red as a leaf in autumn—ah, these nights in Kentucky when the corn ripens in the field and the possum ripens on the persimmon and the pawpaws.

"We ought to go out riding Sunday," says Fonse. "We ought to see your sister Effie." And Liddie Bee says: "That'll be just fine. I've been wanting to see Effie. What made you think of it?"

"Oh," says Fonse, "I just wanted to get the old lizzie out'n the barn for a drive and I thought you might want to see Effie and Tim."

"I do," says Liddie Bee. And Liddie Bee goes up stairs and she says:

"Priscilla—I tell you I've been petting Fonse here lately and he seems so young. I tell you it just works wonders. He just come right out and asked me if I wanted to go up to Millbrook and see sister Effie and brother-in-law Tim."

"I'd like to go along," says Priscilla, "and have you run me on seven miles to Preston—my old home-town. Amos is called out to work—I'll be so lonesome here. If you don't mind I'd like to go along."

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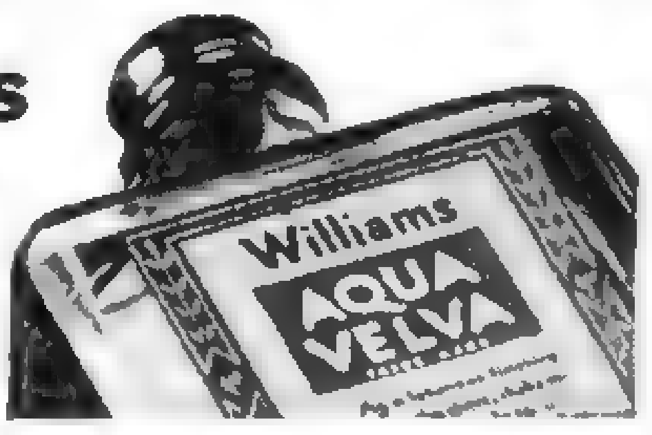

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"We'll just be glad to take you," says Liddie Bee—"won't we Fonse?" Fonse is coming up the steps and he says: "Sure we'll be glad to take Priscilla."

September winds drift over the brown fields and the motor drums. It is not pretty music like the wind in Fonse's corn. Fonse doesn't like it near as well. He sits in the front seat—smokes a stick of the fragrant weed. And Liddie Bee and Priscilla sit in the back seat. They point to the fields of corn—and the pretty red leaves that drift down from the persimmon trees on the pasture bluffs. They point to the corn in wigwam and to the houses by the river—and the motor drums into over the dirt turnpike to Millbrook. "We are here," says Fonse. "Right in old Millbrook."

"You let me out here," says Liddie Bee, "no use me going on. I'd just as soon stay here and talk to my sister as to go on to Preston now."

"Just as you say," says Fonse, "anymore you are the boss. If you say take Priscilla on I'll take her—if you say for me not to go at all I'll not go." And Fonse laughs and rubs his big hands above the steering wheel. He blows out a big whisp of blue smoke—just like from a cane-mill stack when the furnace is heated with hickory wood.

"I'll trust you with Priscilla." And she laughs.

And Priscilla says: "W'y Mrs. Dangerfield—you can rest assured that I'll take good care of your husband. And Liddie Bee gets out of the car—the motor drones and they speed on side by side—over the highway to Preston.

"W'y," says Effie, "Liddie Bee—that is a good way to lose a husband just to believe in him so and let him take a young woman around that you don't know any too much about." And her white hair blows in the warm September wind—and her dimming blue eye and her sharp pointed finger—lean as a polk stalk in February—points to Liddie Bee's face: "I just think you are silly to let him ride her around."

And Liddie Bee says: "One reason why Fonse loves me so—I trust him. He's a man you must. It pays to trust your husband—I don't want a man I have to watch every time he gets out. And I think if I prove the right kind of wife to him he'll not be wanting another woman. And I'll tell you, Effie, I trust him. He won't more than make up in the little things I lack doing for him. If he wants Priscilla and she wants him—I want him to have her. And if I were dead and Fonse would marry again—I want him to marry a woman like Priscilla—a woman who likes to walk in his cornfields with him. A woman who loves the beauty of the corn and sees it more than I do. And you know Fonse is from a long line of farmers. He and his people love the earth and that farm over there."

"Oh," says Effie. "I'm older than you. And like a true woman, I can just smell danger. I just wouldn't stand for that a minute."

"And besides," says Liddie Bee, "she even loves them devilish nasty starlings that Fonse likes so well. You know what a time we have with them." And they sit down in two rickety chairs—paintless and weathered—under the yard maples that are now shedding their golden leaves.

But the car thunders back—the motor drums and honks at the gate. And Liddie Bee says: "Goodbye Effie. Sorry Tim was not here. Sorry I had to see you unexpected. Fonse is wanting to get back and milk. Must hurry. You come and see us when you can." Liddie Bee hurries down the walk. She climbs in the front seat by Fonse—Priscilla climbs in the back seat.

"I am glad you were kind enough to let your husband take me to see my mother in Preston."

And Liddie Bee says: "I am just glad to do it. Just because you wanted him to. I am glad you saw her. I had a nice time with my sister. Autumn kindly makes me feel sad though—trees where we sat last summer and talked—leaves falling and they're getting bare. The dead leaves just drifted from the elms in the yard."

"A natural thing," says Fonse, "it's the end of their season." And he puffs his stick of the fragrant weed and blows the smoke—the motor drums over the highway home. "When Amos gets in from work," says Fonse, "we're going to take a basket and get a mess of starlings and have a potpie. It's time for potpie in September."

"Potpie," says Liddie Bee, "won't you be too tired by the time you get in and get your milking and feeding done and your wood in?"

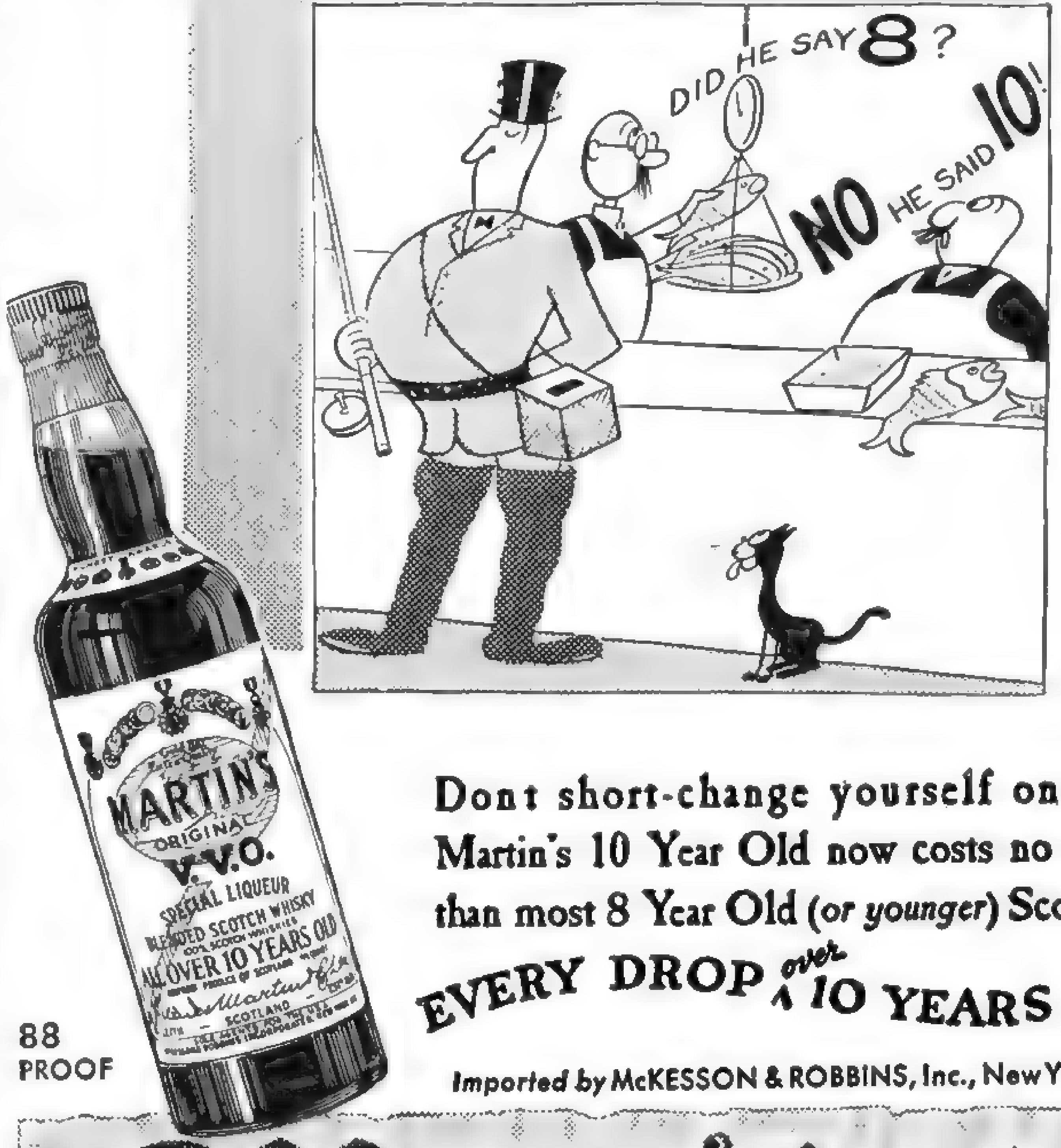
"No," says Fonse, "you misjudge me. I can stand a lot more than you think. We must have a mess of potpie." And now Fonse and Amos take the bushel clothes basket. They go out to the English Ivy vines on the big brick wall. They take a flashlight—though the moon is shining down on the century-old double-brick wall. "Now," says Fonse, "just reach in and grab them. I'll bet there's more than a thousand birds here among these vines. We could make fifty potpies and not miss the starlings on this farm." Fonse puffs his stick of the fragrant weed. Smoke fades under the September moon—the big bright moon in the sky. "Flutter — flutter — flutter" And fast as he can pick them up from the vines Fonse catches the starlings while Amos holds the flashlight—Amos looks pale as a ghost resurrected from the graveyard long before the trumpet has blown. His face pale as a sliced Irish potato—and his dead color light hair unnoticeable in the September moonlight. "How many we got?" says Fonse.

"About one hundred and fifty," says Amos.

"Ought to be enough for a mess," says Fonse. "Guess we'd better go in now and scald the

*Continued on page 206*

CONSIDER THE AGE AS WELL AS THE BRAND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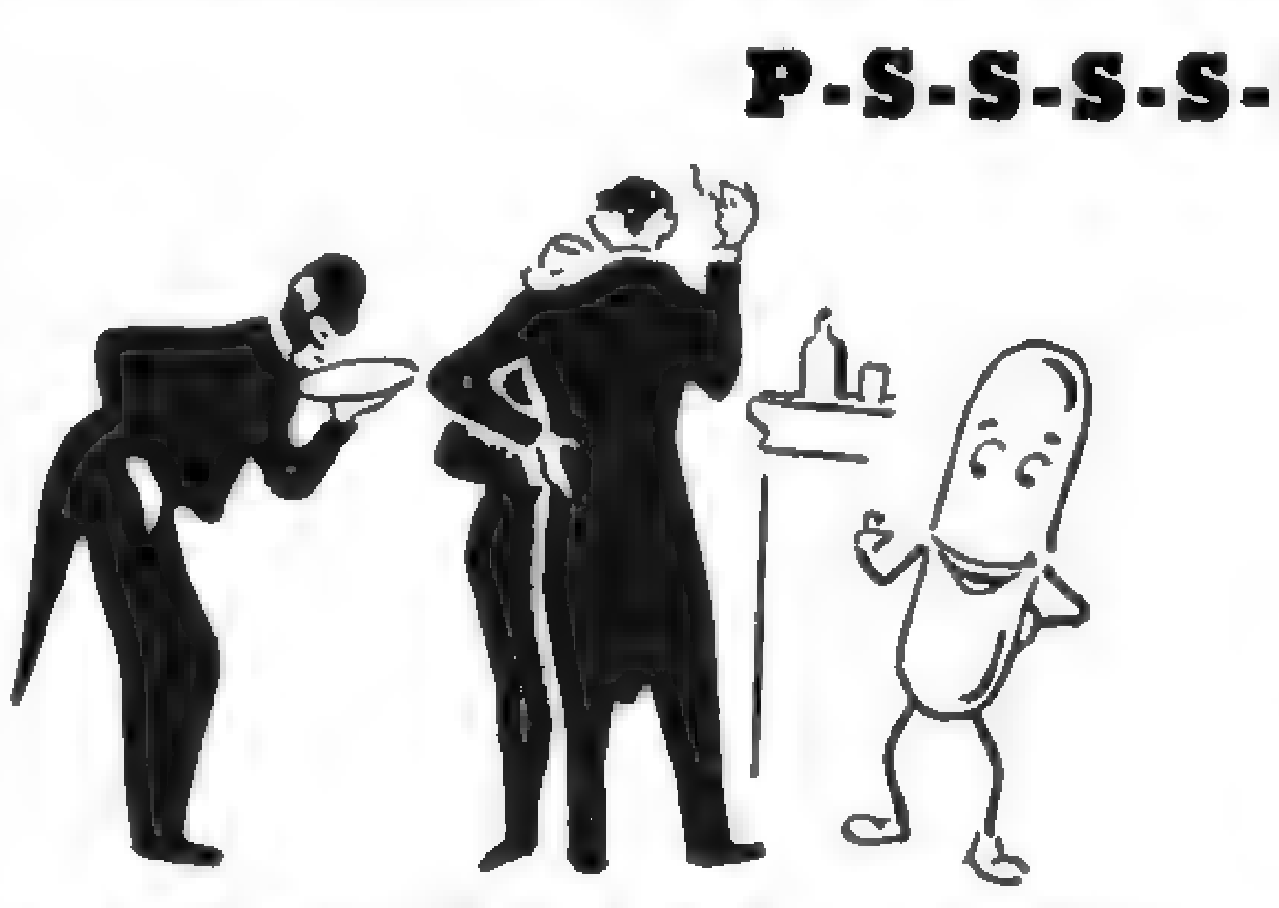

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## Uncle Fonse and the Starlings

*Continued from pages 41-203-205*

birds and pick them." And they take the bushel basket almost filled with starlings into the house. They duck them in a boiler of hot water—a big pan—and they jerk them out—Fonse picks five to Amos's one. "All I got to do is run my big hand over one," says Fonse, "and the women can get the rest when they singe the pin feathers." They clean the basket of starlings. "Take half of them," says Fonse, "up and let Priscilla make potpie and I'll let Liddie Bee make potpie out of the other half."

And the night passes. The starlings cool in the pan. "Takes the animal heat out'n 'em," says Fonse. "Going to have something good now. It's a old Dangerfield dish—starling potpie is. We've had them every year for the past hundred and fifty years right here on this farm." "Ah," says Fonse, "Liddie Bee—I don't believe I ever tasted anything better than this potpie. You can just simply make the best potpie in the world." And Liddie Bee says: "I thank you Fonse." And she smiles. Liddie Bee is pleased. But Priscilla comes downstairs and she says: "Try some of my potpie—Liddie Bee—you and Mr. Dangerfield." And she hands Fonse some potpie on a plate. Fonse samples the potpie—he tastes it and tastes. "Ah," he says, "this is simply wonderful. Liddie Bee forgot and left out her spices." And after he has eaten Liddie Bee's potpie—he cleans the dish Priscilla has put before him. Priscilla is pleased. And she runs back up the stairs. And Liddie Bee tastes Priscilla's potpie. But she does not smile. She does not say anything until Priscilla goes back up the stairs. And she says: "Fonse, I don't care for you going any place with Priscilla—down to the cornfield at night in the moonlight—to Preston or any place—but it does hurt me when you choose her potpie in preference to mine. It kills my soul. After I've cooked potpies for you for over thirty years—and you like hers better than you do mine—it kills me Fonse. I've always taken a pride in my cooking. You know that."

"Yes," says Fonse. "Honey—I'm very sorry. I just said you left out your spices." And Fonse rubs his big hands as if to say: "I'm the master starling rooster here. I am king of this farm. I am the cock of the walk. I am the man here that rules the roost."

And today for dinner Liddie Bee goes upstairs and she says: "Priscilla, I just loved your potpie. I want some to put on my table. Would you mind letting me have some?" And Priscilla says: "No—not at all Mrs. Dangerfield. We have more here than we want. Wait and I'll give you a dish." And she gives Liddie Bee a dish of potpie. Liddie Bee seems pleased and she takes it down for Fonse's dinner. Fonse is coming from his mighty field of corn. He has been husking the heavy ears that try to peep through the husk. And when Fonse comes in at the door—so big he squeezes out all the light—Liddie Bee runs and meets him saying: "I got some starling potpie spiced for you for dinner. I got two dishes I fixed for you—one spiced and one isn't." And Fonse says: "Honey reach me the dabbling pan and let me wash my face and hands and I'll soon tell you which is the spiced potpie and which isn't." And he washes his face—rubs his mighty hands. He sits down at the table and he lifts a spoonful from one dish. He tastes and tastes. Then he reaches a spoonful from the other dish and he tastes. "This is the real potpie," says Fonse, "the spiced potpie. You can't fool a Dangerfield on his potpie." And Liddie Bee just smiles and smiles. "It is a dish of the potpie she made. I'm glad I pleased you," says Liddie Bee. And she walks in the front room. She bends over and she laughs and laughs. "And he comes back to what I made for him. He loves my cooking." And she laughs again and again. Maybe Priscilla hears her laughing. But Fonse does not hear. She does not want him to hear or to know. He would not want to know a Dangerfield has been fooled after these one hundred and fifty years on his potpie.

"Ah," says Liddie Bee—"I understand. You cannot fool an old woman. We who have tasted the fruit of love. We who have been over the road and understand. A man never understands—not Amos. But I understand why Fonse loves the starlings. And the corn doesn't have to speak to me—nor the wind and the corn blades—nor the great earth—nor this old farm. I understand. I could not fulfill his love. I am glad that it has been fulfilled. Fonse will be a happier man that the Dangerfield blood will go on. I shall be a happier woman—I know why he's been so gay here of late. I remember how he'd use to stop and watch the starlings flying over the empty fields of spring. Liddie Bee is not fooled. Priscilla will need her canned fruit and if she doesn't have enough I have plenty in the cellar."

And why not the Dangerfields go on—their proud blood and flesh and spirit of the earth? Why not the land be owned and tilled another century by the Dangerfields? While in the tree by the wall—the mother starling sings out to a nest of young. And Liddie Bee and Fonse hear: "What," says Fonse, "a nest of starling young this late in the fall?"

"Yes," says Liddie Bee, "and why not? Why not their life go on and on and on? I love to hear that starling sing so late—sing of new life. It does me good. I feel like singing too. Listen at that mother bird won't you Fonse?" And they stand silent by the table while the mother and father sing to their young so late in the season. #

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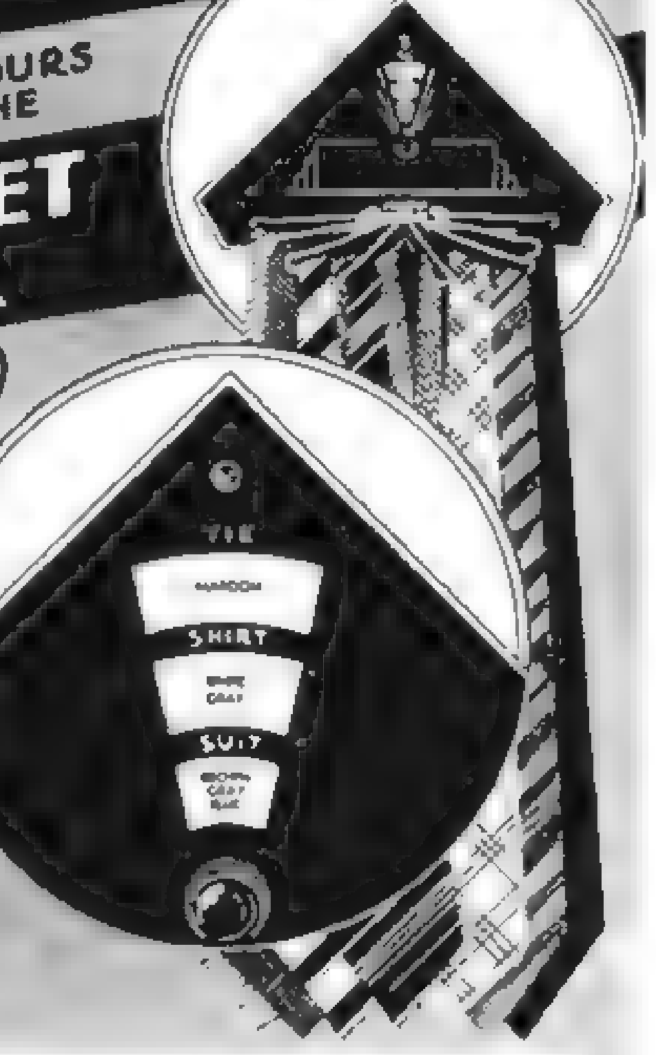

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## Central African Supreme Court

Continued from page 39

stroyed. And this is Pekopeko, the father of Sambimbo the third wife of Didiomba. And Didiomba wishes to give Sambimbo back to Pekopeko because in the few days that she has been his wife she has been unfaithful to him. Who the lover is, he does not know, but that she has a lover he is sure for when for a test he secretly mixed with her food powder of dried bats and ashes of hog hooves, Sambimbo was sick.

"But Pekopeko, although of the tribe of the Mantiba, comes to me claiming justice and does not want to return the twenty cows that Didiomba paid him to obtain his daughter in wife; for he says that his daughter had that lover already before she was married, and if Didiomba took her as a wife with a lover, with a lover he should keep her."

This, however, did not appeal to the old Chief. What would become of the traditions of honesty of his tribe if Pekopeko's ideas were accepted?

And with an indignant gesture he placed opposite the yellow pebble of Pekopeko, two reddish ones; one for Sambimbo, and one for the unknown breaker of conjugal faith.

A vigorous scratching of his nose brought Kuanakali to the conclusion that there were no more litigants, and with the aid of his fingers he carefully counted the little stones and convinced himself that there were four yellow and five red ones.

Nine, altogether. The number of the parties and the number of his wives corresponded perfectly, after all. And both as an act of revenge toward them, and because that empty space in one line hurt his sense of symmetry, he filled it in with another yellow pebble.

"And this," he said to himself, "is Chief Kuanakali who has to receive justice for all the trouble he has had and for all the peace his wives have taken from him."

A smile passed over his wrinkled face; but a good smile, having nothing unpleasant or offensive about it, for Kuanakali in his simplicity was a very wise man full of honesty and principle. The principle in this case, and the cause of the smile, being that while there were now ten factions and only nine wives, and none of them in favor of his own party, the only solution would be to find a tenth wife who would take his interests to heart.

And Karamuka was a beautiful virgin who just in these days had lost no opportunity to let him understand her good disposition in his regard, being ready even to pass over his old age that she might marry him and become the youngest and most favored wife of the highest authority in Kingongo.

Not only that, but Lane, her father, had said that owing to the honor he would consent to let her go for only ten cows. Although the chief suspected, being a wise man, that the real reason for the low price lay in the fact that Karamuka was no more in her first bloom and might soon become a bad investment for her father.

"Ten cows," murmured the old man, "ten wives, ten parties." He gave a great sigh of satisfaction. Ten, ten, ten. The same number three times repeated. What clearer indication could the spirits of his ancestors have given him that in this number lay the solution of the whole complicated tangle, the most complicated that had ever happened to him in his long life?

His work, however, was not finished. The solution was to be found on the number ten, but he had to find it.

For several hours the old man sat brooding over the pebbles, each one of which he knew by name, constantly moving them into different combinations as if they had been the pieces of an intricate jigsaw puzzle. Patiently, attentively, until through so many successive manipulations, it seemed to him that the enigma was solved, showing him clearly the whole situation. The revealing figure, the last of so many, was a circle in which the pebbles of different colors alternated: one reddish, one yellow; one reddish, one yellow.

Before he swept them up with his hand, the old man took up the little stone which had represented himself and which it would be very dangerous for him to leave around. To be well sure that no malicious person could use it to cast an evil spell which would certainly fall upon him, the Chief, Kuanakali considered where he might hide it that no one could find it.

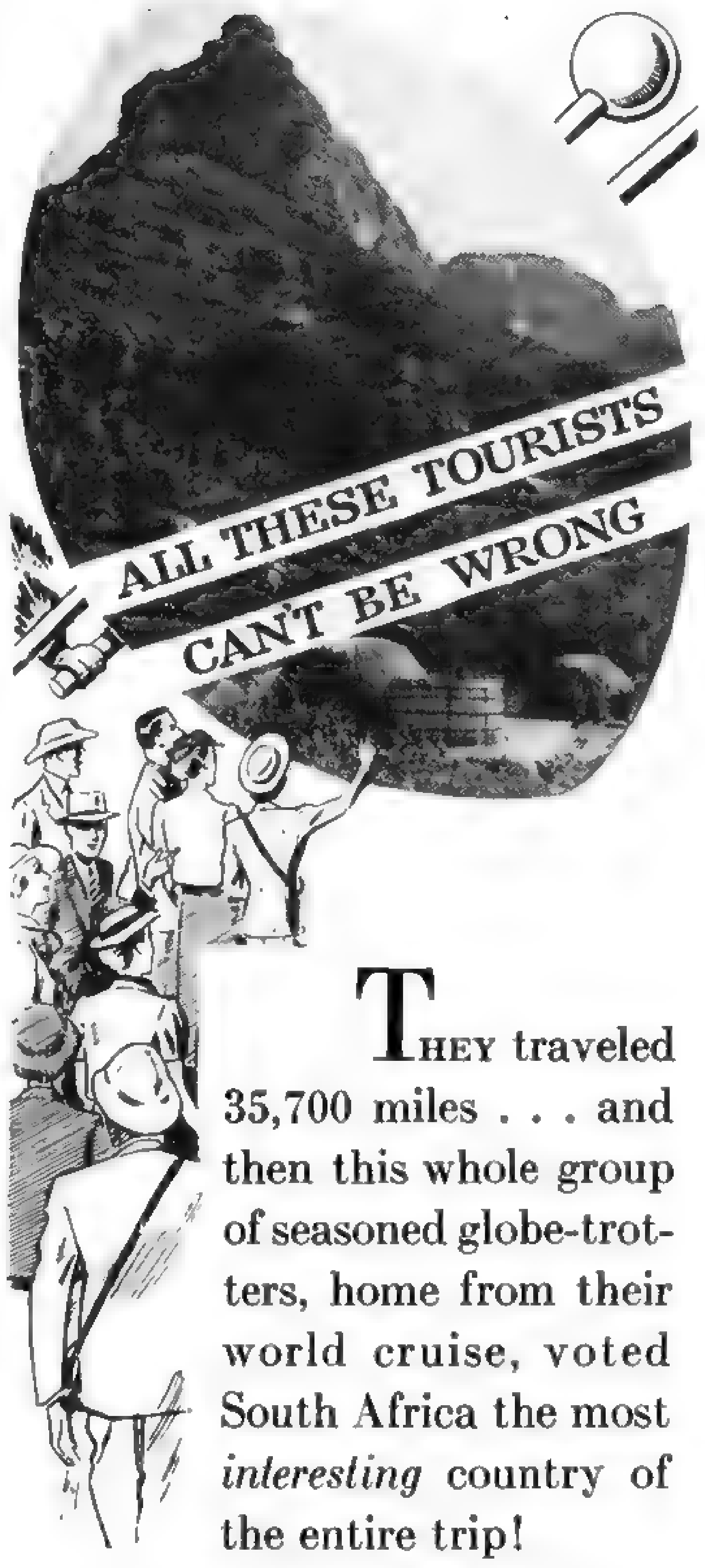
And when, just at that moment, there appeared above the palings surrounding the Chief's *kraal* the smiling face of Karamuka, Kuanakali got up and taking advantage of her wide open mouth, popped the yellow pebble into it. Which resolved the problem splendidly, in the meantime making the girl extremely happy, for she swallowed the stone with the greatest enthusiasm.

Never hitherto, she thought, had Kuanakali made to her so plain a declaration of love, let alone one so full of broad allusions—perhaps a trifle too broad. And she would certainly have blushed, as she ran to bring her father the good news, if the color of her skin, blacker than ebony, had not precluded this manifestation of a virginity very pleasantly shocked.

Three mornings later all the Biemba-Kabando gathered in and around the palaver shelter to enjoy a third day of judgment. The greater part were present as accused or accusors, or as witnesses for or against the various plaintiffs; the few others, the oldest, and the youngest, as spectators.

During the last two days Chief

Continued on page 208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FRIED POTATOES AND STEAK GET MY STOMACH UP-SET!
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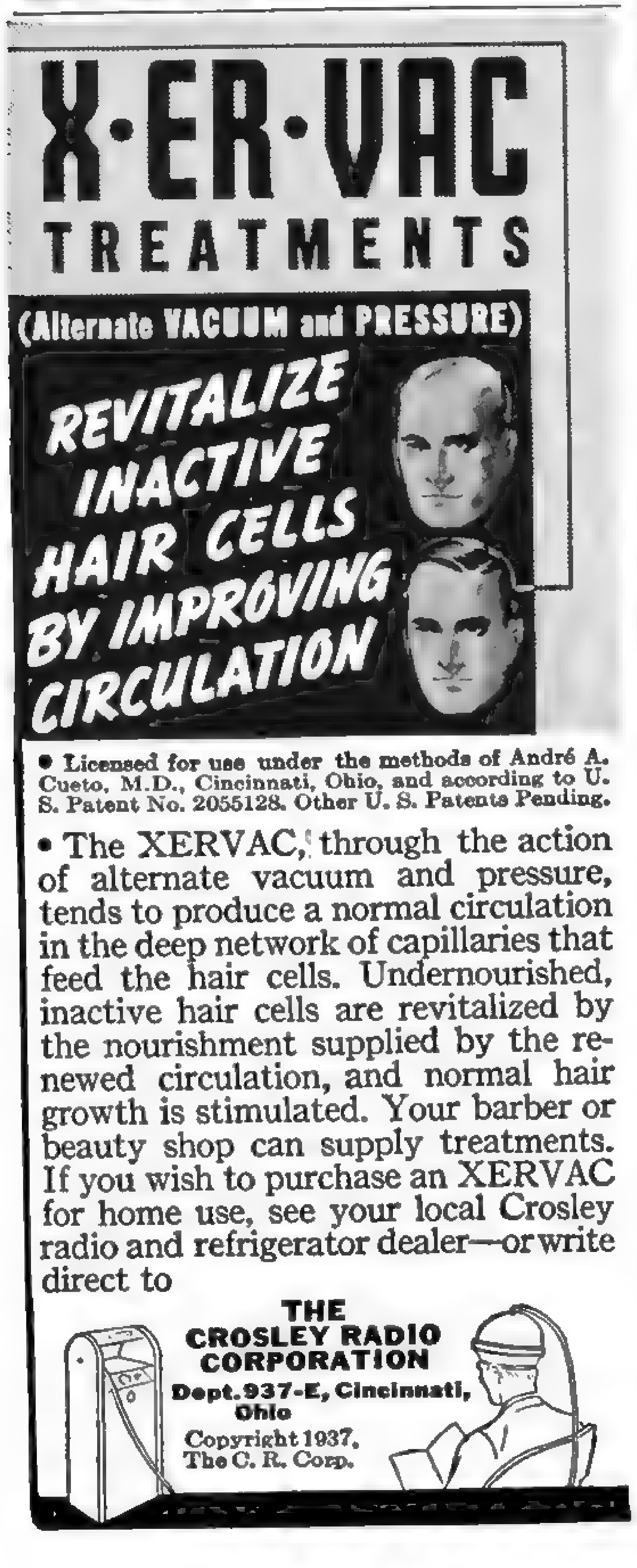
O DEAR! MY HEAD IS ACHING SO, I THINK I'LL HIKE FOR HOME —
I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FLO,—IT ALWAYS CLEARS MY DOME
HEAD ACHE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## Central African Supreme Court

*Continued from pages 39-207*

Kuanakali, faithful to tradition, had let each one talk himself out. The fiery streams of eloquence which flowed over him, left him cold. His subjects could try as much as they wished mutually to accuse and defend each other, but he, their Chief, full of years and wisdom, knew how to read under their words. And no one could manage to confound his ideas again, for the circle of pebbles had definitely and graphically fixed them in his mind.

Today was the day of the sentence, which once more would show to the Biemba-Kabando that no chief could surpass Kuanakali in the art of passing judgment, of punishing and rewarding every interested person in such a way as to make everybody happy. And before evening peace would have returned to the people of Kingongo.

"This is the truth, and may the spirits of the ancestors punish me if I do not speak the truth." So began the memorable oration of the old Chief, who had been greeted by a profound and respectful silence when he rose to address his people.

"Didiomba has proved that Sambimbo, his third wife, has been unfaithful to him. Let him give her back to Pekopeko, her father. And Pekopeko shall return to him ten of the twenty cows he received in payment for his daughter.

"Bunyambio has been beaten by Didiomba, who believed him to be the lover of his wife. Let Didiomba pay him an indemnity of ten cows."

A murmur of approval rippled over the gathering, but it ceased abruptly as the Chief resumed his speech.

"Okimperi is today poor because of the fire that has burned his garden. But the fire does not kindle itself. The fire was lit by Bunyambio who, for fear of Okimperi, dared not talk the truth to Didiomba, husband of Sambimbo. As an indemnity for the burnt garden, let Bunyambio pay ten cows to Okimperi.

"But Okimperi, the lover of Sambimbo, in his mind, blinded by fury, has had a thought that Didiomba brought the fire to his garden. And to take revenge he has slaughtered the five best cows of Didiomba. Let, therefore, Okimperi pay him in restitution and for indemnity, ten cows.

"Pekopeko now has a daughter more and ten cows less, because of the ones he had to return to Didiomba. Let Okimperi pay him twenty cows and take in wife the woman he wanted. And the double he pays of the amount for which she was given back, for her value for him today is the same as it was yesterday when she was worth twenty cows. And as he has too few cows, let him pay ten, and let ten be paid by Lane, his father, who has not given wise counsel to his young son."

This brought forth a great ovation—or, to say it exactly, a great stamping of feet accompanied by extravagant laughter, which is the correspondent of an ovation in Kingongo.

Two men, however, participated in the rejoicing in quite different ways. One was Pekopeko, who seemed maddened with delight. For him, the result of the judgment was that he disposed of his guilty daughter and avoided all the trouble he had feared; and, moreover, received a premium of ten extra cows. The other was Lane, who came near to exploding with indignation at the prospect of losing so many cows through the fault of his son.

The little twinkling eyes of the Chief rested for a moment on these two men, both so absorbed in contrasting emotions, before he commanded silence and began to speak again.

"But where would justice be if by cause of the flesh of his flesh one man gains in cattle and another loses?"

At these words it seemed that some magic had exchanged the faces of Pekopeko and Lane. As happy as one had been, so, suddenly, became the desperate countenance of the other, and vice versa.

"And where would justice be if I, your beloved Chief, spent all my days toiling and conversing with the spirits and received for it no compensation? Let, therefore, Pekopeko pay me the ten cows he receives more than what he must pay. And let me pay these cows to Lane as a price for his daughter Karamuka, whom he will give me in wife.

"So," concluded the Chief triumphantly, "what the fault of a son has taken away from the father, the merit of a daughter brings back to him."

As involved as this verdict may seem, it is really very simple.

For aside from two women changing huts—and from the property standpoint this counts for very little, since the Biemba-Kabando are so accustomed to having their women disappear through the before-mentioned preoccupation of the cannibal Omalungui—only ten cows permanently changed enclosures, those which Okimperi, the lover, paid to Didiomba, the husband, as a restitution of the ones he had killed, and as "heart balm."

But all the guilty were punished, all the victims recompensed and even the court costs discharged, without anyone paying anything, with the exception of Okimperi, the original offender.

If anyone would like to know how the carrying out of the sentence was accomplished, or has had difficulty in understanding the judgment itself and the events which provoked it, I, who followed it all attentively and saw and well remember that circle of pebbles—one yellow, one reddish;

going back to school

SCOTTY KOTE

Snug warmth under your coat at the games this Fall. Smart appearance with plenty of freedom for your Autumn golfing. With all these advantages, SCOTTY KOTE boasts of rugged toughness that means long wear. In the following Heather tones: Blue, Brown, Sand and Oxford. Also plain colors: Navy, Wine, Brown, Dark Green. Plain back—$6.00. Sport back—$6.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us, subject to return of purchase price if not fully satisfactory.

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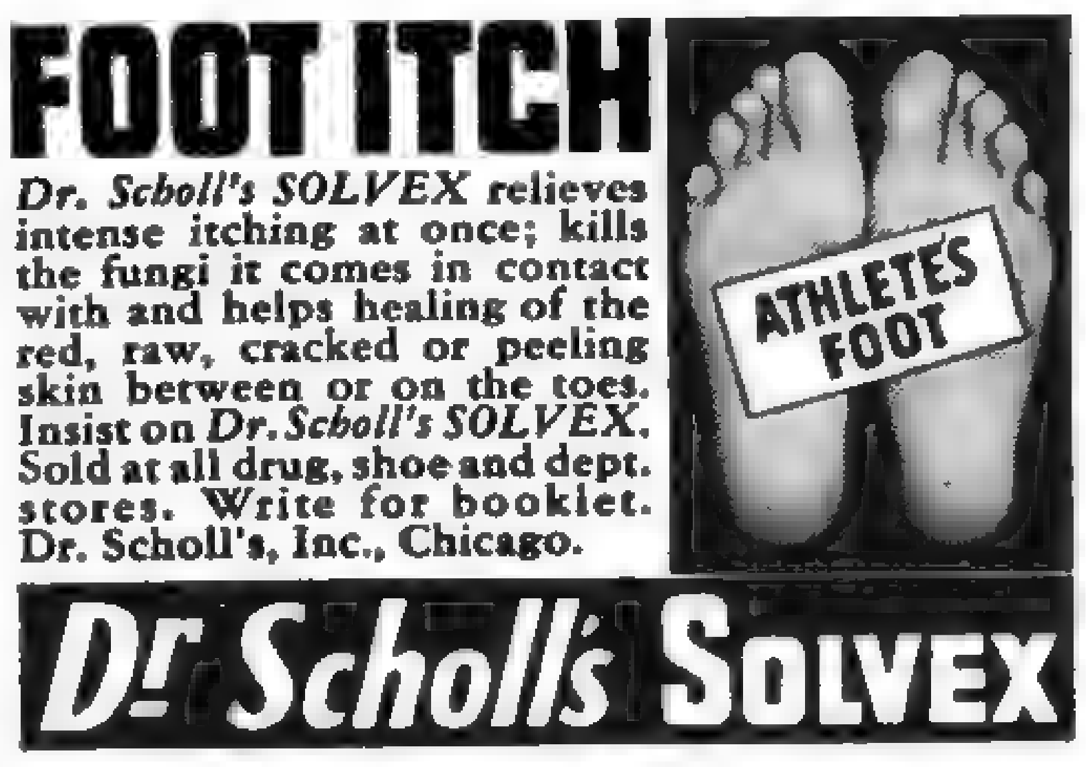
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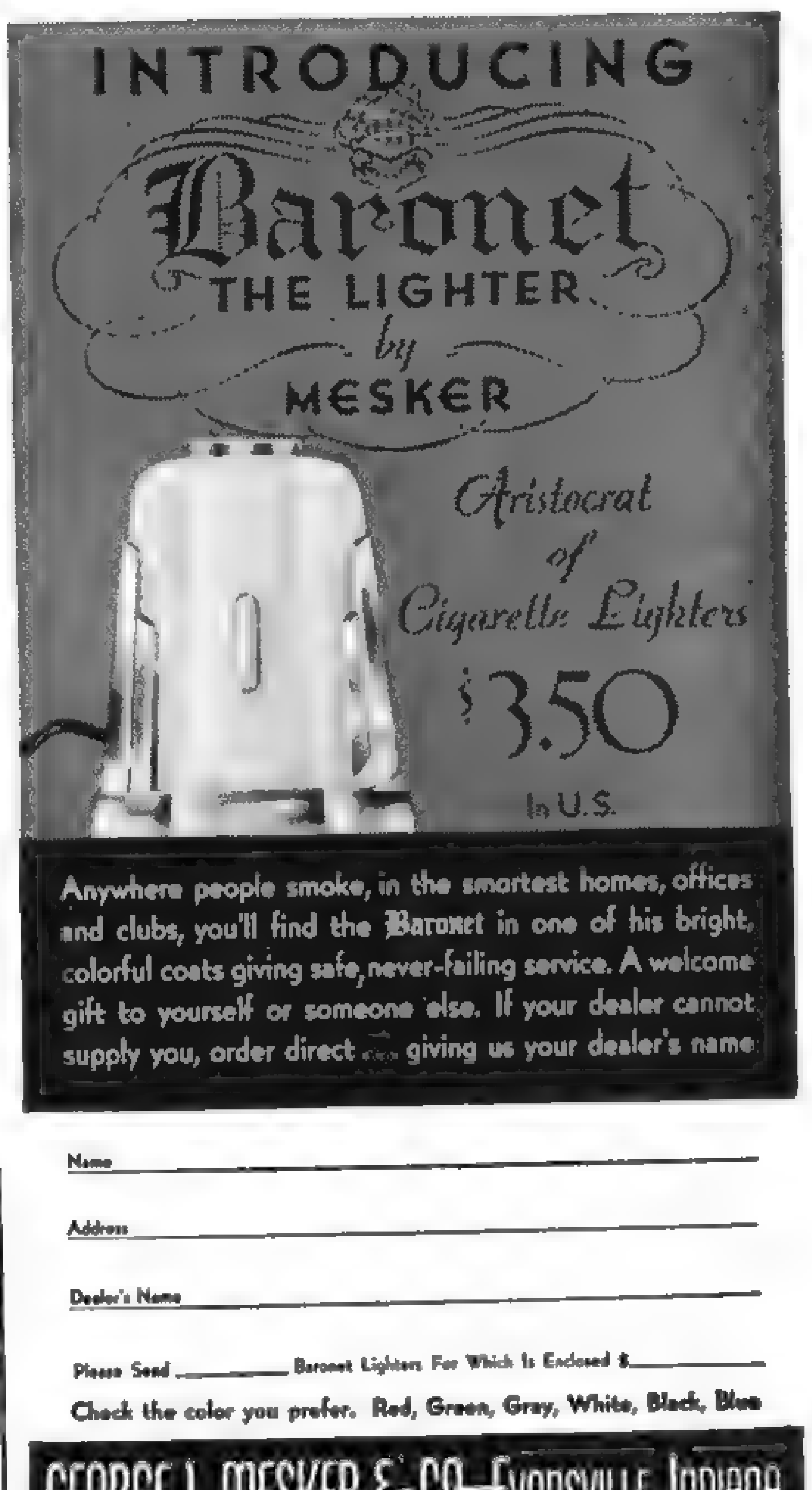
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Please Send ________ Baronet Lighters For Which Is Enclosed $________
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one yellow, one reddish—can explain it.

The only real victims, as a matter of fact, were ten innocent cows which had that day a weary time from the moment they left the enclosure of their owner, Pekopeko, and were driven to Didiomba's pen, as a partial restitution of the original price paid for Sambimbo.

Didiomba sent them at once to Bunyambio, whom he had unjustly beaten, and who dispatched them immediately to Okimperi, the real lover, whose garden he had burnt. Okimperi sent them back to Pekopeko as a fifty per cent deposit on the payment for Sambimbo who was to become his wife.

But the poor animals had only a moment's rest before shouts and yells propelled them, under the form of court costs, to the enclosure of the Chief; who, busy as he was in preparing for his approaching marriage, lost no time in sending them to Lane in payment for Karamuka, whom he was quite anxious to receive.

And one can believe that the unfortunate cows gave a good sigh when Lane, with a sigh no less heartfelt, drove them back to Pekopeko as a balance on the price his son had been condemned to pay for Sambimbo. ⧺

## They Order It Better In France

*Continued from page 36*

the matter of picking a lady is very highly trained to discern ability for love. (Put it that way!) He can pick a girl the way an Englishman of a certain type picks a horse—He sees the "points" right away that are going to guarantee him satisfaction. The whole American idealization of "Dream Girls," "Pretty Kids" and what not, doesn't enter his consciousness. The Frenchman's looking for a good time; not for a picture to hang over his bed—which all means that he's got a lot less liking than we tender-hearted, misty-eyed Americans have for "baby" qualities in girls. He isn't captivated by big eyes and lisps and bows and what not. (Something symptomatic, I always think, this calling a girl "Baby.") And in fact his whole idea about the "right age" for a woman to be is practically opposite to ours.

I suppose The Traveling Salesman in any country is probably about as good an index as you can get of average taste in girls for any nation. (Except in England where the salesmen are called Commercial Travelers and go to Temperance Inns and spend their evenings talking to one another!) But when the American salesman gets to talking to you, you soon can tell what sort of dames he looks for when he arrives at his destination, because he never talks about anything else.

Roughly speaking his ideal is something young enough and coy and fluffy. . . . And if she's not such hotstuff really when he gets down to it—well then he gets an enormous kick out of the idea (seldom correct) that she's a virgin! It's wonderful what a sense of outraging Innocence will do for the Nordic man's self esteem. The Tired Business Man likes to think of his love of the moment as his "little girl" and a certain newspaper lately gave great prominence to a gentleman in a western state who achieved the enviable feat of combining rape and good-citizenship by marrying a girl eleven years old. Incidentally, he was backed up by his mother-in-law who declared her profound certainty that the Almighty was tickled to death by the marriage.

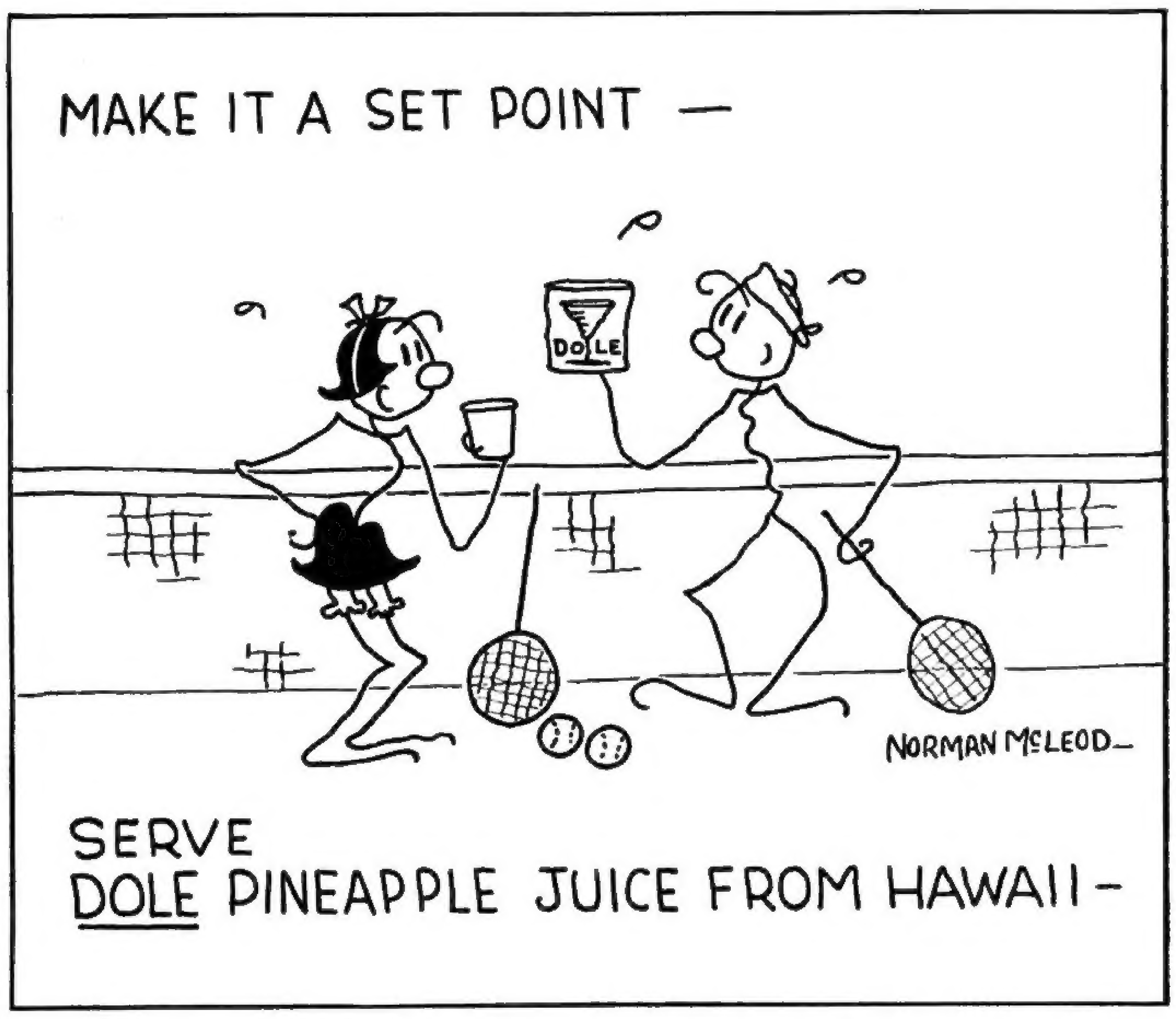
But our French friends like it all the other way. "Ripeness" is one of the things they're after. Most Frenchmen will assert that a woman isn't worth considering until she's thirty. Vintage Women in fact. And whereas a pair of sheer stockings, a pinafore and a baby-blue hair riband symbolizes our own Ideal of Womanhood, you've only got to read *Cheri*—that stirring description of an idyll between a boy of sixteen and a lady of (certainly) fifty, to realize how Grandmothers get Glorified in France—when every fresh wrinkle is a path of mystery, and a double chin does for the Frenchman what a double Scotch does for us—makes him feel better just to think about it.

However—the Frenchman's a practical man. He has his "ideal" but he knows he doesn't meet it every day. And in the meantime he isn't going to waste his opportunities. So he doesn't as we're apt to do, keep on kidding himself that every new girl *is* an ideal. On the contrary. He's a cheerful realist. He's trained to spot the redeeming graces as adroitly as a highly bred pig sniffs truffles. And faced with the homeliest dame he'll work over her until he can say, "Yes—she's certainly homely, but she has 'delightful ears' "; or "an exciting back to her neck"; or "provocative biceps." And the worst he cares to admit about any woman is "Yes, she is very ugly, but she has 'something' (*Elle a quelque chose*)." And if you get him in a cynical but wholesome mood he'll indicate that after all, "All cats are grey at night!"

The same practical view which prompts him to make the best of what he gets, and never to leave a lady unturned so to speak, had an instructive influence a year ago on the conduct of the big strikes in Paris, France.

When the Trades Union Leaders ordered a sit-down strike and got the men in the factories, they sent out motor lorries from Paris full of the gayest possible gals—to sit in with them.

Which seems to be an idea anyway for Brightening Up Industrial Disputes. (American Labor Leaders please copy.) ⧺



MAKE IT A SET POINT —

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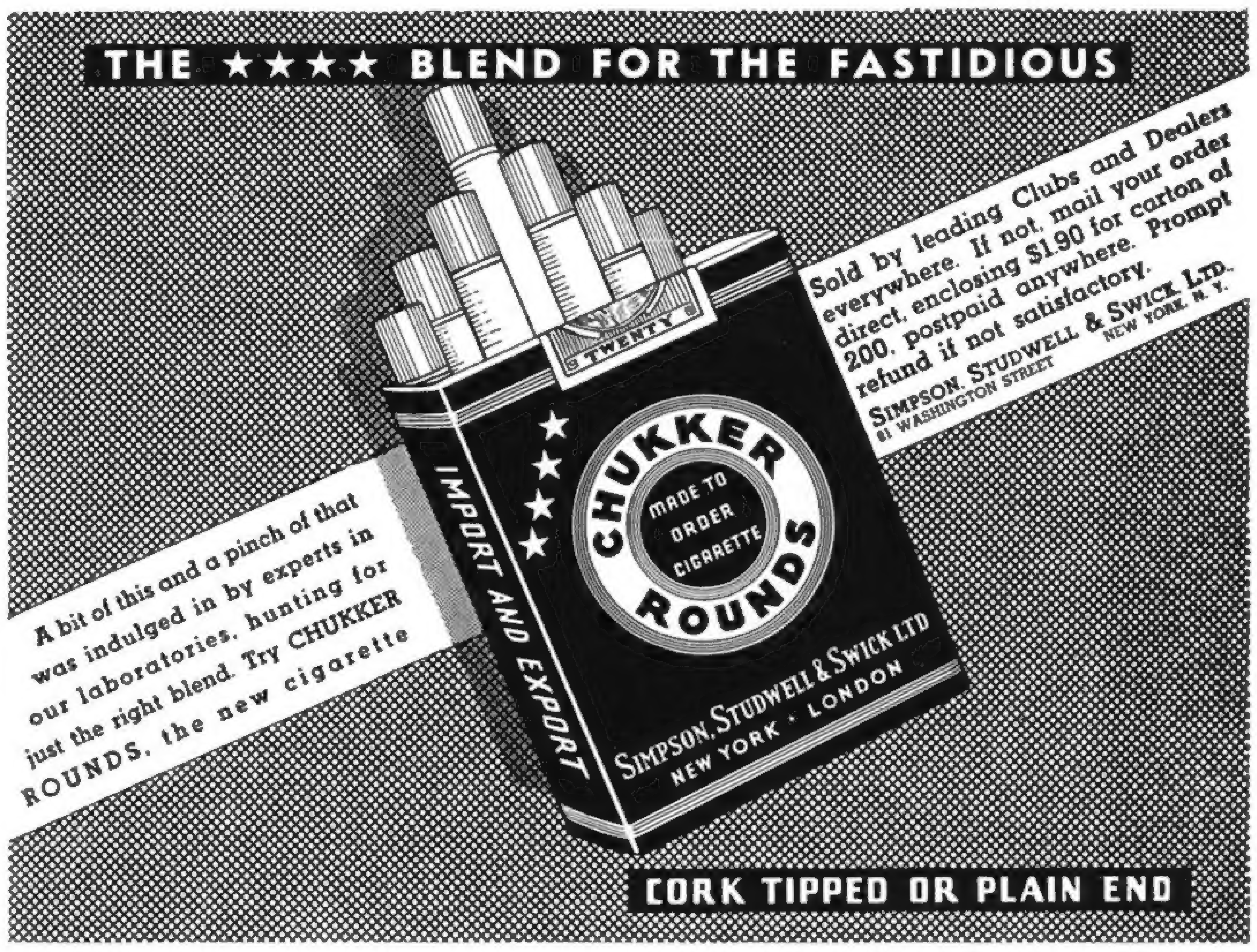

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# Confirmation of a Rumor

## It's One Thing To Work On A Hunch, But It's Something Else, "When You Know The Facts" As A Scientist Naively Remarked

Certain facts are as obvious as a string-tied thumb. America has gone back to work in a big way on the Trolleys, the Buses, the Subways, the Elevateds and the Suburban Trains. And they liked the idea to the record breaking extent that 2,666,867,755 rides were counted in dear old New York alone, just last year. The tempo of this modern day is speed and convenience so, happier the ring of the Cash Fare in the Token Box than the solemn silence of the Cash Fine in the Traffic Court. ¶ These 7,306,487 daily customers on New York's vast Transit Systems can see, read, worry and still be happy like everyone else. Discerning Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies surcease their travel tedium by generating fond desire into customer action, through the inexpensive expedient of informative car cards of high artistic merit. ¶ Nowhere is this Renaissance of American Art more concisely and masterfully presented than in car card advertising. Inexpensive modern mechanical reproduction processes have opened vast new possibilities for the combining of alluring color and vivid design. Advertisers sing high praise. ¶ Car Card Advertising today, judged critically from the comparable points of size effectiveness, color appeal, reader interest and unequivocal low cost, sets a precedent unique in the lexicon of Advertising. ¶ Additionally, these are the altogether pertinent and permanently retainable facts which you should memorize: CAR CARD ADVERTISING REACHES BY FAR, THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PEOPLE, AT BY FAR THE LOWEST COST. ¶ Let's have an old-fashioned discussion about this new Phoenix of Advertising. Certainly no cost is involved.

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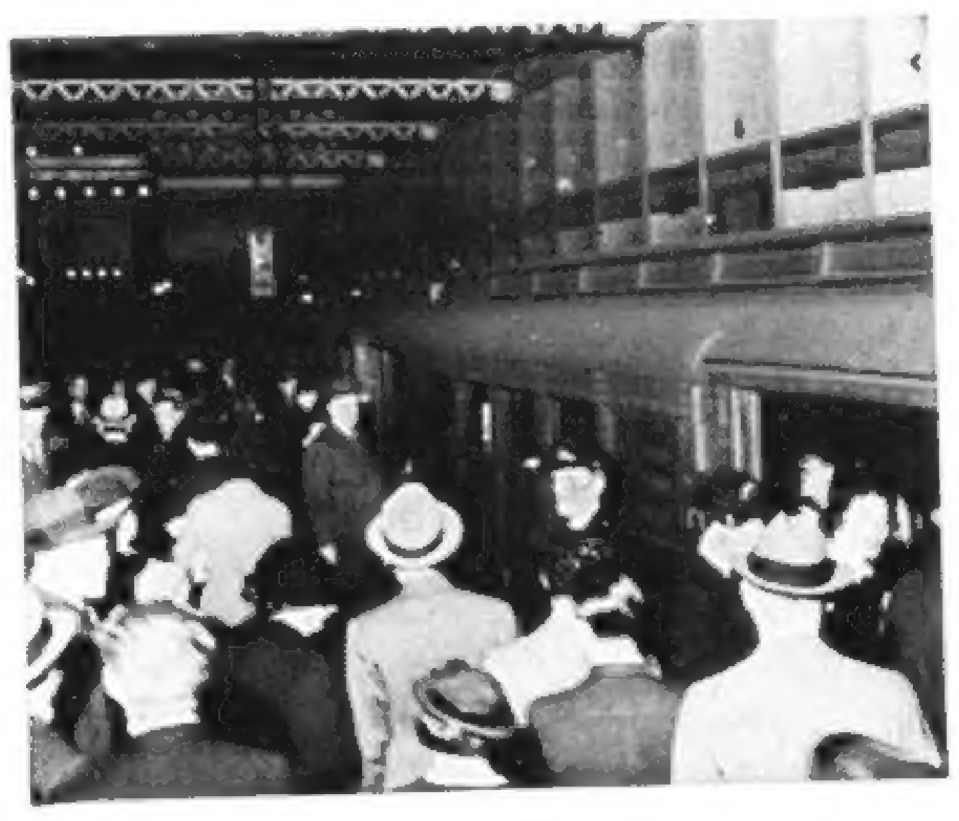

Busy New Yorkers take to the subway almost by instinct because it measures up to their time saving desires. Colorful Car Cards and brilliant Station posters are both instructive and entertaining to this number one audience.

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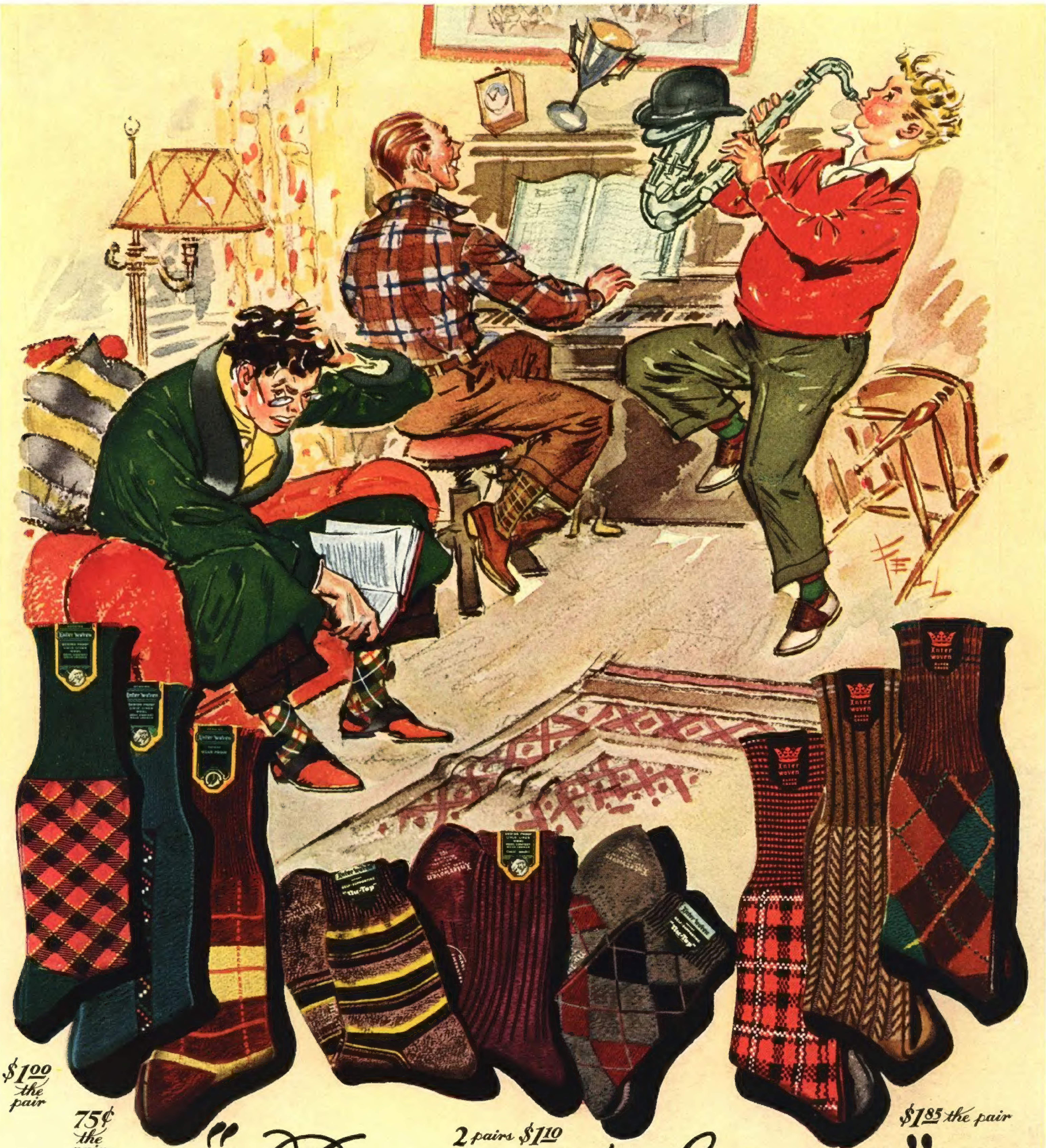
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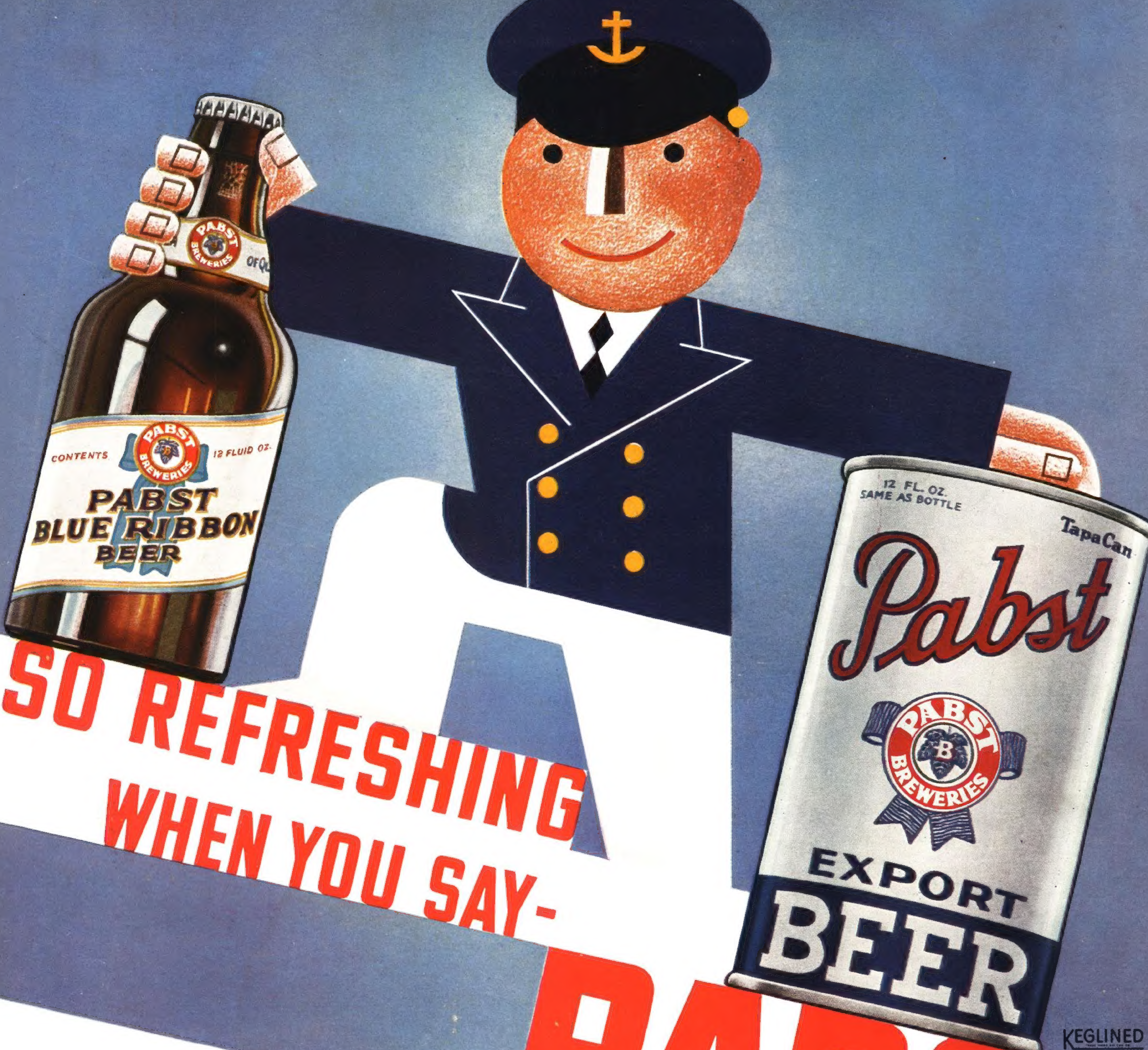
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